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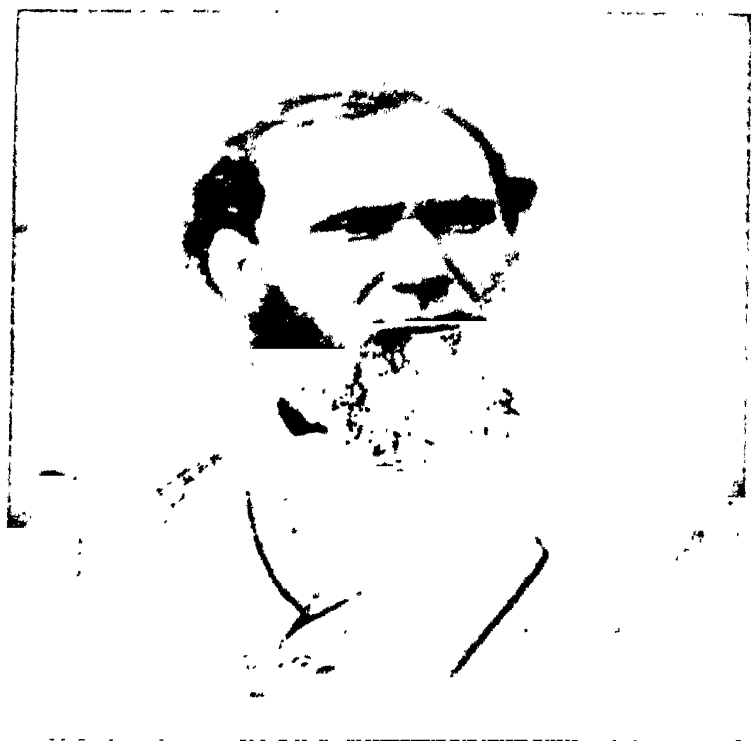
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THE PINKERTONS

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ALLAN PINKERTON

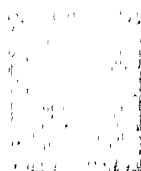
When Head of the Federal Secret Service, 1861

THE PINKERTONS

A DETECTIVE DYNASTY

By

RICHARD WILMER ROWAN



BOSTON

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

1931

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TO
MY PARENTS

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THE PINKERTONS

I: BOGUS ISLAND

The Clues That Discovered a Detective

WHEN the mob had howled on in search of better streets to conquer, a few very bold among the harassed law-abiding emerged from their battered shops and houses and came to the aid of one who had tried to do his duty. He now lay in the gutter, trampled and beaten; and furtive Samaritans lifted him up and carried him to his home, where a frightened little boy opened the door to them. The stricken man was William Pinkerton, sergeant of police in Glasgow, so badly injured by Chartist rioters he never would walk again. The boy was his son Allan, who would come to look back upon this moment of domestic calamity as the beginning of his own exceedingly strange and subtle career.

There are some in every age destined to portray with their lives the suspense and climax of well-constructed melodrama. Allan Pinkerton was one of these. He was, moreover, of that elect company which seems to thrive on any hindrances or mishaps likely to weigh down the average mortal in quest of a livelihood. This police sergeant's son was born in the Gorbals, on August 25, 1819. By 1862 he was a person of note, and the impact of his increasing fame spread back even to Glasgow — from which for some twenty years he had been a good distance removed — was felt over half of Europe and over all the Americas. Before his death it literally circled the globe. He was Mr. Pinkerton the detective, and organizer and director of a private secret service. Having embarked almost accidentally upon a difficult and, at the time, obscure vocation, he made that rapid progress indicative of very special talents,

THE PINKERTONS

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showing himself an innovator of unexcelled sagacity in criminal investigation. Inasmuch as the impalpable genius of M. Eugène Vidocq of Paris had burned itself out about 1850, it is safe to say that Allan Pinkerton was not merely the most celebrated, but the greatest detective of his day.

He was barely ten when his father met with the injuries eventually proving fatal. As it was necessary for him to join at once with his brother Robert in helping to maintain the home, he went straight off to work as an errand boy for Neil Murphy, maker of patterns. But the running of errands has ever detained and discouraged the ambitious. Allan saw no future in it; so at the sturdy age of twelve, two years before the invalid father died, he apprenticed himself to a cooper, William McCauley. Cooperage in Glasgow largely occupied him for the ensuing decade. Until he was nineteen he stayed with the painstaking McCauley; whereupon he came forth an independent craftsman — and a Chartist of dangerous ardor.

This Chartism which so afflicted the Pinkertons was the all but engulfing radical movement of the time; a time of grave industrial agitation in Great Britain, of unregulated toil, degrading poverty, undernourished multitudes, of dazed or dull or cynical employers and politicians, and of Robert Owen. The radicals, presented with revolutionary examples by France and America, sought to relieve the working masses by a great leap of electoral reform. Economic laws newly discovered in British industry and ever so easily misinterpreted were the intangible tyrants, which must be overthrown by balloting. Visionaries and extremists did their usual harm, advocating physical force, or promising overnight what a century of desperate endeavor has scarcely been able to obtain. Chartism, then, contrived to menace privilege on a broad front; and both its partisans and its repressors were grim, vindictive and violent.

Young Pinkerton, the cooper, experimented with violence.

## BOGUS ISLAND



Throughout his life he was to be possessed by a curious blend of devotion to law and order and sympathetic understanding of the hard way of the transgressor and underdog. And so it was that embittered by his own experiences both as workingman and witness of others' grinding labor for miserably inadequate wages, he forgot the day his father's life had been shattered by the Chartist "physical force men", and joined them. An adherent of such leaders as Frost and William Muir, he went about plotting, protesting and rioting like any other young malcontent, pressing recklessly closer and closer to the brink of a personal catastrophe.

Then, at twenty-three, he married; and his honeymoon became an emigrant voyage to Canada. If he had not set forth with such expedition, the day after wedding Joan Carfrae, he would doubtless have been divorced from that Edinburgh lassie by being lodged in jail. It was 1842, and an epidemic of arrests for political conspiracy was sweeping northward from Birmingham and other centers of agitation.

Allan had been forced to flee from turbulent scenes. He was young and making a new start, presumably hopeful of steadier employment, better pay, and a measure of tranquillity. Instead he found America — which was also young and not a bit tranquil — held open to him a leading rôle in a drama of many significant adventures. If fear of imprisonment had hurried him out upon the Atlantic, nothing less than shipwreck delivered him to the hospitality of the Canadian coast. At this period it was commonly said that Scotch and Irish emigrants, having paid their passage money in advance, were often more barbarously cooped up, cramped, ill-fed and unventilated than the contraband blacks of the reluctantly expiring slave trade, who must be put ashore alive and in apparently good health to yield the slaver a profit. The vessel conveying Allan and his bride missed Halifax harbor by something less than two hundred miles, piling up on Sable Island,

## THE PINKERTONS

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that mortuary of mistaken pilots. Separately rescued, the Pinkertons were soon reunited, unharmed and evidently but little dismayed. The attendant perils and panic of their landing were no more than the rigors of the voyage itself had schooled them to endure.

Next being taken aboard a schooner, they reached the St. Lawrence in it, and proceeded thence by way of the lakes to Detroit. Allan very abruptly, inexplicably, had decided against Canadian domicile. He bought an elderly horse and an ancient wagon, bestowed the small bundle of their salvaged possessions underneath the driver's seat, and jogged by easy stages to Chicago. The Pinkerton funds had, meanwhile, shrunk to what may be loosely termed a minimum: between them they could muster a quarter of a dollar, and took turns in carrying that lucky piece tied up in a handkerchief. But the horse might be sold for something — unlike the antique wagon it had to be fed, and could not offhand be given away. Immediate anxieties embraced, simply, where to eat and where to lodge, and where to find a place of business needing casks or barrels built in accordance with the substantial precepts of William McCauley.

In a vast central region of sprawling prairie towns and villages, Chicago protruded importantly — an unedifying civic agglomeration set down by the mouth of a river and distinguished by the equally wide-open ideas of even its earliest settlers. Incorporated in 1833, a census of that year revealed forty-three houses and less than two hundred inhabitants, but the little community straightway had dashed into a land boom and the wildest forms of speculation. Property held at two hundred dollars in '34 was gaily selling for forty thousand two years later. Until the banking panic of '37 called a sudden halt on all this wholesome fun and came very close to becoming a halter.

Prompt intervention by Scots like Robert Fergus, the printer, and George Anderson, then dealing in tobacco, to whom the newcomer presented himself, secured him his first American job. He had come more than four thousand miles to seek a sober, industrious young man's share of opportunities in a land reputedly paved with them. He went to work at his trade in Lill's brewery, as yet neither a large nor prosperous concern, and able to promise him only fifty cents a day. It is probable, though, this sum was a great relief to him. The feelings of Glasgow's insurgents had not been outraged by offers bettering twelve shillings a week. Presumably Allan, the immigrant, was satisfied.

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He lived and he worked in the same one-story frame building, with a fruitful garden beside it, and ready supplies of hoop poles and staves in convenient stacks at the rear. Very soon he was in need of help and hired a young German who already knew something of the trade. With an assistant in his shop he could venture farther afield and cut himself the poles and staves that in this abundant land might be thriftily obtained by mere expenditures of time and energy. It was this saving pursuit that caused him one day to row out to a little island in the Fox River, a few miles above Dundee. Nobody ever appeared to claim the small strip of wood and brush; it was unnamed and said to be uninhabited.

The cooper, reflecting, walked over the ground, following along the water's edge and tramping the island across and across, until he had halved and quartered it and combed it and swept it of clues. "This is no picnic," he probably mur-

Dusk had fallen before he remembered his original errand. He hurriedly cut as many hoop poles as his present impatience could manage, dumped them into the borrowed rowboat, and pulled urgently away to add official sanction to his first crime case.

Kane and practically all adjoining counties had of late been infested with counterfeiters, coiners, and a coincident plague of horse thieves. Stealing horses, even on a large scale, would require no island rendezvous. But if counterfeiters were making use of the neglected river retreat, then the only original coooper of Dundee carried information and deductions in his head that should be presented to an officer of the law. Fortunately the sheriff of Kane County was a receptive individual, and in hearing from an amateur did not play the professional investigator and try to put the Dundee man in his place — albeit this receptiveness of his got the better of him later on and he was widely believed to have opened his jail for a bribe.

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The river island thereafter was called Bogus, in honor of this illicit tenantry. Arrest and prosecution of the criminals brought Allan no material reward; yet his powers of discernment became a wonder in the village. The sheriff, B. C. Yates, began stopping by the cooperage shop to discuss the events of the week on a crime-dotted calendar, causing it to be said in Dundee that Allan had rowed out to Bogus Island a workman and rowed back a detective. "From cooper to copper" became the slogan native wit fashioned for him.¹ But this was mere neighborly blandishment; he had still a good distance to go.

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II: OLD MAN CRAIG

And the Stuff of Which Counterfeiters Are Made

ALMOST anything can happen from time to time in a recently settled country whose oldest tradition is lawlessness; but counterfeiting is sure to be one of the things happening almost continuously. The uncertain conditions of banking and currency had decided a few friends of George Smith, who were, like himself, prosperous natives of Aberdeen, Scotland, to join him in backing a bank. This institution, rather inclusively named the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company, they located at Milwaukee. Notes having the value of one, two, three, five and ten dollars were lawfully issued. The farmers took kindly to them, called them "George Smith's money" and "as good as wheat", and put them into steady circulation. Whereat counterfeit notes superbly imitating Smith's began to float around, about as good as weevils and soon as prevalent a blight.

In Dundee village the storekeepers, Henry Hunt and Increase Bosworth, both good friends of the local cooper, were being swindled by transient customers who passed them "the stuff", and as the losses of each mounted they called upon Allan Pinkerton to devise them some scheme of relief. What could be done? Their neighborhood must be made to seem unsafe to dealers in cash for the credulous. At this time, so he said long afterwards, Allan had yet to possess — or even examine — a genuine bank note worth ten dollars. The thought of bills of such gigantic worth filled him with a kind of awe. Yet he was willing as an amateur policeman to affect large

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acquaintance with paper money, no matter in what sizes, values, or spurious forms.

Not many days later a man stopped in Dundee who impressed all beholders as suspicious. He was a stranger, for one thing, seemed to be rich or, at least, "pretty well fixed", and manifestly accustomed to travel. He had made his way overland upon the back of a truly magnificent horse. Allan Pinkerton's habitual attire in his cooperage shop was divided into two modestly coördinated parts: a coarse hickory shirt and a pair of blue denim overalls. He had heard of the mysterious visitor and so wandered straightway to Eaton Walker's harness shop where some saddling defect was being repaired; and there, in his unintended make-up of shiftless yokel, while admiring the roan, he heard that beauty's owner ask to be directed to the "house where a man named Crane resides."

At once the Pinkerton eyes blinked into action. They put away for later use the impression of a big man weighing all of two hundred pounds, nearly six feet tall, and about sixty-five years old, though erect, hearty, and of commanding manner. This mental file copy was touched up by notice of a heavy, plain gold ring on a finger of the left hand — dark hair, only lightly traced with gray — features prominent, and nose very much so, mouth exceptionally large, and eyes — a swift, reviewing glance at the eyes — restless, keenly roving, small and gray, and contributing in the main that expression of cold superiority.

Young Mr. Pinkerton, edging in to pat the equine dandy, answered with a grin when the inquiry about Crane was fired at him. He knew where Crane lived and offered bucolic details. By hearsay he knew Crane well, a hard character, according to Kane County gossip, unscrupulous associate of several different brands of criminals and believed to be one himself — the distributing agent for Eastern counterfeiters who were giving George Smith's money so much unhealthy competition.

It was quietly agreed that they get together in a much less frequented section later that morning, Allan Pinkerton revealing that his only wish for delay sprang from the necessity of going home and pulling on his boots. He turned back to help Walker with the saddling of the roan, winking slyly, so that the tempter mounted and cantered away, never doubting he had won a convert.

Atop the enviable thoroughbred he found his man waiting for him. His name, he divulged, was John Craig. Or Smooth John Craig, or Old John Craig when spoken by any of his innumerable acquaintances, employees, or subterranean associates! With which baffling introduction his mastery of the technique of intrigue seems to have dissolved.

"Jake Yelverson — my assistant, you know — has been here," explained the belatedly prudent Craig, "and he must have left a bundle of the stuff which I specified as for you. I expect, friend, you'll find it under one of those stones yonder."

Major Arthur Griffiths, writing years ago in his monumental compilation,¹ observed truly of the case of Old John

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OLD MAN CRAIG

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mien warned of failure if something less than an iron-clad case were brought into court against him. Mr. Pinkerton thus far had done pretty well, winning the confidence of the suspected criminal and also supplying him an apparent abettor in whom he might confide. It was to endure as his single plan of attack in almost all crimes against property and in other crimes too, effective in a multiplicity of variations and disguises but ever, basically, the same.

The meeting in Chicago occurred at the Sauganash House, where Craig came out with an offer of four thousand dollars counterfeit for one thousand dollars of genuine George Smith or any other reputable currency. Delivery to be made within one hour! Pinkerton took refuge in the ancient device of an absent partner's objections. A certain Boyd was in with him on the deal and had declared, he said, that nothing should be paid until he had seen the contents of any bundle Craig was prepared to deliver. Boyd, an attorney, was one of those granitic sticklers for form and, even in negotiating a crime, the letter of the law. But Craig resented the adamant mistrust of an absentee. He asked to withdraw for a little, so that he might take counsel with the wise, useful "Yelverson", whose total invisibility and strength of character compared very favorably with Boyd's.

Allan Pinkerton was armed with a warrant. Moreover, in another part of the hotel he was detaining two members of Chicago's primitive tribe of police. After a while Craig did return as he had promised, though in the light of his immediate behavior it is hard to perceive why he bothered; for he undertook to pretend that he did not recognize the cooper of Dundee, remembered nothing whatever that had passed between them. All of which exasperated Pinkerton so much he called in his constables, displayed the warrant, and, with little of the finesse he later developed, caused Craig's arrest as a counterfeiter.

OLD MAN CRAIG

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moral problem of the individual. He was fond of telling about the storekeeper who had found a bogus coin inflicted upon him, and — “one day I thought it was good and the next day I’d think it was bad, and so, on one of the days I thought it was good I just passed it on in change, and that relieved me of any further worry.”

This condition of mind had beset the American Commonwealth from pre-Revolutionary times. Philip Schuyler of New York, with eight thousand pounds of fraudulent bills in circulation about 1773, had been moved to advocate a striking remedy. Said Schuyler, who had not yet experienced his depressing military relations with the aspiring Gates and the Continental Congress — since most of the colonial notes were absurdly crude, new plates should be ordered so perfectly made as to defy imitation. In addition, a lesson might be taught by this artistry and a solemn warning conveyed. Let the engraver, he urged, be authorized to decorate the notes with an eye looking out of a cloud, and with a coffin, a cart and a gallows. On this last machine were to hang three symbolical counterfeiters who had not taken warning in time. And beneath the whole agonizing scene he would imprint this legend: “Let the name of the money maker rot.” Mr. Pinkerton, cherishing an account of the suggestion in his criminological notes,¹ made that symbol of the eye conform to his own vigilant destiny.

In the case of Old John Craig, it is possible that the prisoner’s abrupt manner of paying a fine spared the cooper of Dundee an unpleasant hour in court. He was the only witness who really mattered; and the counterfeiter, if permitting himself to come to trial, would have been smart enough to retain an aggressive lawyer. No doubt some shining light from Springfield, believed to have far brighter prospects than Mr. Abe Lincoln, just then being put forward by his faithful adherents

¹ “Thirty Years a Detective.”

OLD MAN COTTON

handling of a counterfeiter to do the delicate decoying of genuine George Smith money from the pocket of George Smith himself. That Pinkerton accomplishment — unless the popular attitude toward crusty bankers suffered depreciation only after 1847 — must have impressed Hunt and Bosworth, the beneficiaries, and all the neighbors for leagues around as a stroke of genius — which, indeed, it was.

III: CHICAGO'S DETECTIVE FORCE

Urged to Resign and Go in Business for Himself

ALLAN PINKERTON had shown he was not simply observant of things; he had a keen eye for men and a persuasive, masterly way of dealing with them. This, whatever else were his talents, was his one authentic quality of genius. He could in his work descry traces of guilt in a query or gesture, or read an arraignment in a nest of cold ashes left on a deserted river island; and he could look for much more obscure, infrequent combinations of daring, persistency and shrewdness, and nearly always locate the man he required. It was to be his great gift, perhaps his greatest — hardly a continuous manifestation of the Pinkerton luck — this finding of men, and women too, his star operatives, branch managers and superintendents, who turned up at odd times and in odd ways, and then proved almost providentially suited to the work he had in hand. He did not ask for experts, and yet he discovered a score of them. He preferred, in fact, inexperienced applicants, preferred to train them himself, stamping out the patterns he had need of; and so his principal subordinates, no less than his two sons, were "Pinkertons" every one — his eyes and his arms, his players, pretenders and shadows — a kind of secretly assembled clan, a detective dynasty.

Equally fortuitous heritage made his sons promising recruits, with endowments of ability and determination which were peculiarly like his own. That veritable crown prince of Pinkertons, born on April 7, 1846, had been christened William Allan in the Dundee kirk. A robust infant and American,

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shop filled with grinning, fugitive darkies who had passed under the protection of his father and the local Abolitionists and were being taught to support themselves at the cooper's trade.

However, this humanitarian enterprise had to be conducted with a certain austerity. "Nigger thieves!" were being named and cauterized by resonant Southerners in the United States Senate. It was a form of secret service — and good practice for an amateur detective who would be chief of the Federal Secret Service in about fourteen years' time — but there was no fame in it; only a clear conscience and the gratifying thrill of nullification. While the harrying of horse thieves, coiners and counterfeiters was a pursuit almost as noble and fully as exciting, which occasioned the plaudits of every honest man in Illinois. Young Mr. Pinkerton found time somehow for his growing trade, the proper maintenance of his family, and underground forays against Negro servitude, and also he kept after the thieves and bogus money people — often without a warrant but always with enormous zest. He must have seemed desperately officious to some acid villager, unless that cynic of Dundee needed cooorage repairs to his tub. Yet elsewhere in the county his services achieved recognition and gained the final impetus that lasted him a lifetime. The illustrious B. C. Yates appointed him deputy sheriff.

Not many months later the fame of the cooper who carried detection as a side line had spread to Cook County, then comparatively rural, with Chicago merely its animated core. Sheriff William Church came down to Dundee with an offer that subtracted Allan Pinkerton forevermore from the shop where barrels were made. He left the business in charge of a foreman, his first German employee — to whom he eventually sold it — and moved with his family back to Chicago. And so valuable an investment did he prove for Cook County that

CHICAGO'S DETECTIVE FORCE

his appointment was carried over when Church — whose right arm he had been — was succeeded by Cyrus P. Bradley.

Detective engagements began falling thickly around him now. The post-office department put him on its then very limited staff, as a special agent. Some progressive mind suggested that the constables of Chicago be absorbed in a regularly organized police department; and, of course, the dependable Pinkerton was asked to lend his skill and repute to the fledgling, which showed many prenatal scars. From being a zealous amateur, and then a deputy sheriff who did any number of routine things remarkably well, Mr. Pinkerton now became not alone a policeman, like his father, but a recognized force in disguise, a "plain clothes man", so called. As a detective in Chicago he was as competent as every one expected, but also he was original, unique. He was the *first* detective, and he was at that time the city's *only* detective.

His early record in running malefactors to earth and making them confess, disgorge and repent their crimes would be phenomenal in any period; but to his contemporaries, who recalled the very recent lawless years of pioneering, there was downright wizardry in what this self-taught master of investigation went about quietly accomplishing. Railroads were then the most spectacular development of the country; railway shares were believed a springboard to fortune; and the men who directed the more popular and prominent lines were themselves often chosen as fairly pretentious advertisement — outstanding citizens whom every one knew by sight. The roads, of course, were scattered, spreading apart over rough and thinly settled country, and their trains peculiarly vulnerable to great and petty thieves alike. It was this endemic pest of railroad robberies that caused a group of the victims, in 1850, to persuade Allan Pinkerton to abandon his limited field as a public servant for the unimaginable range and advantages of private service, with himself as the head of

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Chicago's first private detective agency — one of the first of its kind, too, in the world.

Foremost among the railroad executives who came together to promote this unusual concern, both with encouragement and the necessary promise of regular employment, were John F. Tracy of the Rock Island Railway and H. F. Hammond of the already mature Galena and Chicago Union road. The Illinois Central was likewise a cliental founder, though not as yet represented, as some historians have tried to believe, by either Ambrose E. Burnside or George B. McClellan.¹

At the start Allan Pinkerton had a Chicago attorney, E. G. Rucker, as his partner. After an experimental year or more the detective decided he would rather go on alone, and the partnership was dissolved. The Agency kept afloat and prospered — as the cooper shop had done — because Allan himself, with relatively few employees, worked day and night in behalf of the individuals and companies that paid for protection. Certain rules which he laid down almost at the outset survived as a code of practice as long as he retained personal control, which, in spite of a physical breakdown, was virtually to the day of his death. And most of these rules continued in force thereafter, maintained through the years — against a pressure of competition he had never experienced — by other Pinkertons, his sons and their managing staff.

No operative of his, Allan decreed, must ever accept any gratuity, whether a bribe thinly or heavily veiled, or a well-deserved cash reward which had been offered in good faith by the client, in advance, mayhap, of the Pinkertons coming into the investigation. The cost of engaging Pinkerton detectives

¹ These future military celebrities came into the employ of the Illinois Central before the Civil War, in 1852, and 1857 respectively, and, though early, enthusiastic clients of the Pinkerton Agency, cannot be numbered among the virtual backers of that enterprise.

CHICAGO'S DETECTIVE FORCE

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that he had registered as "John H. Harmond, St. Louis, Mo." — and been assigned to Room 29.

Mr. Pinkerton was well acquainted with Lafferty, the proprietor of the Waverley House, but did not disturb him. He posted himself instead at a distance to watch the entrance of the hotel, as well as the windows on one side that included those belonging to Room 29. It grew dark — it was night. But he resisted the notion that he might be making a fool of himself and stuck to his vigil. He saw the glow of candles ascending to the various rooms; light from the suspect's window indicated that Harmond had supped and was, perhaps, getting ready to retire. The light in Number 29 winked out. Mr. Pinkerton, after allowing a sufficient interval for Harmond to show himself, if he intended again faring forth, decided that all would be well for the time being and returned to his home and a belated supper.

There was both train and boat leaving very early the next morning, and Mr. Pinkerton, still obsessed with twinges of instinctive suspicion, resolved to be up and in a position to see whether Harmond was leaving by one or the other. The detective had noticed a bed of mortar beside the carriage drive of the Waverley House, and by 4:00 a. m. he was already at work there, in a shabby old suit, a seedy, tattered felt hat with a brown-stained clay pipe stuck in the band, a mortar hoe, and a conspicuous dinner pail. Sure enough, the suspect appeared shortly after sunrise, and Pinkerton followed him directly to the station of the Michigan Central Railroad. When Harmond had secured a ticket there was still some twenty-five minutes to wait before the departure of the train. Shadowing him now from a discreet distance, the detective watched him saunter toward the lake, saw him pause at the margin, look carefully around, then kneel down and start digging in the sand.

Allan Pinkerton caught a distant sparkle and assumed that

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a tray of jewelry had been unearthed from its temporary hiding place. With which task attended to, Harmond was again in motion, hurrying so rapidly to reach his train that the detective — not wanting to run and alarm him — found he could not catch up with him before he had boarded it. Pinkerton charged into the day coach. The train he found was about to start; he had only a minute or two in which to make an arrest; and, though he looked like anything but an associate of the police, Harmond apparently realized his purpose the instant he saw him in the aisle.

Cut off in that direction, the fugitive tried to raise the window and scramble out. But Allan Pinkerton had hold of him — "You're my prisoner, Harmond!" — before even a third of his bulk could be said to have slid from the car. Very submissively then the other allowed himself to be pried loose and helped back into his seat. Yet the moment he felt both feet on the floor he again began struggling with his captor.

The detective had handcuffs in his hip pocket, but in holding down a muscular prisoner he had no hand to spare in plucking them out. And all of a sudden Harmond gained a sly inspiration, born doubtless of the other's uncouth appearance. "Folks," he yelled, "help me! Somebody help me deal with this ruffian!"

A few more inquisitive passengers surged forward. Pinkerton hung on with all his might, as Harmond furiously called out and resisted. Then came the conductor, summoned by the commotion or a timid traveler, irritably forcing his way through a press of ringside witnesses. "Stop that row, you fellows! Do you want me to call the police?"

"Help me—" Harmond began again.

"I am the police," said Pinkerton, gasping for a voice of cool authority and not quite making it. "I'm arresting this man for robbery. Fetch out the cuffs from my hip pocket!"

When the conductor found the fetters as directed, they

CHICAGO'S DETECTIVE FORCE

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seemed to convince him he had to do with a real detective. He and Pinkerton and a grinning brakeman subdued the prisoner. It now only remained to march him to the county jail. Arriving there, Pinkerton found his friend, Simon Doyle, the warden, cheerfully eager to assist in searching Harmond; and from the thief's modish apparel they drew forth an imposing heap of rings, jewelled pins and gold watches, besides more than nine hundred dollars in money. Leaving all this questionable cargo — and its carrier — in charge of Doyle, the detective now hastened to return to the Waverley House. There, in spite of the early hour, none of the guests was taking his ease. Even as he drew near, Pinkerton felt the tremor of their imprecations.

Practically every one who had spent the night under the same roof with Harmond had paid for it in jewels or cash, or both; and in such circumstances Allan Pinkerton made no impression whatever, save as a rusty tramp who should be excluded from the agitated presence of the genteel. He would be incapable of sympathy for owners of diamonds who had awakened to find that they owned them no longer. But now he was speaking pleasantly: "You people better get along to the sheriff's office, or the jail. . . . And don't be later than nine o'clock." The local authorities, applauded for prompt solicitude, were presumed to have given him a dime at least to bring this message.

Not even the distracted Lafferty recognized the benefactor of his guests until the detective privately revealed himself. And so proud had Allan become of his mortar-stained guise he trooped on home without stopping to change it. Mrs. Pinkerton, we observe, was scarcely taken in; while the boys found their father's grimy masquerade enchanting.

Of the score or more at the Waverley House who had been plundered, one after another they came and delightedly identified their treasures. By ten o'clock they were testifying be-

THE PINKERTONS

fore the Grand Jury; by eleven-fifteen Harmond's indictment was accomplished. The tray of rings he had deposited overnight by the lakeside was later discovered to have been stolen at Toledo, Ohio, from a traveling jeweller named Isaacson — to which profoundly grateful merchant restitution was also made in full. Harmond's trial came on swiftly, his conviction was certain, and it removed him to the old Illinois penitentiary at Upper Alton for a term of nineteen years.

Not often, to be sure, was Mr. Pinkerton compelled to rely so exclusively upon his intuition, for any number of known, described and badly wanted criminals were on his lists, teeming in his head, and constantly falling into the nets he spread along the railroad lines engaging his services. The episode of his suspicion and capture of Harmond was typical of many that showed him the most indefatigable detective in the West.

In 1857 he was implored by a group representing Chicago's more peace-loving citizenry to see what might be done toward protecting an ancient burial ground from the raids of ghouls and vandals. Called the Old Catholic Burying Ground or Old French Cemetery, and located on the shore of Lake Michigan upon a high, sandy, narrow strip of land, it came within the limits of the city and enclosed not only the graves of hundreds of recent settlers who had died in the Roman Catholic faith but also those of a great number of French pioneers and their partly Indian offspring. And now the students of medicine were being much too neighborly in securing subjects for dissection.

Years before the City of New York had known the rigors of a civil uprising which had this same offense of plundered graves as its inspiration.¹ Chicago wanted no rioting or any

¹ The Doctors' Riot of 1788. Many of the best known physicians on Manhattan island were driven into hiding across the Hudson in New

The detective had seen and heard enough, and he walked away in dour exasperation. However, he acknowledged the lonesomeness of the assignment, and his mood quickly passed. In the light of his subsequent endeavors, it may be supposed his eyes began to twinkle merrily.

At the Agency next day he solemnly gave it out that he would be away from town that night. Webster and his crew were, of course, to continue standing guard over consecrated ground. When the chief detective once more came toward the Old French Cemetery, he carried a folded sheet under his arm. Nearing O'Grady's post, he found that champion again bolstering his spirit with monologue, pipe and bottle. Pinkerton shrouded himself in white, approaching with stately tread, and emitted a strangled, mournful cry — half shriek, half groan. The outburst that followed came from O'Grady, a yell of fright, high-pitched and penetrating. His superior matched it, though more dismally. And O'Grady's second yell was less distinct — he was already on his way.

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Mr. Pinkerton spent the remainder of the night at an out-of-the-way inn and came to the office ready for business as usual the morning after. He had decided he would not be too hard on the Irishman—he'd been penalized enough. But O'Grady did not report that day, nor any other day. He could not be traced and never was heard of again. So emphatic had been his resignation he left a small balance of salary remaining due him. It was still being carried on the Agency books that were consumed with many a secret in the great Chicago fire of '71.

IV: A WEB OF DETECTION

The Celebrated Adams Express Robberies

AN organization that dealt fairly with its clients, delivering the results they bargained for, seemed to the West so novel an achievement, the fame of it fast spread beyond the limits of the railroad lines whose need had mothered Mr. Pinkerton's invention. New clients, both corporate and individual, applied without end to the Chicago office. Every week brought one or more additional cases; and when some of these were declined, the wonder of that — a private investigator with scruples enough to hem him in — made "protected by the Pinkertons" a highly reputable commodity. It was Allan Pinkerton's own shrewdly original step, this marketing of a promised defense against criminals and trained, aggressive pursuit of them as a supplemental form of insurance. That, irrespective of the danger or frequency of lawless attempts, a kind of sublimated protectorate and hovering threat to evil-doers could be sold over the counter to large hotels, associations of bankers, conspicuously wealthy persons and substantial business houses, the Agency and its several imitators were to learn somewhat later.

Spectacular success against railroad thieves brought innumerable odd communications of approval and inquiry to the headquarters at Chicago. There was one in which a candid fellow wrote: "I am traveling around a great deal, and want you to send me a roving commission as one of your detectives. I see many instances where the power of such authority would be of great benefit to me."

Another explained the applicant's self-inflicted qualifica-

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tions: "As I am a married man, with six cherubs, my mother-in-law being a permanent fixture with me now, I can leave home indefinitely."

But none ever coming to the desk of the chief was more peculiar — and very few more momentous, in point of fortifying the Pinkertons' reputation with national advertisement — than a telegram received late in January of 1859. Adding his own punctuation, the detective read:

CAN YOU SEND ME A MAN HALF HORSE AND HALF ALLIGATOR? I HAVE GOT "BIT" ONCE MORE. WHEN CAN YOU SEND HIM?

It was signed by E. S. Sanford, the vice president of the Adams Express Company, a concern which had grown up with the nation's new railroads and enjoyed a monopoly in a vast area of the East and South.

This was not Mr. Pinkerton's first indication that his ability was known in distant cities. He had been in touch with this same official of the express company the fall preceding — had had a letter from him giving details of a mystifying theft which had occurred in, or in transit to, the company's office at Montgomery, Alabama. An express pouch, it seemed, had arrived there by messenger from Atlanta on April 26th, containing, among other packages, one enclosing ten thousand dollars in bills on the Planters and Mechanics Bank of Charleston, South Carolina. This package, intended for Columbus, Georgia, had been forwarded into Alabama by mistake, another worth four thousand seven hundred fifty dollars being missent at the same time. Maroney, the agent, popular and somewhat of a personage in Montgomery, had discovered the latter amount in the pouch when he unlocked it; but the ten thousand dollars was not to be found. Maroney had said he never saw it. The messenger, Chase, was equally positive he had delivered the pouch just as it had

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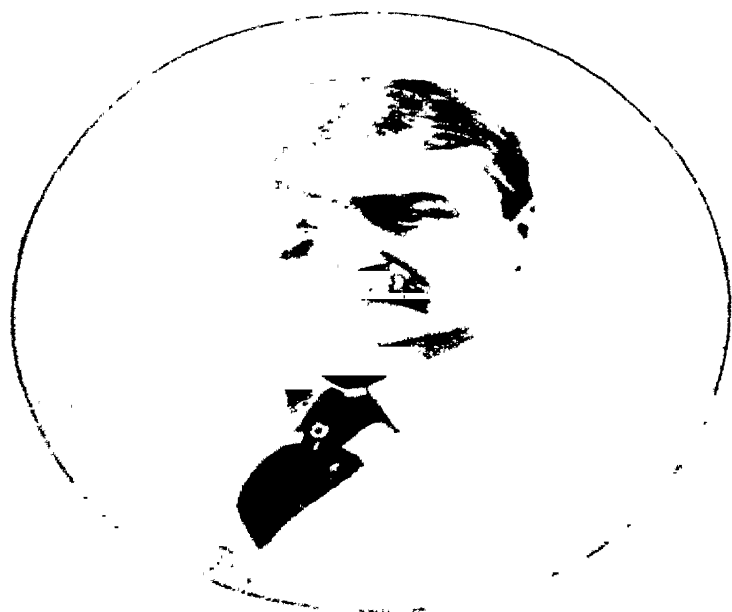
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Cotton at this time was king and chancellor of the exchequer also. Millions of dollars poured into the South to purchase each crop; and the Adams Company handled virtually all this cash in transit. A very efficient, responsible system of express agents and messengers was in operation; and the company heads, while resentful of losses, were much more concerned about the vital stream of public confidence. Shippers' must not get the impression that express cars, safes, or pouches were insecure, or Adams employees corruptible.

In October, Nathan Maroney had asked for leave of absence and journeyed northward, being shadowed as far as Richmond, Virginia, where the trail ended. On this trip only his fondness for horse racing and for rather low types of companions could be reported against him. Soon he resumed his duties in Montgomery. But now officers of the company had lost faith in their popular representative; his tastes were too obviously expensive, his friends not all they should be; and his removal had been decided upon, when, on January 20, 1859 — the occasion being the visit of the superintendent of the Southern Division — the Alabama agent handed in an abrupt resignation.

It was accepted on the spot. Yet both Maroney and his superior agreed the parting should be amicable; and the former said he felt that he ought to remain at his post until the company appointed his successor. A week later, on the twenty-seventh, consignments of packages coming to the Montgomery office included four — one bound for Charleston, South Carolina, enclosing twenty-five hundred dollars, and three bearing thirty thousand dollars — five thousand dollars — and twenty-five hundred dollars, respectively, to the capital of Georgia. Maroney receipted for these with a number of others, putting them away in the office vault to be forwarded on the morrow.

Chase was again the messenger going between Montgom-



WILLIAM A. PINKERTON

This second theft appeared an act of surpassing effrontery. Discovery of the loss chanced to be witnessed by the Southern Division's assistant superintendent; he took the next train to Montgomery, saw Maroney, and was assured that the four parcels had been in the pouch entrusted to Chase. Maroney had the receipt signed by the messenger to show that each of the missing parcels had been dropped into the pouch before he used his special agent's key to lock it with the messenger looking on.

Chase also was rigorously questioned. And each suspect developed a substantial following to argue his innocence.

In some parts of the South, Mr. Pinkerton believed, he had become known as one who helped slaves desert their masters. He could only conjecture what special distempers the Alabama climate reserved for a man of his faith; but, in beginning a struggle which he knew might test the

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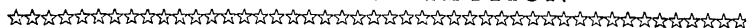
Agency's resources, he regretfully appointed a substitute to precede him and reconnoiter. This operative, Porter — who was neither horse nor alligator, and not a subtle blend of both — traveled by way of Richmond, there adding to his appearance, speech and manner those little touches that distinguished the Virginians and their imitators.

Upon reaching Montgomery, he was clever enough to secure a job as clerk in the same hotel where Nathan Maroney resided. But even before that came to pass he rushed off his first report to Chicago. The Adams officials, stung to hasty action, had ordered Maroney's arrest. Bail had at first been fixed at the amount charged in the warrant — forty thousand dollars; but after a hearing before a palpably unimpressed judge, this fell off sharply to four thousand dollars, the proofs of the prosecution seemed so excessively slim. And, Porter added, leading citizens of Montgomery had contended for the privilege of signing the bail bond.

Remanded for trial at the next session of the Circuit Court, Maroney shared his partisans' conviction that the case the company had to press against him would there and then collapse amid extra-legal derision. The accused, moreover, before ever encountering the law, had staged a crafty scene in the presence of a Mr. Hall, route agent for the company. The allegedly rifled pouch, returned to Montgomery from Atlanta for Maroney's identification, had already been examined by Hall, who found no signs — in Atlanta — of its having been tampered with; but now, after Maroney started examining it, he suddenly exclaimed: "Just as I thought! See here — it's cut!"

Hall looked; and sure enough it was cut. He found his former thoroughness reproached by two small slashes in the leather — made at right angles to each other, just under the pocket on the outside of the pouch intended to contain the messenger's duplicate receipts and waybill.

A WEB OF DETECTION



Allan Pinkerton, after reviewing the baffling situation which Porter depicted, decided a second man should go down to Montgomery, stay in the background, covering not only Maroney but his wife and also their more intimate friends, to be ready at short notice to follow any principal in the case who suddenly journeyed out of town. Whereupon he sent for Roch, a trusted operative, who in years to come was the Pinkerton criterion of the perfect shadow. Bald, slightly stooped, insignificant, a German with heavy-lidded eyes, a long prying nose and longer memory, his detective talents were about evenly divided between seeing and hearing, and managing never to be seen himself. The disguise of Roch, who in type was to be an immigrant German or "Dutchman", came forth from the Agency's extensive wardrobe — kept in a state of ever-increasing variety by frequent attendance at rummage sales. And now stout boots, a long pipe, a quaint nationalistic coat and peaked cap embellished this sparsely built Teutonic fate who would dog the heels of Nathan Maroney or any one else for a month, a year, or century, while health and Mr. Pinkerton permitted.

To confer with the directors of the Adams concern, Allan Pinkerton hurried to New York. There, in consultation at the Astor House, he learned very little about the possibilities of theft from company pouches, but a great deal about Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Maroney. The suspected express agent had been born in Georgia, had gone to Texas as a very young man, fought with the Texas Rangers in the Mexican War, and distinguished himself in several engagements of that parade to empire. About 1852 he had turned up in Montgomery, being first employed as an agent by Hampton and Company, who ran a line of stages. Upon leaving that position he was next the deplorably idle treasurer of Johnson and May's circus until its slight entertainment value had been attached, together with the few other assets. Maroney

It was the *dossier* of Maroney's wife that betrayed the steeper declivities. She was thought by the knowing but charitable — of whom there are always a few in populations of several hundred thousand — to have been a widow, a Mrs. Belle Irvin, at the time of her ostensibly lawful alliance with Maroney. She had one child, Flora, now seven or eight years old. A little sifting of rumor had put on file with the company other indisputable facts: of good family, she had run off with a man who subsequently deserted her and the child, in the too familiar manner of villains of the epoch — whereupon, either because she found the gay life pleasing, or because, according to alleged old family custom, her relatives virtuously cast her off, she had resorted to a succession of dubious domiciles, flourishing in Charleston, New Orleans, Augusta, and finally Mobile — whence she had emerged with Maroney, as his bride.

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A WEB OF DETECTION

prietor if the continent of North America had not stood in greater need of one truly able detective — permitted himself to espy the florid outlines of a really spontaneous sensation.

He started from New York that night, and mentions reading "Martin Chuzzlewit" until he reached Alexandria, Virginia, where he had to throw his copy away. Mr. Dickens' poor opinion of slavery had been in print some fifteen years, but any glimpse of the book inflamed those professional Southerners whom the traveler moving upon Montgomery could hardly help but encounter. The detective carried a letter to Messrs. Watts, Judd and Jackson, legal advisers of the Adams Company, who were requested to acquaint him with any new information they might have regarding the Maroney case. Personally he counted more on news that would issue from Roch and Porter, and, after putting up at the Exchange Hotel, set about establishing an unobtrusive contact with each of them.

At the hotel Mr. Pinkerton had almost immediate occasion to decide for himself about Maroney's wife. He studied her in such opportune moments as he had through the course of one day, and then wired Chicago for a third operative to come to Alabama. The lady was, he opined, a pretty vivid flame that might eventually illuminate the whole investigation; and she would need more attention hereafter than either Roch or Porter could spare.

While the German had thus far only waited and watched, the genial visitor from Richmond, Virginia, had dodged skillfully into the social whirl in which Maroney rotated. The suspect, Porter had learned, had bought a valuable race horse, Yankee Mary, while on his tour away from Montgomery in the fall. The swift little mare had made her debut even before the occurrence of the second theft; but ever since then

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Maroney had been backing her heavily, the while affecting to be just an admirer, conferring the glory of ownership upon a saloon keeper, Patterson, and several other cronies.

The public house that Patterson kept was Maroney's headquarters, now that he was without any regular place of employment. Porter and Roch were agreed that the serving of whiskies and beer — which latter Roch described as barely drinkable — and the saloon's outward aspect of refined festivity cloaked not only almost continuous gambling but also sharper games wherein the novice had no chance. And upstairs were the customary panoplies of vice. "Fast men from New Orleans" and other Gulf ports, declared a Pinkerton observer, were "constantly arriving or departing." Of women of even higher velocity there were always a few ranging about within call.

Mr. Pinkerton dropped in at Patterson's bar, found the beer more palatable than Roch had indicated, and the character of the resort too openly depraved to need detectives to notice it. Hanging around there proved Maroney a fool and a waster, but it did not prove him a thief. He had never lacked money to spend, had always been generous and a notably lucky gambler, so that his present style of living could not be urged as a certainty of illicit resources.

Green, the third Pinkerton agent brought upon the scene, arrived in the nick of time. Porter heard that Maroney's wife was packing for an extended journey; and the newcomer had scarcely learned to know her by sight when he headed forth again, shadowing "Mrs. Maroney and daughter" to the best hotel of Charleston, and thence aboard a steamer and on to New York. Maroney already had telegraphed a friend in the Northern city; and it was as the guest of this merchant that his wife came to rest under Green's persevering surveillance.

Next Maroney himself decided upon a "business trip",

While in Memphis, the suspect had posted a letter. Roch, contriving to see it, had copied the address. Thus Mrs. J. Cox of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, became of interest to the Pinkertons. Jenkintown was a small community about twelve miles from Philadelphia; but it was in Camden, New Jersey, that the operative at work on this link found a rather loquacious Jacob Cox who was persuaded to brag that his "brother Josh of Jenkintown, Pa." was married to a woman whose sister was the wife of an exceedingly prosperous man down South, an Adams Express agent.

Mrs. Warne had entered the employ of the detective agency only two years before; and its founder already looked back on the day of her extraordinary application as one of the most

The versatile corps of Pinkerton operatives could not so readily produce a cavalier for Mrs. Maroney. The lady at this time was much seen in the company of a gay blade named Hastenbrook, and between them they kept Green and his substitutes in a pretty breathless state. Only a young and singularly fascinating man could hope to interrupt this romantic affair, whose principals drove out behind a spirited team of bays and paused repeatedly at such dissolute sounding sites as Manayunk and Conshohocken.

Mrs. Warne arrived in Jenkintown to spend the summer as

"Disorderly conduct!" said the constable. And only after Pinkerton and Sanford had personally communicated with the county authorities was Rivers allowed to go free.

On Saturday, May 7th, Maroney and his wife in Philadelphia experienced what several overseeing Pinkertons were reluctant to call a happy reunion. They did have a conference lasting

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more than an hour, and only sallied forth from the hotel to visit an alderman. After which adventure they were driven to the Camden ferry, crossed over into Jersey and boarded a train for New York. And what of their transaction with Alderman G. W. Williams? Allan Pinkerton thought he knew, but he must be certain. He managed to encounter the city official casually and asked him to supper. Oysters and champagne seemed to invite confidences; and Williams talked freely. But his aim was poor until Pinkerton at last helped him out with — "I guess you fellows don't compete much with the parsons nowadays when it comes to tying a knot?"

"Who says we don't? Why, only this morning I married a man from Alabama. He was getting himself a mighty fine wife too. Mrs. Belle — Belle Irvin, that was it. A stunning creature — she also comes from some place down South —"

"Very aristocratic, I dare say," said Pinkerton drily.

Now Porter from Montgomery had written of Maroney's recent and apparently sincere attentions to a young woman living not far from that city. But once the Irvin woman had him again as target for her undoubted fascinations, Mr. Pinkerton reasoned, she had been able to extort this sudden and belated marriage ceremony. Knowledge of the two express thefts would put driving power behind her cajolery and threats! As his wife she could not be compelled — and would not be allowed — to testify against him. On this purely technical ground, he had either to wed his mistress or kill her, to silence her; which sustained the detective's earlier conclusion that she was by far the more reckless and masterful of the two.

A hasty telegraphic warning had brought the lawyer, Seward, with United States Marshal Keefe, to the train shed at Jersey City as the Maroneys' train puffed in. Neither of them ever had seen the man from Montgomery before; but George H. Bangs, Pinkerton's chief assistant in New York, had been able to supply Seward with an Agency copy of the

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the saintly life. But none ever tried to apprehend criminals while manacled himself to rules of exemplary conduct or even good sportsmanship; and if the attempt were made it would fail. Allan Pinkerton was too instinctively expert a detective not to realize this; and hereafter, in relating whatever methods conformed to the need of his subordinates or himself, no question of principle or propriety will again be raised.

V: THE WEB AND THE NET

Perfecting a Snare for the Guilty Maroneys

THE Adams Express case gives us to-day a perfectly candid and practically complete example of the earliest Pinkerton teamwork, and of Allan Pinkerton's infinite capacity for pains-taking attention to detail. In its own time the celebrated combat of the Maroneys *versus* The Eye took on geographical and even historical significance. It grew up suddenly to the startling proportions of a skirmish between North and South a year and ten months before the bombardment and surrender of Sumter. Many devout Southerners thought of it as their chivalrous defense of an unjustly charged and but slightly wayward son. Befriending Maroney, whom a wicked Northern corporation sought to persecute, became the fashionable thing in Alabama for a season.

The Pinkertons, if they persecuted either of the Maroneys, did it painlessly, by deceit, impersonation and circuitous persuasions. Maroney was for some weeks at their mercy and had never so much as a threatening glance cast in his direction. Long ago it was written: "The precautions with which society has armed itself against crime are not a whit behind the expedients of crime itself in their violence and ferocity."¹ And however far removed they may feel from the era of the French Revolution, in a surprisingly large number of America's civilized communities, ferocity and violence have been and are still a commonplace of police technique in handling suspected persons, or sometimes mere obstinate witnesses. Maroney was never abused or menaced. He was neither intimidated by hints

¹ Nodier, "Souvenirs de la Révolution."

THE WEB AND THE NET

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"But what good can it be to them now? Neither Maroney nor any one connected with him has access to our messenger pouches —"

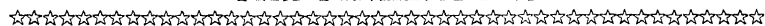
"What about an extra key offered in court by way of showing that other than your agents can obtain perfect fitting duplicates to unlock an Adams pouch? Maroney, I take it," Pinkerton concluded, "is preparing a new kind of defense. Something much more resourceful and sly than whatever he and his friends thought necessary a month ago!"

It was upon this supposition that the last of the Pinkerton snares was set. Over in New York, Mr. Bangs attended to the jailing of one John R. White, alleged pork dealer of St. Louis — charged with misappropriation of funds, and locked up at Eldridge Street, pending extradition to Missouri — but expected in the main to polish off the work of all the other operatives who had charted the winding avenues of the Adams Express case.

White strolled in behind the bars with magnificent aplomb, immediately tipped his jailer, and announced his preference for the first of the three "classes" to which Federal prisoners were admitted. Guests of the government going "first class" — Nathan Maroney among them — were the fortunate ones having money enough to send out for their meals. And the newcomer soon sported another privilege: the daily visits of a supposed nephew named Shanks.

Every day, during the detention of his "uncle," this juvenile Pinkerton agent visited the jail, and not content with obliging White, offered to run all sorts of errands for the other prisoners, attend to matters of private business, see lawyers or bondsmen, and post and even write letters. Any concern of the caged he would make his own — until many besides White were making use of him, Maroney not being backward with small requests and commissions.

THE PINKERTONS



Belle Maroney was seeking a bondsman for her husband with futile but unflagging zeal. Green wearily shadowed her all over New York; until at last she started back to Philadelphia, where Roch took up the trail, giving way to Rivers, who made the familiar journey out to Jenkintown. The lady's sparkling manner was now a bit subdued, though the further infatuation of both Hastenbrook and De Forest was not discouraged. She did have one melancholy talk with Mrs. Warne, admitting that her husband was experiencing some trouble. As supposed wife of the convict, Jules Imbert, the woman detective could offer both sympathy and advice. Only a day later Mrs. Maroney told her friend she must leave immediately for the South.

Making some excuse, Kate Warne hurried away to impart this information to Rivers. In Philadelphia Allan Pinkerton must be informed at once. Seeking furiously for a horse he might hire, Rivers found at the moment there was none to be had in Jenkintown. And no telegraph line! What could he do?

He hurried to consult Mrs. Warne; and the superintendent of the female department showed her mettle by answering: "Run!"

"All the way in to Philadelphia?"

"Until you meet somebody who'll give you a ride!"

And so Rivers did run, covering more than two thirds of the journey before he found a vehicle to carry him. Whereupon Roch was quickly encrusted as the "Dutchman" again, and made ready to travel back to Alabama.

Porter in Montgomery had been writing to his friend Maroney and getting replies from the New York jail — which Shanks thoughtfully posted after reading them himself, and even copying them, lest they go astray in the Southern mails. When Maroney commended his wife to Porter's care, the Pinkerton agent met her train and was kindness itself. Even so, he did not succeed in being present when she visited and

THE WEB AND THE NET

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opened that old trunk in the storage garret of the Exchange Hotel. And though Porter had refrained, a woman acquaintance was quick to tell her how news of her belated wedding had reached Montgomery, to scandalize many influential persons who had taken Maroney's part.

The tide had definitely turned against the former Adams Express agent. Information obtained and secretly imparted by Porter had enabled attorneys for the express company to prove Maroney the sole owner of the horse, Yankee Mary, and others of less value — all subject to a writ of attachment. This, after half a year, was the Pinkertons' first tentative recovery of a portion of the plunder.

Undaunted, the wife of the imprisoned man spent herself upon unavailing schemes by which she hoped to bring him South for an early test in court. She besieged his attorneys, and then the local detective, McGibony, who could, she insisted, go to New York and take charge of an indicted man bonded to stand trial in Alabama. The governor of the State, finally importuned, consented to receive her, but his promises regarding extradition were vague.

Then she resumed her travels, and so came again to Jenkin-town. Roch on this return journey had noticed her always modish gowns now sorely afflicted with a much too cumbersome bustle. Directly after her arrival she consulted Mme. Imbert. "You have had so much experience, my dear — what do you think is the best way to hide valuables? Things, I mean, so bulky it's impossible to carry them about?"

"Why, I suppose I should bury them down cellar," was Kate Warne's sage advice, "or — late of a dark enough night — dig a hole out in the garden."

Rivers now posted himself to keep watch on the Cox garden but saw nothing and heard nothing. Yet the very next day Belle Maroney sallied forth with all her former grace and style. The bustle she wore was considerably smaller.

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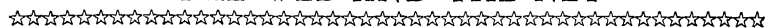
Several evenings later, while walking in a neighboring park with Kate Warne, Mrs. Maroney all but stumbled over Rivers and mistook him for De Forest, the visibility of an Adonis merging with other natural beauties at dusk. When De Forest next called upon her she flew into a rage and used language that Mrs. Warne — who heard her distinctly from a good way off — considered “characteristic of a ‘shady’ past.” Poor De Forest was unmanned by the incident. Some while before he had served notice on Sanford that he would not spy upon her. His assignment, whatever it was — he wasn’t quite sure, he said — had come to revolt him. And now her ladyship accused him of spying! He had admitted to her that the express company “formerly” employed him. Very soon it was employing him again; and his clerkship swallowed him up.

Rivers — apparently bent on making a record for close calls — two nights after his shadowing mishap in the park, undertook to invade the cellar of Josh Cox’s modest home. He intended looking for traces of buried treasure; and, luckily for him, Mrs. Warne agreed to coöperate. She was a visitor on the floor above when the operative crept in, and was chatting with Belle, her sister and Josh as Rivers groped his way along. He found a place where the cellar floor seemed roughened, uneven — but suddenly he leaned against an ill-balanced stack of boxes and sent them crashing.

“My God! What was that?” Belle Maroney and the others sprang up. Intrepid, eager, Kate Warne led the search in exactly the wrong direction. “Out this way, I think —”

Rivers was madly scrambling through a small coal-chute window hardly cut to his measure; he made good his escape by vaulting a fence. And when no signs of any intruder turned up out-of-doors, Mrs. Warne dared to propose searching the cellar. She noted Belle’s scarcely controlled agitation, the evident anxiety of her sister and Josh. They let her go down alone.

THE WEB AND THE NET



"Nothing down here!" she called back to them. Rivers had left a window unfastened; but how swiftly she contrived, unnoticed, to cover that. "Some boxes have toppled over —"

"I guess that's all we heard. It's so dusty down there," Belle protested. "My dear, you'll ruin your dress."

"I'll 'tend to them boxes by daylight. Guess I didn't pile 'em any too careful," said Josh.

All this while Maroney waited at Eldridge Street, yet in jail enjoyed both the leisure to formulate plots and the society of John R. White, who seemed happy to discuss them with him. His first suggestion required Shanks to smuggle in keys which would liberate them. "Too risky," said White. Maroney then reached the conclusion that, even though falsely accused, his innocence would stand up better at his trial if he cast more suspicion upon the express messenger, Chase. Nowadays, in addition to the faithful Shanks, White enjoyed frequent visits from George Bangs, who, he told Maroney, was his lawyer — "and a damned slick one too." Bangs would very soon have him set free. He never expected to be sentenced for the crime he did not bother to deny having committed. But with no such immediate prospects, Maroney asked White to take hold of some scheme for him certain to incriminate Chase.

White pondered the opportunity for adroit collusion — with profit. "It might be done. Bills like those that are missing, Nate — they'd have to be planted on him."

"One of the girls that comes to Patterson's joint could be paid to see to that!" Maroney exclaimed. He grew terribly urgent. White, a godsend, must be enlisted while he was in the mood.

Next day Bangs called, saying his client would be artfully liberated "before the end of this week." And Maroney never doubted it, for White and Bangs between them looked a smart pair. Hadn't White admitted he meant to take from the

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thirty-seven thousand dollars "borrowed" in Missouri an amount large enough to enable Bangs to bail him out? After which he never would go near St. Louis, and, with Bangs paid off, might still have twenty thousand of his dubious borrowings left to spend on himself.

More and more Maroney had grown to rely on White. He realized how much he was going to miss the genial rogue when he slipped free. But before that could happen the Southerner felt he ought to do some genuine and private explaining. If White knew the actual circumstances of those Alabama thefts — and was promised a generous share — his ripe experience and thoroughly lawless nature might prove an invaluable guide. However, Maroney knew he had a partner in his crime, his wife, who must be consulted before admitting White to their counsels; so he sat down and wrote her a long letter, which Shanks put into the mail with the least possible delay. Then Shanks telegraphed Allan Pinkerton.

Mrs. Maroney had the letter, and now the protracted intrigue of detection was drawing to a close. As the suspect depended on White, so did his wife find Mme. Imbert a rock to lean upon; and thus it came about that the worried custodian of the stolen money asked Kate Warne of the Pinkerton Agency to go with her to Eldridge Street, her object being to judge at first hand the desirability of accepting White, another of the Pinkertons, as an accessory. The two women visited the jail in New York. Nathan Maroney liked Mme. Imbert at once and said so; while White, at his best, managed to pass muster with the far from gullible Belle.

"A scoundrel if ever I saw one, but clever," she whispered to Mrs. Warne, who, with apparent reluctance, had to agree.

Then, early the following morning, Bangs came in triumph to White's neat cell. "I'm taking you out of here, John, by four o'clock to-day. I've said it before, I know — but this time it's final!"

THE WEB AND THE NET

Prisoners in the detention pen moved freely along the corridor from cell to cell. Maroney now commenced to help White pack his belongings, and in this process all his natural caution and secretiveness ebbed away. To White — whose pose was one of comradely admiration — he confessed.

Both robberies! The first ten thousand dollars had come too easily, because a parcel missent. He had spent the money just as easily, bought Yankee Mary for four thousand, squandered the rest in a guileless speculation in cotton. Then the forty thousand dollars — stolen as a stroke of revenge, following upon his virtually enforced resignation.

Chase — selected as the most trusting and indolent of the express company messengers stopping at Montgomery — had really *overacted* his rôle of dupe.

"I, as agent," Maroney explained, "was supposed to call off the separate parcels, which the messenger checked on his waybill and then dropped into the pouch. When the last parcel was in I would have to lock it for him with my key. But that day with Chase I kept him busy handling the waybill, and I handled the parcels, filling up his pouch. Each of the four I'd picked to keep back I dropped past the mouth of the pouch, down behind my counter. Chase signed receipt and waybill like a little man — then walked out with a pouch four parcels short!"

The pouch being returned to him from Atlanta, said the thief, he had concealed a small knife up his sleeve and managed to gash it crudely, hoping further to implicate Chase. The money of the second theft he had distributed quickly in several cigar boxes underneath a layer or two of perfectos. These boxes went into an old trunk, which was shipped straight off to Galveston. Subsequently he'd had Jones' Express reship it to him at Natchez.

"Pretty smooth, Nate," White applauded.

"It was only the beginning. I had to go to Natchez to pick

"Only bad mistake I made, John," Maroney went on, eager now to uncover everything, "was in telling my wife. She grilled me, of course, right after I was first arrested. And finally she got the truth out of me. God, what a club she's been making of that ever since!"

Maroney said only the hapless Jules Imbert's wife had been thought safe enough to confide in; Belle's sister and her husband were unacquainted with the facts. Josh Cox, true, had helped Belle bury a lot of the stolen money, but he supposed it was jewelry and some securities she owned — all of which might have to be sacrificed to cover the costs of Maroney's legal defense. Belle had said she would never entrust them to a bank, yet feared not to hide them from burglars.

"In New Orleans I had it taken, like a fool. You see — there was a girl I'd met in Montgomery. I wanted a picture to give her. The Adams Express people must have traced it somehow, and got the police to send 'em on a copy."

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wield the shovel, while Kate Warne held the lamp. Belle stood by like one half entranced, depositing confidence, safety, an illicit fortune into others' eagerly helpful hands.

White had heaped up a little pile of earth, cracked cement and stones. "There it is," said Kate Warne coolly. The parcel, wrapped in a square of oilskin, was a good foot and a half below the surface. White stooped and picked it up.

"Don't open it. It's all there," said Maroney's wife, "and Nate and I trust you to do all you've promised."

Allan Pinkerton trusted White also, but did not believe any young man should be unfairly subjected to extreme temptations. He had come out to Jenkintown for the evening, and was standing no great way off when White emerged from the home of Josh Cox, a parcel wrapped in ordinary newspaper tucked under one arm. Mr. Pinkerton shadowed him protectively.

But White, who could betray the Maroneys with such great glibness, had need of no guardian here. The express package he turned in contained \$39,515 of the second theft of \$40,000, recovered by the Agency in the original wrapper. Next morning Mr. Pinkerton restored it privately to the keeping of E. S. Sanford, whose engrossed receipt given in behalf of the company the detective considered well worth framing.

With John R. White ostensibly carrying on his secret mission down South, Mrs. Warne, the better to keep closely in touch with Belle Maroney until her husband's trial, invited her to visit Chicago. Mr. Pinkerton had a dwelling there maintained exclusively for the staff of women operatives, so that they all might be decently lodged in that strangely squalid and thriving town, and sheltered as well when off duty from any consequences of their professional activities. And since only two of her assistants happened to be in Chicago that summer, Kate Warne disposed them elsewhere, offering Belle

Letters both the Maroneys received from White were so cautiously worded that they told next to nothing. He had gone to Montgomery; he had called on Patterson; and they were working together on the messenger, Chase. But that fellow's indolence seemed to make him immune to all the arts of enchantment. If incriminating funds were to be planted upon him, it would never be done by any one of the hussies that flaunted in and out of Patterson's notorious bar. However, he and the dive keeper might soon hit upon some rather more novel trick of betrayal.

Belle Maroney and the ever faithful Mme. Imbert had arrived in the courtroom. Maroney sat with a distinguished array of counsel, for not all his partisans in Alabama had deserted him. But where — where was the incomparable John R. White? Would he attend the trial as he had vowed to do, and, if need be, perjure himself to help save a man who trusted him?

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sought to catch his eye and finally did, and in the shifty glance of White there was confession also.

Knowing everything about the thefts, he had come there to tell what he knew. Maroney blanched, then turned in his chair abruptly, began whispering to startled attorneys, explaining his plight, arguing. Very slowly and reluctantly his senior counsel rose and addressed the Court: "Your Honor, my client desires to change his plea. If Your Honor please — my client will plead guilty to the indictments and throw himself upon the mercy of the Court."

Every one sat there in hushed surprise. The judge looked shocked; White lowered his head. At the back of the courtroom Allan Pinkerton nodded triumphantly to Sanford. The first audible comment was a stifled sob; and then Mrs. Warne assisted the defendant's wife to leave the crowded enclosure.

The mercy of the Court, expressed after an interval, was ten years at hard labor. While certainly liable as an accessory after the fact, Belle escaped prosecution; all the Pinkertons trooped home to Chicago; Maroney began his sentence. And what a changed world he found if he served it to the bitter end — though, perchance, it was privately commuted and he was allowed to come forth under another name and fight when the South, which had tried so hard to defend him, stood badly in need of every man's strength for its own defense.

VI: A MURDERER'S CONSCIENCE

And the First Grave Symptom of Conflict to Come

VERY few having believed Maroney or Chase guilty of either crime, a kind of everlasting mystery had been thought to encompass the Adams Express robberies; and now the sudden outcome of the case — unexpected both in the North and South — was considered far more remarkable than an arrest, trial and actual conviction for homicide appears to the American urban public to-day. Besides the long pursuit, the serpentine manner of detecting the thief, there was his easy conviction and the recovery intact of 98.79 per cent. of the second and much larger sum he had stolen. Which feat, in particular, endorsed the excellencies of the Agency, made "We Never Sleep" a boast akin to a national institution, "The Eye" a trademark — one of the earliest to reach the whole nation — and the name Pinkerton a synonym for "smart detective" in the fat commercial pastures of the East.

As this expedited renown, linked with the widespread esteem of Allan Pinkerton's business integrity,¹ may seem exaggerated to readers of the present, it is proper to recall not only the exceeding flexibility of definition that made detective work the often queer and clandestine thing it was in the decades before the secession of the Southern States but also the curious, typical mistrust of police authority in a pioneer epoch. One

¹ The Adams Express Company had offered a reward of \$10,000 for the arrest and conviction of their thieving employee. This reward Mr. Pinkerton declined; and he saw to it that the expense of his investigation, far-reaching and complicated though it was, failed by a substantial margin to equal the amount of the reward.

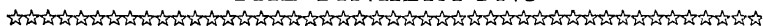
Abroad, in France, where the technique of the modern secret police bureau very largely originated, the crude principle of detection summarized in the phrase "it takes a thief to catch a thief" was not fully discredited until 1832 — the year of the enforced resignation of Vidocq, who had brilliantly exploited an amazing troupe of police spies, imperfectly reformed felons and ex-convicts as audacious and disreputable as himself. While in America no less a rascal than William Clarke Quantrell, then using the name "Charley Hart", began his mid-western career of murder and rapine as a "detective" of invincible privacy. The most vicious guerilla in the black annals of American border warfare, Quantrell, with his band in one August day of '63 was to slaughter more than a hundred and fifty defenseless citizens of Lawrence, Kansas, and shoot down seventeen unarmed boy cadets, besides looting and burning the town. But before those spacious years of rebellion he had to do all his killing from ambush, and as Hart the detective operated alone, to the detriment and anguish of both sides of the Slavery question. In his own view it was a career of ideal treachery. He first would help Abolitionists steal slaves as a matter of principle, and then as a matter of personal profit steal them back again, either restoring them for a price to

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A steadily increasing lack of moral sense is characteristic of all peoples when an issue they identify with right and justice arises to challenge them. Mr. Pinkerton, no matter how proud of his new celebrity, remained adept and overzealous in the anti-Slavery cause. He was a deputy sheriff, an officer of the police, and afterward a private investigator sworn in to help enforce the law of the land, yet secretly he was engaged in shattering one statute in which he happened not to believe — a tendency still very much alive in America. Nor does it appear that he ran great risk of being fined, imprisoned, or discredited.

Though the subject the banker had come to discuss was homicide, the victim of the criminal he still hoped to punish had been in his grave for nearly a year. The bank having been robbed, its cashier, who, from motives of faithfulness or thrift, slept near the vault almost every night of the year, had been found slain by the robber. "Please give me whatever details you recall," said Allan Pinkerton.

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"Well, sir, I simply noticed that morning the bank wasn't open, and Carter always opened it early on account of sleeping on the premises. And then, when I went across, I discovered the lock of a rear door had been forced — and there he lay near his desk with his whole head crushed in."

The banker continued to explain how his suspicion had come quickly to rest on one man in the town, an intimate friend of the deceased, but too highly esteemed and well connected to be accused upon evidence exclusively circumstantial. "Because they were such close friends, when I found Carter dead I went round at once to Slocum's house. But he said he wouldn't even come to look at the body — his nerves couldn't stand it. . . . And a little later I happened to notice some papers had been burned in the fireplace at the bank. Ink still showed through the charred edges, and I could make out Slocum's name. The writing seemed to show a pretty large debt of his — owed to Carter, I decided, though he'd never said anything to me about it."

"And has this man you suspect often come into the bank since that day you told him about the murder?"

"No, Mr. Pinkerton — he never has, not once. . . . I never see him — don't dare trust myself, in fact. But I hear he's turned kind of melancholy, won't visit anywhere. He's become a regular recluse."

"It looks as though we'd have to go and get him."

"But how?"

The detective replied that a night's reflection would, perhaps, suggest a way. His operative, Green, was available, and he ordered him to come to Columbia and keep watch upon Slocum's home. But after a week of this Mr. Pinkerton himself was back in town. He told the banker that he thought he knew now just how to handle the case, and asked him to recommend a man and woman who might be employed in a household and prove thoroughly trustworthy.

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Such a model pair being located, the detective proceeded to engage and instruct them — and then introduced them into the suspect's house, as his servants. Nor did this maneuver necessitate any very adroit or prolonged campaigning; the vagaries of Slocum in recent months had alienated his help as well as most of his neighbors, and his barnlike dwelling stood sadly in need of domestic attention.

"I could have brought detectives to pose as servants," said Pinkerton, "and it would only have added to the cost of the investigation. Slocum's no fool, and he has influential relatives spread all around. I felt certain he would prefer to hire a decent couple with genuine references from a locality familiar to him."

"That's true," the banker agreed. "But all this while alone in his house, he's had plenty of time to destroy everything which even remotely connects him with Jackson Carter. And I don't see how you can expect these Binneys to pick up anything there relating to the murder."

"Any *thing*, yes. But you forget the whims and nerve attacks Slocum is heir to. What about his recent behavior?" Pinkerton exclaimed. "I am going to strike at that which Slocum cannot possibly have destroyed. His conscience!"

Once on the inside, Will and Martha Binney, the improvised Pinkertons, went to work for two employers. As they cleaned, they also rigged up a speaking tube from an exterior hiding place to the bedside of the suspect — Allan Pinkerton's anticipation of the modern dictograph, though in this instance desired by him for a purpose other than eavesdropping. The detective had obtained from the bank president a curious memento of the slain man, a half-filled bottle of a very strong scent to which Carter had been addicted. Drops of this unmistakable fluid his agents were told to scatter over Slocum's bed linen, shirts, handkerchiefs and towels. Still another liquid

The eerie enterprise proceeded slowly since Slocum, after his customary frugal dinner, shut himself off in a room called the library, where he might remain until after midnight. Did he read? There was not the mark of a finger on any of the dusty shelves of books. Did he smoke? There was never any sign of tobacco ash or even a burnt match in the room when he ultimately left it.

If the detective had counted upon a superstitious response from a man already steeped in melancholia, he was neither delayed nor disappointed. The choking, pervasive, familiar scent — the gruesome deluge of "blood spots" set Slocum to pacing the floor of his bedroom in mental agony.

"I'm driving him out of the house. When he moves, then we can get at him. One of my best men will shadow him, arrange to become acquainted. Slocum is sick of the loneliness he's been inflicting on himself; even the Binneys are getting a few more words out of him each day.

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Following this discussion, Mr. Pinkerton decided that the time was ripe to make use of the speaking tube. He already had proved himself a virtuoso of nocturnal groans. And, like the mercurial O'Grady at the Old French Cemetery, Slocum was not a man to argue with the authenticity of his own sensations. He had no hope of easing his conscience, but tried to run and give his nerves a rest.

"You've got to hustle, sir. He's packing — and there's a through train that stops if they flag it at 5:10 —"

Green occupied the next room at the house where Allan Pinkerton lodged. Both men bounded into their clothes and were racing to the local station at nine minutes past. The whistle of a train acknowledging a flag signal warned of how little time they had to spare. Three passengers — despite the early hour — were getting aboard the express as the breathless pair of detectives rushed up. "Climb on anywhere — we'll find Slocum afterward," Pinkerton urged. With pounding hearts and perspiring faces they stood on the back platform as the sleeping town disappeared down the line.

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knew Slocum by sight. "Maybe after all he isn't on the train," said Green. "He's stuck so close to home I've never had a good look at him."

Serving many of the railroads now, Mr. Pinkerton had great influence with train crews. The conductor, a new man, did not know Slocum, but could point out the three passengers who had come aboard at Columbia. One of these, stout and florid, sat alone in the smoker. That wouldn't be Slocum. The other two were seated together, chatting rather stiffly; either one answered Slocum's general description; but the pale man next to the window appeared far more nervous and embarrassed. "Wishes he hadn't met anybody he knew," Green reflected.

Allan Pinkerton agreed. From a waistcoat pocket he had taken out a tiny vial containing an amber liquid. "My personal sample of that perfume Carter was so fond of," he explained. There was a vacant seat behind the doubtful pair; he anointed Green's handkerchief with the strong scent, told him to go and sit down in back of them, and flourish the handkerchief about a good deal. "I'll walk forward in the car," he added, "then return slowly — and watch to see which one of them appears the more disturbed."

"And what if he turns and speaks to me?"

"I don't think he will. He'll suppose it's his imagination working again. Probably he'll change his seat, though, and then we will be certain of our man."

Very carefully Green followed out his instructions. He gave the perfume a wide airing as Allan Pinkerton walked back along the aisle. Green heard the man ahead sitting next to the car window exclaim something in a muffled, stricken tone. And so sure was he of his own hallucination, he did not even trouble to glance around. On his feet, baggage forgotten, he fairly ran forward, passing Allan Pinkerton. The detective turned. Other passengers were noticing the fugitive's pe-

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Slocum tugged at the door of the lurching coach. Fearful of the effect of his ruse, Pinkerton followed — stepped up beside the other, saying — “I’ll try to help you.” And though he pretended to put his weight and strength into the effort, he really did not want the door open and the erratic Slocum attempting to cross the rocking, unvestibuled platforms.

"Take care, man!" Pinkerton tried to soothe him and hold him back; yet that scent labelled *Carter!* was on the very hand that fought to save him. Slocum's shriek topped the noise of the train; and the grip of the detective as they struggled together was momentarily loosened. Slocum turned frantically and leaped from the platform of the car.

Down a low embankment, asprawl in a little gully, the trainmen, Pinkerton and Green discovered the dying man. He was fearfully injured, and yet, still conscious. All the frenzy

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had gone out of him, his lips barely moved and his voice was so feeble the detectives had to bend very close to hear what he was trying to say. "That — perfume —"

"Do you mean Jackson Carter's?" Pinkerton asked.

"Yes. You — knew — Carter —"

The detective merely nodded. "I liked that scent too," he lied mercifully. "I have some of it with me." A cloud seemed to sweep over Slocum's eyes, and then vanish. He realized with despairing relief that, after all, he was quite, quite sane. "Isn't there something about Carter you'd like to tell me?" Pinkerton was asking.

Slocum closed his eyes, barely breathing; but when he opened them once more, they were bright and clear. "Yes," he said more distinctly. "I know I'm dying. Justice — I guess. I killed Carter — a quarrel — had owed him — made it look like robbery — tried to —"

His voice drooped, his eyes were closing again, though his lips still moved. "Your conscience has troubled you," Pinkerton told him. "Now you'll feel much easier in your mind —" He paused, for Slocum's face was turning the color of clay. He sighed once and lay still; and all of them helplessly standing or crouching around him saw that the slayer of Jackson Carter was dead.

Allan Pinkerton and his operative, Green, returned to Columbia with the body, communicated with Slocum's relatives, and then visited the banker. Supporting those statements which the detectives were ready to submit, the trainmen had agreed to sign affidavits to confirm Slocum's confession. The mystery hanging over the bank had at last been cleared up; the bank president was tremendously grateful. And then he exclaimed: "By the way, a telegram came for you, Mr. Pinkerton. I'm sorry — I nearly forgot it."

The detective tore open the envelope and studied the coded dispatch. It was from a prominent Abolitionist client of his,

Neither Abolitionist Pinkerton nor Detective Pinkerton ever forgave Governor Wise of Virginia for the speed he attained in propelling John Brown to the gallows; and both were later on joyfully attached to the Union force that discovered even greater rapidity in Wise when he was experimenting with retreat as a Confederate general in the Kanawha Valley. A little delay, and the detective believed he could have arranged to liberate Brown from the jail at Charlestown. Certainly there were substantial Northern backers to be enlisted for such an undertaking. But the rescue of John Brown, guarded as he was, meant steering dangerously close to another insurgent outbreak. Allan Pinkerton realized this and so reported it to the excited gentlemen who begged him to flood the western Virginia town with his operatives. What, presumably, even he did not foresee, was the political effect of his attempt, had it been made. Any insurrectionary act that invited anew that long and dreadfully imagined uprising of slaves would have doubled in the North the number of Southern sympathizers, would probably have had greater effect upon the cause of the South than the later discovery of three other Northern strategists more inexpert than Halleck, Hooker and Burnside.

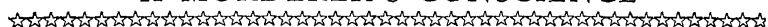
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On November 2d the fanatic old man was sentenced to be hanged. And still the Pinkertons had a month in which to thrust themselves between him and his fate; though helping and hiding fugitive darkies in Illinois was nursery tag in comparison with having to release and then spirit away this notorious foe of slavery condemned for treason within the boundaries of a Southern state. Mr. Pinkerton despised the odds against him, yet he was only a resolute partisan, not a siege train. That thick stone enclosure at Charlestown shut out even a penetrating hope. On December 2d, in the presence of an alert and martial assemblage, and an uncounted number of Abolitionist agents, John Brown came forth at last and was executed.

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Early in 1860 operating officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad asked Allan Pinkerton to form a secret service on their line; and there were similar applications received from other Eastern roads. As a direct result of this — and once again almost by accident — he came upon that opportunity which, seized with a practiced vigor and pluck and guile, enabled him to bound, however stealthily, into international fame.

VII: A HOUSE ENTERED FOUR WAYS

Discovery of a Plot Threatening Abraham Lincoln

EARLY in January of 1861, Allan Pinkerton received a letter from Samuel M. Felton, of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad, urging him to come East without delay to take personal charge of an investigation of great importance. The detective, arriving in Philadelphia, was at once acquainted with the political magnitude of the railroad president's problem. "We have," said he, "good cause to believe that secessionist plotters in Maryland intend to destroy the property of the road."

"Cutting off the government at Washington from the Northern States?"

"That apparently is their object. The ferryboats on the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace, and our bridges below Wilmington seem especially threatened."

Mr. Pinkerton was eager to set to work. He pored over a wealth of minor reports and vaguely submitted rumors in which the loyal employees of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore had expressed their growing uneasiness to the higher officials of the railroad. Then he telegraphed to Chicago for five of his best operatives, and after consulting H. F. Kenney, the superintendent of the road, left early next morning for the scenes of ferment.

He first paused at Wilmington and in the Delaware city discovered much factional tension, but nothing resembling open hostility. Perryville, his next stop, had on display political excitement no more aggressive than Wilmington's; for, though men indulged in debates of volcanic heat and glacial

Havre de Grace did not get off so well. The people seemed bitter and were so reported to Felton. And here a Pinkerton agent was installed to watch and listen unobtrusively when his chief moved on to Perryman. This Maryland community was generating all the symptoms of insurrection; wherefore Timothy Webster, already an acknowledged star of the service, was directed to settle down and observe the deep-dyed brewing of trouble. Webster thus, almost casually, began his career as a secret agent of the North operating against the South, a career he was to sustain with notable aptitude for more than fifteen months and then relinquish tragically enough.

Barnum's Hotel — while Mr. Pinkerton favored the Howard House — was the congenial resort of the most outspoken adherents of the South. At Guy's, a bar and restaurant noted for its terrapin and Burgundies, there were other gatherings of

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The Pinkertons who, one by one, came with reports to this obscure dwelling included the redoubtable George H. Bangs and Mrs. Kate Warne, also Francis Warner, W. H. Scott, Paul Dennia, H. B. Jones, William Norris, John Kinsella, John Seaford, Harry Davies, and, of course, Timothy Webster. Most of the men were stationed along the railroad right of way between Baltimore and the Susquehanna Ferry. Mrs. Warne, whose disarming ease of manner and experiences at the culmination of the Adams Express case in Alabama qualified her to represent herself as a Southerner, wore pinned to her dress the black-and-white cockade recognized as the emblem of secessionist sympathies and was able to make an impression in circles where the fever of rebellion was already at its height. The reports she turned in were darkly informing. Allan Pinkerton, working alone, authenticated much that the Maryland city had to tell. But it was Davies and Webster, operating separately, who attempted to penetrate to the secret meetings of the really desperate conspirators. Between them this pair of unscrupulous and invaluable performers dug out all the grisly bones of the major plot.

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customs, prejudices and chief characteristics of their citizens. He was personally acquainted with many of the leading men of the South. Of French descent, polished, good looking, he had been educated for the Jesuit priesthood. But upon finding the discipline of that vocation distasteful to him he had, like more than one celebrated European of similar background, turned to the agreeable pursuits of secret service. He was widely traveled, spoke three foreign languages, and, in Mr. Pinkerton's opinion, was endowed with all the persuasive powers supposed to belong to the Jesuits. It cost him little or no effort to influence any one necessary to the success of his mission.

This perfect pattern of the kind of espionage agent soon to be needed by the North in generous consignments found it second nature to mix with the bloods at Guy's or Barnum's Hotel, who consumed oceans of time and high tides of the best liquor while keeping each other assured that "no damned Yankee upstart ever shall sit in the presidential chair." A leading spirit among them, having the very halo of a hothead, was a man of Italian extraction, called *Captain* Fernandina. By virtue of his Latin temperament, his wealth and warmth of utterance, and his manifest resolve to yoke himself to the dangers of sedition, he was welcomed in all the more exclusive public places, listened to with respect and treated familiarly even by those several cuts above him in Baltimore's well-defined social scale. Not only was he conceded his military title, though lacking a commission from any regular authority, but also he was the acknowledged commander of one of those companies of volunteers which were sprouting up from day to day with pious rebel enthusiasm. Yet Fernandina, before he became an officer and detonating agitator, had been the barber at Barnum's; and it is evidence of the kind of rashness and ardor Davies, Webster and the others were discovering that citizens whom Fernandina had formerly lathered,

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anointed, and embellished with curls now considered him their
spokesman and a very gallant fellow indeed.

Because of the demonstrated ingenuities of Timothy Webster, his chief had set him a difficult task at Perryman. Here a smart troop of cavalry had been recruited and was now being armed, its object the defense of the vital communication lines of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore from what was loosely described as "Yankee aggression." Webster contrived to approach this band as a candidate and complete secessionist, trustworthy, resolute, full of fight. He was examined and found acceptable, furnished a mount, and so began to drill. In a few days, by temperate but properly aimed intimations, he got himself noticed by superior officers and chosen for admission to the really intimate conclaves of the organization. And it was from the very first secret meeting he attended that the Pinkertons obtained initial warning of a fearful thing: a well-developed plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln before his inauguration on the fourth of March.

Davies, who called himself Joseph Howard, lounged all day about the more élite saloons of Baltimore, spending freely, standing treat. His popularity and acquaintance grew from hour to hour. In particular he cultivated a young man named Hill, of influential family connections and already an officer of the Palmetto Guards — another such volunteer body as that absorbing Webster. Hill was a pitiable neurotic who mistook his sensitive reactions and jangling nerves for fanatical patriotism and a predestined martyrdom. Everywhere Northern tyranny *versus* Southern slaveholders' rights was the one topic of debate; and, though Davies endeavored to elevate his guns and keep up to the range of the wildest factional hyperbole, he found Hill beyond imitation. Delicately nurtured, excitable, weak and clinging, Hill suffered, too, an agony of doubt, his conscience in revolt against what he believed to be patriot necessity.

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Sponsored by this obsessed soul, Davies, as Howard of New Orleans, met and ingratiated himself with other promising firebrands, among them Marshal Kane, who presented him to the chief of conflagration, Fernandina. Being invited by Kane, he was present at a meeting where, after several openly inciting tirades, the captain rose and exploded. "No ——— ——— Yankee or Abolitionist ever shall come upon Southern soil, except to dig his own grave!" Thus many sparks flew upward. With long hair swept back dramatically, his black eyes glazed with passion, his sallow face tortured by fever no less consuming because entirely mental, Fernandina in peroration actually drew forth and flourished a wicked-looking blade. And a rapt male audience, its thoughts diverted from Barnum's tonsorial "parlor", included not one wag to call out — "Shave!"

At three o'clock the next afternoon Davies and Allan Pinkerton met at Guy's by prearrangement. Fernandina was already there, accompanied by several members of the military force he commanded. Davies he greeted cordially; and the young man from New Orleans then presented his chief, calling him "Mr. Allen, just come up from Georgia" — an earnest worker in the cause, whose sympathy and discretion could be relied upon.

Captain Fernandina shook hands with almost melodramatic warmth, suggesting then that they all retire to a private room. The captain seems to have been of that vivid stripe of naive plotter so far convinced of his own sublime fate that he cannot imagine it in collision with duplicity. Any newcomer, suitably introduced, appears to him a desirable recruit, because all he really asks of the stranger is willingness to linger and an unimpaired hearing. Mr. Pinkerton was a captivating listener!

Ballasted with Bourbon and a good cigar, Fernandina saw

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to it that the talk immediately turned to high-powered sedition. Half an hour passed eloquently; and Pinkerton had a harvest of specific threats, but as yet no details likely to convince Mr. Lincoln or his closest advisers of the dreadful danger awaiting him. That same night, however, Timothy Webster rode in from Perryman, ostensibly in search of amusement. He visited the house on South Street and told his chief the date set for the attempted assassination of the President-elect.

Allan Pinkerton sent at once to Barnum's Hotel for the popular young Howard. Realizing it must be urgent, Davies hastened to the agency's secret "clearing house", arriving by one entrance a few moments after Webster had made off by another to resume his cavalry exercises. "You will have to get to the inner circle of their league," Mr. Pinkerton told him. "Webster's people are part of the general conspiracy, but not among the actually designated assassins. Get Hill to put you right on the inside. He can do it, with Kane and the Italian also ready to vouch for you. Tell them you want to share in the immortal glory of forcibly helping to free the South from her Yankee tyrant."

"They are all very solemnly sworn, sir. Hill has told me that much."

"Then you will have to take the oath too."

Davies hesitated. "I suppose it's really no worse than calling myself Joseph Howard and a hot rebel straight up from New Orleans," he reflected.

"I am counting on you."

"If it means the President's life —"

"None can judge that better than yourself."

"If they'll swear me in, sir, I'm in," said the spy.

Hill, exalted and morose by turns, continued to stick close to his more optimistic friend, and so remained a pliant tool. "What a pity that this glorious Union must be destroyed," he complained, "and all on account of that monster Lincoln."

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In this he was corroborating a part of Webster's latest report, wherein it was stated that the conspirators proposed to concentrate upon Abraham Lincoln alone, keeping in the background all other issues of the moment. They meant to excite and exasperate public feeling against the President-elect — whose party had failed to poll a majority of the votes cast at the November election — and let that rising animosity cover their tracks when the contemplated blow "for freedom's cause" had been struck.

There would soon be a meeting held somewhere in Baltimore, Webster had said, whereat Fernandina, Kane and their leading disciples would get together, to decide which one among them should have the distinction of destroying the leader of the North. Hill was to attend this meeting; and Davies, with very slight persuasion, convinced him that he also deserved an opportunity to shoot or stab a defenseless man for the sake of everlasting fame.

"All right. If it can be arranged, we'll then go together," Hill exclaimed, continuing excitedly — "Should I draw the ballot, I'll not fear to kill. Howard, I swear it! . . . Caesar was stabbed by Brutus. And Brutus was an honorable man. Lincoln need expect no mercy from me, though I do not hate him as much as some do. It is more love of country with me."

Here was an overwrought patriot on the verge of a mental and physical breakdown. Davies as usual succeeded in calming his transports; and when they met again in the afternoon the lieutenant of Palmetto Guards announced that he had secured permission to conduct his friend to the lodge room of the plotters. He added a further confidence. Baltimore, it was felt, offered the most favorable location for an attack upon Abraham Lincoln, who, with a small party of friends, would be on his way to Washington for the inaugural ceremonies. A swift steamer was to be stationed in Chesapeake Bay, with a boat waiting ashore, ready to take the assassin on board. Without

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loss of time he would be carried to some as yet unspecified Southern port, where he would surely be honored for an heroic deed.

"To-night," appended Hill, "the room will be dark. There will be a box already prepared containing ballots, one for every man present. And whoever draws a *red* ballot will be chosen to perform a sacred duty. . . . Each one will be pledged to secrecy about the color of the ballot he draws."

"In that way nobody, even among ourselves, will know the identity of the — the hero," said Davies.

"Just so. And consider this — only a very few know about it, but the captain and our other leaders don't feel certain of the courage of every one who'll be permitted to draw a ballot to-night, Howard — and they intend not placing *one* red ballot in the box to be drawn, but eight of them. *Eight* different men will leave the meeting, each positive that on him and him only rests the safety of the South and the whole course of our freedom. What do you say to that?"

"Splendid, splendid!" The Pinkerton agent managed a final enthusiasm. "It really looks," he observed, feeling curiously helpless, half convinced, "as if our plan to kill Lincoln couldn't go wrong."

Joe Howard of Louisiana was duly escorted by Hill to the rendezvous of the league and introduced to the twenty men already in attendance. The detective found himself acquainted with most of them; and after the preliminaries he was brought forward to the station of the presiding officer, Fernandina, who nodded to him gravely and suggested that he kneel. Davies, on his knees, was then required to take an oath of allegiance binding him to silence and an interesting program of treasonable enterprises.

A kind of awe pervaded the assembly, which had now increased to more than thirty. Though beholding them, mind-

At last the drawing was ready to begin, and, to conceal the designation of chance, the meeting place had to be darkened to an even more ominous gloom. After which, as his undoubted prerogative and a kind of organ prelude to the handing around of the fateful box, Fernandina offered a few remarks. But he controlled his customary flourishes, simply stating, with no grim detail glossed over, the required and exact procedure of the "fortunate brother" from the hour of their adjournment after the drawing to the moment when, a pre-eminent fugitive, he should stand on the deck of the waiting steamer that would up anchor and bear him off to expected rebel applause.

Fernandina rose to speak again, letting himself go this time, as one who had missed a red ballot and must do his slaying on the spot. Violently he assailed the hateful Black Republican, the unrighteous Yankee, the interfering advocate of Abolition — foes one and all of the slaveholding South. Though he had never owned slaves, but merely ministered to slaveholders, who, perhaps, had been shaved by a black valet the morning before, yet vicariously he felt the sting of the Abolitionist doctrine. It menaced the class he had waited on; and he meant to maintain his customers' property rights if fiery speech could do it.

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means *United States* of America. On February 11, 1861, he had set forth from his quiet home in Springfield, accompanied by a loyal group of friends. Besides John G. Nicolay, his private secretary, they were Judge David Davis, afterward an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Colonel Sumner, Major Hunter and Captain Pope, who all three came to be major generals in the ensuing war between North and South, Ward H. Lamon, and Norman B. Judd of Chicago.

Allan Pinkerton felt better acquainted with Judd than any other member of the presidential party. He already had written him two preliminary notes of warning, one delivered in Cincinnati and the second upon Mr. Lincoln's arrival in Buffalo. The detective and Mrs. Warne reached the city of New York on the same day as Mr. Lincoln and his party. Judd had been told in the second message to expect a call from a Pinkerton emissary; Mrs. Warne was the caller. Her employer had not been able to linger in New York, said she, but after giving her necessary instructions had left at once for Philadelphia, where the protective arrangements he had in mind must be initiated.

Mr. Pinkerton was finding the Pennsylvanian metropolis in that fervid Republican mood which the party organization there capitalizes even to this day. Flags and bunting, an air of joyous expectancy all over the city contrasted with the detective's recollections of Baltimore and its neighboring towns. Philadelphia wanted both to see Abraham Lincoln and reassure him; wanted — with but a little Fifth Ward dissent — his national authority to begin. Allan Pinkerton, of course, hurried straight to Mr. Felton's office, and, in summing up the latest results of his Maryland investigation, graphically multiplied the anxieties of management on the P. W. & B.

Next day, February 21st, the Lincoln party arrived according to schedule; and an immense, cheering throng lined the streets through which the procession had to pass on the way

The President-elect, being told of an emergency requiring his immediate consideration, extricated himself from the enthusiastic crush of friends with great patience and tact. Entering Judd's room, he cordially greeted the detective from his home State, who in turn presented Felton. Judd spoke, explaining that his reason for this awkward interruption was a matter of life and death.

"We have come to know, Mr. Lincoln, and beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there exists a plot to assassinate you," Pinkerton began. "The attempt will be made on your way through Baltimore, day after to-morrow. I am here to help in outwitting the assassins."

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a shade of sadness had fallen upon his face. "I am listening, Mr. Pinkerton," he said.

The statements of the detective were punctuated thereafter by many sharp questions from the President-elect, who cross-examined him as once he would have done a witness antagonistic to his client in a contest at law. Allan Pinkerton went back to that day of the preceding month when, acting for Felton, he had gone down into Maryland to discover what secessionist agitation might be pointing toward malicious damage of the property of the railroad. He told of establishing his headquarters in Baltimore, and of the work of Mrs. Warne, Webster, Davies and the rest. Lastly he described his own investigations, accomplished independently of theirs, his private conversations with Fernandina and most of the extremists who acknowledged him as their inspiration.

Lincoln interrupted the narrative to inquire drily — "Then do I understand, sir, my life is chiefly threatened by this half-crazed foreigner?"¹

"He only talks like a maniac, Mr. President. His capacity

¹ The author has not accepted biographical license to create dialogue for a dramatic episode in the career of a national hero. Questions and comments attributed to Abraham Lincoln conform to the written recollections of Messrs. Judd, Lamon and Felton, as well as to Allan Pinkerton's several accounts of the exploit. Some time after publication of the proofs had ceased to endanger Timothy Webster and other Pinkerton operatives, a lively dispute persisted as to certain individuals' extraneous share in the preparation, protection and management of the momentous journey to Washington. Then the reputable statements cited above were made public, as well as letters from Governor Andrew Curtin and from Messrs. Kenney, Franciscus, Stearns, Lewis, Thayer, Dunn, Wynne and John Pitcairn, Jr., each an acknowledged participant; and all these statements were in close agreement as to the order of events and the substance of conversations in which President Lincoln, or any one authorized to speak for him, took part.

"But why — why do they want to kill me?"

"With all due allowance for the menacing plans of the fanatics, how do you happen to be so sure of the carrying through of the preparations against me?" Lincoln asked.

"And you vouch for the integrity of this detective?"

Summing up in conclusion, Pinkerton went over the specific, startling details of the assassins' strategy as revealed to Harry Davies at the meeting where the red ballots were drawn:

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must pass spies of the conspirators, ready to telegraph them immediate warning. When Abraham Lincoln arrived a great throng would have gathered at the Calvert Street station. Kane, the implacable insurgent, had agreed to send only a small force of police to the station and to furnish no escort whatever through the city. As soon as the President-elect should leave his special train, a gang of toughs were to start a fight some little way off, which would be a pretext for even the few policemen available to absent themselves from the vicinity. And then would the crowd close in around the little group of despised Yankees, a carefully ordered, disorderly rabble in the inner ring closest to Lincoln — pushing, jostling, creating a noisy confusion. The fatal shot or knife thrust must follow directly after. . . .

It was a formidably vengeful portrait; and still Mr. Lincoln seemed to hesitate to give it credence. This frantic manifestation of hostility among his own people — Southern sympathizers of the agitated border country, true — but fellow Americans whose ultimate good would be his to care for in less than a fortnight! Anxious and obstinate, Allan Pinkerton brought up his reserves, a mass of confirmatory data, in particular the reports from Perryman, where Timothy Webster clanked the saber of a rebel dragoon. And then the no less anxious Norman Judd turned to Felton, who was ready with corroborative evidence which had come to him from an altogether different source.

"Not many days ago, Mr. President," said the railroad head, "I was visited by a Miss Dix, a lifelong friend and a lady above reproach, noted in the South for her charities. She came to my office that Saturday afternoon, saying she had a terribly important warning to convey to me. And for more than an hour I listened while she put in tangible shape what I've been hearing in detached fragments since before I ever sent for Allan Pinkerton in January.

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"The sum and substance of it is that there exists throughout the South an extensively organized conspiracy to seize upon the city of Washington with its records and archives, and then declare the conspirators *de facto* the government of the United States. In short, a *coup d'etat* is planned very much in the European manner. And they propose at the same time to cut off means of communication between the District of Columbia and the North, East, or West, thus preventing any prompt transportation of troops to wrest the capital from their hands.

"Your inauguration, said Miss Dix, would be prevented. Or, sir, your life would fall a sacrifice to the attempt at inauguration. It is well known that troops are drilling on the line of our road, and on the Washington and Annapolis also. Miss Dix has proved her loyalty to the people of the South by innumerable acts of philanthropy. But she cannot condone insurrection and murder. Moreover, the accuracy of her information can hardly be questioned when we remember what unusual opportunities she has for getting at the truth."

Without committing himself either way, Mr. Lincoln asked them — "Granting, gentlemen, that all of this is true, what do you propose to do about it?"

"We propose to take you on to Washington this very night, Mr. President," said Allan Pinkerton, "and steal a march on your enemies."

He then proceeded quickly to explain the plan agreed upon at the St. Louis Hotel in conference with Felton and Norman Judd. It necessitated an abrupt change of program, with Mr. Lincoln compelled to break appointments for the next day in both Philadelphia and Harrisburg.

"Has this your approval?" Lincoln turned to Judd. "It seems to me for the best," replied the devoted friend. "Although I realize, if you follow the course suggested, you'll be inevitably subjected to the scoffs and sneers of your adver-

After reflecting another moment, Abraham Lincoln answered — "Gentlemen, I appreciate the suggestions, and while I can stand anything essential in the way of misrepresentation, I do not feel I can go to Washington to-night. To-morrow morning I have promised to raise the flag over Independence Hall, and after that to visit the Legislature at Harrisburg. Whatever the cost, these two promises I must fulfill. Thereafter I shall be ready to consider any plan you may adopt."

VIII: A PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY

The Success of the Pinkerton Counterplot

THE worried triumvirate separated, to meet again at midnight, when they were joined by G. C. Franciscus, general agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and E. S. Sanford — the Sanford of the Adams Express and the Maroney case, but here representing the powerful American Telegraph Company. These five men — Judd, Felton, Pinkerton and the two newcomers — remained in consultation until five o'clock in the morning, until every possible project for maintaining the safety of the President-elect had been discussed and examined for any flaw that would incur a tragedy and national disaster.

Mr. Lincoln — as he afterward related — did not sleep well, and rose very early, prepared to encounter the tribulations in the path just ahead. At six o'clock, as the sun was rising, with his own hands — according to his word — he raised the flag over Independence Hall. A crowd had assembled to witness this ceremony and to hear his address. It was brief, but constituted a striking answer to the challenge of disunion and sedition.

Having in no way failed his host of followers in Philadelphia, Abraham Lincoln proceeded to the special train which was waiting to take him and his party to the State capital. But just as this train was about to leave for Harrisburg, Frederick W. Seward came rushing up with a dispatch for the President-elect of such pressing importance, he had been charged personally to carry it from Washington. Breaking the seals, Mr. Lincoln discovered two letters, from William H. Seward and from Winfield Scott, each urgently warning

"Everything, you may be sure, will be carried out to the letter," Judd promised. Yet all the way to Harrisburg he worried about his supreme responsibility. He alone of the presidential party had knowledge of Allan Pinkerton's counterplot. After a while he decided that, in justice to himself and to the others, he should share with them the grave obligations attendant upon it. Accordingly he sought the approval of the President-elect.

When Judd told of the plan devised to avert calamity, a warm argument ensued. All who heard the secret confided, but especially the choleric Sumner, offered resentful objections to what some one called "smuggling the President through the lines like a piece of contraband."

"Then that settles it for me," said Judge Davis. And even

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Colonel Sumner had to capitulate. "It is against my judgment, gentlemen. But I have undertaken to go to Washington with the President-elect, and I shall do it!"

The program for the remainder of the day included an official dinner at the hotel, that Andrew G. Curtin, soon to be celebrated as Pennsylvania's great "War Governor", and a number of other distinguished citizens were attending. A public reception was to follow in the evening, after which Lincoln would be the Governor's guest for the night at the executive mansion. As it was already four o'clock in the afternoon when the presidential party separated, there was little time to spare, according to the Pinkerton program of flight.

Now the most deplorable possibilities sprang from the undoubted presence in Harrisburg of Southern spies watching Mr. Lincoln's every public moment. If it were known that he left the capital a minute before the appointed hour, they would telegraph an alarm to the chief plotters in Baltimore — unless, of course, Allan Pinkerton had determined how to disappoint them.

The dinner began shortly after five o'clock. As guest of honor Abraham Lincoln was seated beside the Governor. It had been arranged that at six sharp he should excuse himself to Curtin as if for a moment and slip away unnoticed. But alas for the alchemy of this ingenuous stratagem! The banqueting Pennsylvanians were not allowing their elective leaders to slip down even an oyster unnoticed. Everywhere the dining rooms and corridors of the hotel were thronged; while a great overflow packed the street outside, demanded a speech from the nearest balcony, stood and stamped and clamored in the light of huge blazing bonfires.

Recognizing the hazard and absurdity of trying alone to clear himself a path from the room, Lincoln whispered to Curtin a hurried account of his situation. Unlike those presi-

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dential intimates whose disapproval had endured the better part of an hour that afternoon, the Governor of Pennsylvania appears to have understood the predicament and grasped the motives in back of it with a promptitude amounting to second sight, and he rose at once to propel his guest toward leave-taking. He let fall some prudent reference to the tendency of the President-elect to suffer from headache, suggesting that they withdraw for a short while to a less crowded scene. Lincoln acquiesced; Curtin offered him his arm; and at an enforced leisurely pace the two notable diners walked out of the room together and along the hall to the main staircase. Lincoln, amiably acknowledging wave on wave of applause, did not go up to his room. Instead, with his host, he turned toward the short flight of stairs leading down to the street, and at the hotel entrance was joined by Norman Judd, Lamon, Sumner and other members of his party. They strolled forth, compact and casual, a little group not immediately identified, Curtin carrying an overcoat — Lincoln's coat which some one had handed him — and the President-elect bareheaded, but with a hat of soft wool protruding from his pocket.

G. C. Franciscus, who acted for the Pennsylvania Railroad, had a closed carriage waiting; and fortunately the denser masses of spectators were gathered farther on, beneath the banquet-room balcony. Mr. Lincoln stepped quickly into the carriage, clad just as he had been at table, Franciscus supplementing the overcoat with a thick traveling shawl. And thus provided, without any ridiculous plaid costume — such as cartoonists who catered to his foes afterward depicted him as wearing, disguised for flight — Abraham Lincoln began his famous secret journey from Harrisburg to Washington.

The Governor of Pennsylvania, in hope of disarming suspicion among those who saw the President-elect get into the

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carriage, entered it after him. "Drive to the Executive Mansion," he ordered the coachman in a tone that carried well beyond that impressive colored man. But the carriage paused only a moment in the driveway of Andrew Curtin's official residence; and neither he nor Mr. Lincoln got out. From there they were driven rapidly to a railroad crossing at the lower end of the city, where the Pennsylvania Road held in readiness the fast locomotive and one passenger coach that Allan Pinkerton had requested. As an extraordinary precaution against accident, the Pennsylvania's officials had even arranged to keep the express track cleared from half-past five o'clock until after the passing of the Lincoln special.

Of the original party leaving Springfield, only Ward Lamon now remained with his chief in the last sweeping finish of the journey. It had been decided that the others should stay in Harrisburg overnight, keeping themselves as much in evidence as possible, to conform to the general belief that Abraham Lincoln remained likewise enthralled by his cordial reception at the State capital. That stanch veteran, Colonel Sumner, who had entangled his soldier oath and gentlemanly honor with the proposition of escorting to Washington a man who was to save the Republic, gave the patient Norman Judd the largest amount of trouble. He was actually about to invade the carriage with Lincoln, Curtin and Lamon already inside when Judd, placing a hand upon his shoulder, attracted his attention as if for some reason of weight. But Judd's reason had more depth than displacement; and when next the Colonel swung around, the carriage was in motion.

It came to a stop beside the special train after dusk had fallen. The engine had steam up, but no lamps were lighted in the passenger coach. Mr. Lincoln boarded the train first, followed by Lamon, Franciscus and Enoch Lewis, general superintendent of the railroad. Immediately the signal was given the engineer, and the run to Philadelphia — on the

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memorable evening of February 22, 1861 — had begun. Besides the engine crew and Mr. Lincoln's three companions, only two other persons were aboard the special: T. E. Garnett, general baggage agent, and John Pitcairn, Jr., in charge of a telegraph instrument brought along in case of some unforeseen delay or accident.

With all this precaution it was hoped that any one in league with the secessionist conspirators who had been sent to keep watch upon the President-elect in Harrisburg would be left unaware of the secret departure until the next morning. Yet if, by a lucky chance, the dash to the train had been noted by a Southern agent and word of this could be telegraphed ahead, the assassins might still accomplish their purpose.

Allan Pinkerton did not propose to contend with a single element of uncertainty. Before the presidential special had pulled out of Philadelphia that morning of Washington's birthday, he had arranged with the officers of the American Telegraph Company to have all messages from Harrisburg over their wires stopped in the Philadelphia office, exception being made only for such as might come addressed to "J. H. Hutchinson" — Pinkerton himself. In order that there might be no possibility of an operator's carelessness allowing even one dispatch to get through to its destination, the manager of the main office of the company, H. E. Thayer, agreed to stay on duty all during the night of the twenty-second and twenty-third, so that he might cover the Harrisburg wire in person.

But in the telegraph line of the Northern Central Railroad Mr. Pinkerton realized there existed another means of quick communication between the Pennsylvania State capital and Baltimore. He had no readily available influence to control this wire and could not demand coöperation similar to that being given him by the officials of the American Telegraph Company. Nevertheless, the detective resolved that, with

Thayer, on request, supplied a trustworthy lineman, Andrew Wynne; and, even as Abraham Lincoln's one-car special was pulling out of Harrisburg, a train similar to it arrived there with young Wynne aboard and such tools as he needed for a temporary, unlawful interruption of the Northern Central telegraph. To support Wynne, W. P. Westervelt, superintendent of the American Telegraph Company, rode with him; and reaching Harrisburg these two were joined by George Burns, a confidential employee of the American Telegraph, who happened to be the same young man that had pushed through the police lines in Philadelphia the day before and handed Norman Judd the detective's curious note. Wynne, with the eye of an expert and the adventurous delight of youth, had no trouble in tracing the Northern Central's Baltimore wires through the streets of Harrisburg. To avoid observation the three men followed the line of poles to the railroad tracks and out beyond the city limits for about two miles. Here, in an unfrequented spot, Wynne put on his climbing irons, went up a tall pole, cut the Baltimore wires and attached fine copper ground wires to the severed ends, rendering impossible all communication between a spy in Pennsylvania's capital and the simmering insurrectos on the Chesapeake.

But no message could be sent. "Seems to be something wrong on the line."

But in the morning he was on board a train, returning to

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his job in Philadelphia, and relieved of any personal responsibility by elated superiors.

Meanwhile, Abraham Lincoln and his small party were racing through the early evening in a darkened car, no stop being made as they sped eastward till they reached Downington, where the engine had to take on water. Here all save Mr. Lincoln alighted to get something to eat, the President-elect staying alone in the shadows until the others returned, bringing him the best supper they could surreptitiously manage — a cup of tea and a roll. Once again the train was in motion; and it continued on without incident to the station at West Philadelphia.

Allan Pinkerton was waiting here with H. F. Kenney of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad. To John Litzenburg, conductor of the 10:50 P. M. train for Washington, Kenney had given unusual orders. No matter how long delayed, the 10:50 was not to start until he, the conductor in charge, received a package which the superintendent himself would deliver into his hands. It would be addressed to E. J. Allen, Esq., Willard's Hotel, Washington — "Allen", as well as "Hutchinson", being a favorite pseudonym of Mr. Pinkerton's for use in his private activities — and sent by the president of the road. Mr. Felton had said it was important.

Immediately upon leaving the special from Harrisburg, Mr. Lincoln and Ward Lamon were taken to a closed carriage the detective had ready. With all three seated inside, and Kenney up with the driver, they proceeded down Market Street as far as Nineteenth, then up that street to Vine, and thence to Seventeenth Street, the vehicle moving rather slowly. It was hard to imagine any one following them at this point of the journey; yet Mr. Pinkerton, with characteristic perfection of detail, left as little to chance as was humanly

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possible. These roundabout maneuvers had also the advantage of consuming an unexpected interval of time. The Harrisburg special had arrived some minutes sooner than the detective's most optimistic calculation.

When the carriage at length drew near to the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore station on Carpenter Street, Kenney directed the driver to approach so that the party would be in the shadow of a high fence when they alighted. And the moment the carriage came to a stop, Pinkerton sprang out, the others following, to be guided by him through the railroad yards to the Washington train which was being held for orders. As a reservation for the President-elect, Kate Warne had secured the last three sections of the sleeping car at the rear of the train. She also had arranged to have the rear door of the car left open for the special convenience of the chief traveler, her "invalid brother", who thus would be enabled to reach his berth quietly and inconspicuously. Knox, the colored porter in charge of the sleeper who made this uncommon concession, was afterward publicly commended by officials of the road and Mr. Pinkerton.

As Abraham Lincoln approached the sleeping car, Mrs. Warne stepped forward and greeted him familiarly as her brother. Allan Pinkerton presented Lincoln's ticket to the conductor, explaining that his invalid friend must not be disturbed. Supposed by the train crew to be members of an ordinary family party, but instead placed by Pinkerton to guard the President-elect on either side, both George Bangs and Kate Warne were armed and would have opened fire rather than permit any stranger to touch a curtain of Mr. Lincoln's berth.

By odd coincidence there was one other armed passenger in that last car of the 10:50 — John A. Kennedy, the able superintendent of the New York police department. Having failed to note anything reassuring, either in reports from Book-

The New York police superintendent, incidentally, was to prove on another occasion that he possessed the sort of courage in the face of overwhelming odds which Allan Pinkerton, Bangs and Mrs. Warne would have needed to call upon, had any considerable band of secessionist radicals come prowling about the sleeping car. In July, 1863, during the draft riots that beset the city of New York, Kennedy alone, on a tour of inspection, walked into a mob of infuriated Irish at Forty-Sixth Street and Lexington Avenue, was recognized, and attempted to stand against a hundred assailants, armed only with a bamboo cane. He was viciously mauled. Knocked down again and again, he repeatedly got up and fought back, in spite of the blows pelting upon him; until at last he was swept off his feet and beaten insensible and would have been dispatched on the spot had not a venturesome bystander, John Eagan, who knew him, stood over his body and convinced the nearest ruffians that the superintendent was, in fact, already dead. Pursuing this stratagem when the rioters had turned aside to another job of looting, Eagan loaded the supposed corpse into a wagon, covered it with sacks and drove to Police Headquarters, where a surgeon's examination found Kennedy suffering from twenty-one cuts and seventy-two bruises.

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Within the sleeping car, Bangs and Mrs. Warne had settled themselves for a night-long vigil. Mr. Pinkerton confidently left them alert and took up his own post upon the rear platform of the car. There he could stay unobserved. The last platform was the only one a brakeman did not have to visit in that pre-air-brake day of violent exertion for the whole crew in bringing a train to a scheduled stop. And from there, too, the detective could maintain a sharp lookout, studying the countryside through which they were running and receiving signals from each of his agents placed in a danger zone along the route.

Many precautions had been taken to make use of Webster's surmise and prevent such an attack. At Pinkerton's suggestion, the president of the railroad had placed gangs of trusted men at various bridges. They seemed to be painting and whitewashing, and were, indeed, applying a white coating of a preparation that would do a great deal to make the woodwork

The first critical point of the journey was reached at Perryville, where the train must wait to be slowly ferried across the Susquehanna. The detective here was Webster, moved up from his cavalry station.

"*All's well!*" If Webster would report danger's subsidence, it must be so!

The locomotive whistle shrilled; and then they began slowing down for the next station. Baltimore, boiling with its insurgent plans of murder and disunion! Allan Pinkerton braced himself for the last stages of the ordeal—for what might not happen here? Could word possibly have slipped through, been spread abroad that the despised Abolitionist would arrive in fancied quiet and secrecy? And an attack being made, would he, Lamon, Bangs and the resourceful Kate Warne constitute an adequate defense?

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actly on time! The station looked deserted, its platform empty, the whole city wondrously silent. Surely the violent ones had learned nothing, suspected nothing.

In the manner of the disjointed railroad facilities of that period, sleeping cars bound for the capital had to be drawn by horses through the streets of Baltimore to the station of the Washington line. And after getting there uneventfully the presidential party was compelled to wait two uncertain, perilous hours because a connecting train from the West had not pulled in according to schedule. There was more life in this quarter of the town; local trains were arriving and departing. Allan Pinkerton found Mr. Lincoln awake in his berth and sat chatting with him while the minutes of their potential exposure to hostility lumbered along and the train crew's dispute was muffled but profane.

Waiting passengers in the station sang occasionally — songs that were rebel songs to Mr. Pinkerton — “My Maryland!” — “Dixie!” A drunken partisan wavering close beside the car carolled his way through the latter refrain over and over again with expanding volume and discord. Abraham Lincoln remarked it, sadly. After the war Mr. Pinkerton seemed to remember that the President had said — “No doubt there will be a great time in Dixie by and by”; which then struck the detective as prophetic of four years' struggle against armed invasion.

At length the delayed Western train rolled in and the one bearing Mr. Lincoln was permitted to leave. The run to Washington followed without event, and though still at his post on the wind-swept back platform, Allan Pinkerton allowed himself to relax. He has admitted that the discomforts of his position were relieved by a warming pride. It is not unlikely that he reflected on a certain kinship of his to the man he had sworn to protect with his life — whom he *had* pro-

In Washington, a few minutes after six o'clock in the morning, February 23d, Abraham Lincoln wrapped his heavy traveling shawl about his shoulders and in company with Ward Lamon and Pinkerton walked from the car. Two of the detective's men were awaiting his arrival and closed in behind the group with George Bangs and Kate Warne. Even at so early an hour there were a great many people moving about the Washington station, and yet Mr. Lincoln's lanky form passed by unnoticed, until he was recognized by an Illinois Congressman, who hurried over to shake hands with the President-elect. This politician's pronounced surprise was growing voluble and attracting some attention when Allan Pinkerton swooped upon him to whisper loudly — "No talking here!"

And so it was. General Scott, aged, tired, already leaning a little heavily on the fame of Vera Cruz, and William H. Seward, who meant to guide the new administration, were waiting inconspicuously in a closed carriage. Abraham Lincoln approached it, and Seward leaped out and seized the tall man's bony hand with a grip much the stronger for the anxieties it banished. He spoke for Scott and himself: "I was never so glad to see any one in my life as I am to see you this morning."

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nue to Willard's Hotel, all the Pinkertons and Mr. Pinkerton following closely in a second vehicle. But Abraham Lincoln was now delivered into hands whose care and integrity could not be doubted. The detective and his little force withdrew to quarters engaged in another hotel. Mr. Lincoln himself was not disposed, as were some, to make light of the danger that had threatened, simply because the safeguards thrown around him came of superior planning and organization. Mr. Pinkerton was presently summoned, and in a baroque parlor at Willard's felt again the firm handclasp of Lincoln, while modestly hearkening to words of warm appreciation. After which ceremony, this first experiment in official secret service discharged with great credit, the detective turned back to the city of Baltimore to relish its lamentations.

Harry Davies visited South Street that night, for here a trace of a grin or even a derisive chuckle would not provoke indignation. News of the Republican President's arrival in Washington, he said, had aroused secessionist quarters of the city as early as nine in the morning. And there had boomed forth a roar of anguish over "Yankee slickness", tempered by much plain bewilderment and running about, and even a good deal of running away. Fernandina and the other principal plotters, in whose company Davies and young Hill had right to include themselves, though they did not, were already gone from their customary haunts. Guy's and Barnum's held not an echo of them.

Baltimore assumed that, if Abraham Lincoln's advisers knew how to take him past the plot, they must have been warned by agents of the government. A sinister web of military spies, an underground swarm of Yankee police were imagined to infest the rebellious town; when all there was or ever had been was wholly extemporized and ninety-five per cent. Pinkerton. No arrests, of course, were contemplated. But assassination, when not the act of madmen, is too often

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the project of cowards who hope to exhibit a moment's audacity; and neither Davies nor his chief was surprised that many sworn to plunge a knife into the heart of the Abolitionist preferred instead to thrust themselves into oblivion.

IX: THE MILITARY DETECTIVES

Timothy Webster Enlists with "Major E. J. Allen"

THE city of Harrisburg had experienced an isolation which disquieted a few but contributed materially to the outcome of the Pinkerton subterfuge. When two correspondents of New York newspapers, who had traveled with the presidential party from the outset, expressed dissatisfaction with a banquet from which the guest of honor and his gubernatorial host had absented themselves more than an hour, they were called aside into a private room and there advised that Abraham Lincoln was well away from one capital, speeding toward another. Both young men started to bolt for a telegraph wire; but after a dash of about two yards they halted together, their eyes wide with astonishment. What had come over their kind informant? He was pointing a pistol. He explained, not ungraciously, that he would have to prevent them from leaving the room until Mr. Lincoln's security justified it.

"What's the use of getting news if we can't use it?" one protested.

"I'll tell you how it is, my friend," said the armed retainer. "Harrisburg is cut off from the rest of the world and will continue to be for yet some hours. As the telegraph lines are closed, I am really sparing you both a fruitless race through chilly streets. Just sit down calmly — and you shall hear all about our outflanking of the ferocious rebels of Baltimore."

As soon as word came through of Lincoln's safe arrival in Washington, the two reporters were excused from their mild

There were many others, of course, who chose to resent the predominance of the Pinkertons in what came to be regarded as an historic stratagem; and not a little competitive glory was claimed for the department of police in New York. Superintendent Kennedy's foresight, his independent endeavors far outside his own jurisdiction, received — as they deserved — unqualified praise. After a while credit was adjusted to the satisfaction of all who had contributed to the warning; and to-day such rivalry seems at best a product of the tension of the times.

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lives of a pair of Kennedy's own men. The New York superintendent had first sent Bookstaver down to Baltimore and had then explained his apprehensions to a subordinate, Captain George Washington Walling, causing that noted threat to toughs and gangsters to dispatch two more detectives into the danger zone. It was these men who collided with Timothy Webster, to their own great good.

After coming to Maryland the New Yorkers, Sampson and De Voe, had ventured overboldly to enlist in a company of secessionist volunteers. Almost at once they had been suspected — they were from the North and must be treated accordingly. But if not clever enough to impose on the rebels, they were able at least to discern their own danger; and so off rushed both of them to find a new base in the city of Washington. Possibly it is unfair to assume that, having been clumsy in and around Baltimore, they were showing such little improvement in the national capital that their detached, unregulated *detecting* inspired the very deliverance now thrust upon them. They were too liable to alarm all secessionist plotters and ruin weeks of trying work for the Pinkertons. Whatever the provocation, Webster had begun shadowing them, draped in an odd, swaddling overcoat, with a cloth cap pulled down until it nearly closed his eyes.

Sampson, temporarily apart from De Voe, discovered this apparition at his heels with considerable shock. And presently the bewildering long coat sidled up to him and from underneath the cap a voice spoke: "Where is Wash Walling?" Sampson was stupefied. He believed his superior officer *had* started for Washington; and here a stranger must already know all about it. "And where," asked the devastating inquirer again, "is the fur hat you were wearing?"

By way of disguise the New York man had changed to a black felt before coming on to Washington. Surely a rebel agent, this fellow in the dejected-looking cap had even iden-

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tified him in Baltimore. "Who are you — and what do you want?" Sampson attempted to parry.

The other whispered his name — Webster — and went on to admit his connection with a group of detectives sent from Philadelphia. And being also enlisted, as he explained, among the more mischievous Southern conspirators of the region, he was one of many told off to hunt for a pair of police detectives known to have come from the city of New York and violently remove them. Sampson, though grateful for this warning, yet would not take Webster's advice and clear out of town at once, without waiting to rejoin De Voe. Whereupon the Pinkerton operative turned in to aid him in finding his partner, and, after hiding them in a barn overnight, helped both to retreat in good order next day.

In the volume of reminiscences he published in 1888¹ Walling, who advanced to highest rank in the New York police force, has Sampson say of Webster: "We should have been murdered in Washington but for the good head and great heart of Timothy Webster, the bravest, coolest man, I think, that ever lived." Sampson had already demonstrated this high regard by attending the burial of Webster's body when it was brought back to the North at the close of the Civil War. Perhaps Webster did not need to exaggerate the detectives' peril to get rid of them; certainly his assistance was welcome. But his deceptive range in making all sorts and conditions of men believe what he needed to have them believe had become rather well established, and remained almost continually in operation for fourteen hazardous months to follow.

It was on Monday, April 15th, after the amateur gunners of Charleston had finished shelling a Federal fort, that President Lincoln issued his first call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. On the nineteenth, the Sixth Massachusetts In-

¹ Walling, "Recollections of a New York Chief of Police."

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fantry detained in Baltimore to march across the city to the Washington station and proceed to the capital. Instead they remained to fight for their lives against a great mob stirred to terrible ferocity. The agitations of Fernandina and his followers, the undisguised hostility of officials like Police Marshal Kane, had something at last to focus upon, something within reach; and though it was a military regiment that resorted to the bayonet and ball cartridges, the worst predictions made by Mr. Pinkerton and his detectives in February were mild beside the actuality eight weeks later.

Following upon this sanguinary episode came another demonstration that two months ago had been anticipated by the visitors to South Street. Before daylight on the morning of the twentieth the bridges at Melvale, Relay House and Cockeysville, on the Harrisburg road, and over the Bush and Gunpowder rivers and Harris Creek were destroyed by fire, effectually severing railroad communications between Washington and the North. Telegraph wires were also cut. In the District of Columbia the government was shut up with a few battalions of soldiers and at least twice as many active partisans of disunion.

Armed rebellion was now spreading through nine Southern States; and the Federal authorities had only a scattered and distressed regular army. There were spies and secessionist agitators swarming in Northern centers; and, since President Buchanan had been intent on bequeathing to the Republicans all the difficulties of his four years' neglect, there was not a trace of a governmental secret service to cope with them. Allan Pinkerton seemed badly needed at Washington. But he had returned to his Chicago office, unwilling to urge himself as a necessity on the strength of the Agency's reputation and his recent semi-official accomplishment.

There were, however, influential residents of Chicago who wished urgently to communicate with the President or mem-

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bers of his Cabinet. They besought the detective to find them a courier, one ready to penetrate the secessionist stronghold that the environs of the national capital and almost the city itself had become. Timothy Webster, said Pinkerton, was the man they must have. Allowed a short vacation after the exploits that took him from the Susquehanna ferry to the streets of Washington, he was due to report back on the morrow. That he would cheerfully volunteer for such a mission, his chief did not hesitate to promise them.

Webster's whole career in the private detective service had been equipping him for the larger hazards and responsibilities of a government secret agent. He had all the necessary personal qualifications, and, like the operative, Davies — who, however, was now thirsting for martial adventure and enrolled in a Union cavalry troop — he was pretty nearly perfect, with a war rolling in from Charleston Harbor. The affectionate admiration of his chief — founded on respect for and long dependence upon a brave and clever man — informs every line of a book he wrote about him;¹ and Allan Pinkerton's unsparing praise was really justified by many of his protégé's successes. Webster "played" spy like a boy, with a kind of inner gaiety — shuttling back and forth in time through Confederate cordons and outposts much as though his enemies had to play the game too, and count to one hundred with the eyes honestly covered.

Upon setting forth as the courier expected to get through the partisan lines to President Lincoln, he carried a dozen closely written dispatches which Kate Warne had stitched into the linings of his coat collar and waistcoat. Friends in the operating staff of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad sped him on from Philadelphia as far as Perryville. From which point forward Webster traveled upon his wits, and in company with a nervous man who professed to be tak-

¹ "The Spy of the Rebellion."

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members of his Cabinet, and learned that these authorities had for some while contemplated the idea of organizing a secret service department of the government, in hopes of "ascertaining the social, political and patriotic relations of the numerous suspected persons" in and about the city of Washington. It was, in the light of the emergency, a very restricted view, and as worded it was typical. Being asked for an opinion, Mr. Pinkerton stated it as frankly and completely as time permitted. Mr. Lincoln seemed to approve and said he should hear promptly from the proper authorities — doubtless believing, with but fifty days' experience as head of the government, that somebody would be prompt.

Mr. Pinkerton in that no man's land of hope and hard benches which fronts the glacis of official Washington declined to tarry interminably. The nation and his own complex business mayhap were fated to fall into ruin together; yet there were matters he could attend to independently which might somewhat defer both disasters. Some one admitted to him — it was probably Nicolay — that all the confusion and excitement incident to a "novel and perplexing state of affairs" made any systematized organization of espionage or counter-espionage "impossible."

Mr. Pinkerton regretfully agreed. At no other period of the rebellion was secret service activity more imperative. Many Southern spies who dug themselves in during that confused and favoring interval had still to be uprooted at the close of the war. However, the detective — who, for a railroad client, would have thrown a swarm of his people into Washington and sought to sterilize the town from the Alexandria Bridge to the Maryland line — had his dejected impressions confirmed by repeated vain "attempts to obtain satisfying particulars" from the heads of departments. His next attempt came off as curtly as the decorous conduct of that day per-

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mitted. He left his address with the secretary to the President and went back to Philadelphia.

There letters had accumulated; and one from a former Philadelphian was phrased very much to his taste, its vague but provocative invitation concluding darkly: "— whenever you telegraph me, better use only your first name.¹ Let no one know that you are coming to see me, and keep as quiet as possible." It was signed "George B. McClellan, Major General Commanding Ohio Volunteers."

A West Point graduate, a captain after Chapultepec and Monterey, and an American observer of the combat in the Crimea, this soldier had retired from the army in '57 to become a successful railroad president; and already he had a large and ardent following who believed that when better generals than Scott or McDowell were found, McClellan would be all of them. Allan Pinkerton, whose admiration for presidents of railroads had a reasonable basis, stood well in front with the earliest interpreters of McClellan's military genius. And now, with a letter three days old in his pocket, he took the next train out — he was one of the first of Americans entitled to complain that they *live* on trains — on the Pennsylvania Road going in the direction of Ohio. On his way to confer with the first of his two war heroes he stopped at Pittsburgh long enough to help, without premeditation, the other, Timothy Webster.

¹ Many military authorities and writers of magazine articles have referred to Allan Pinkerton's connection with Union espionage in the Civil War, most of them in a caustic or patronizing tone. However much they may have known of the detective's career or of the scientific development of method and comparative national records in espionage, counter-espionage or military intelligence, they have uniformly explained that the detective used the name of Major Allan. Major E. J. Allen was Allan Pinkerton's own manner of spelling his chosen *nom de guerre*, which will be repeated here, the point seeming hardly important enough for extended research.

"Why, you're crazy! There ain't a loyal man in the whole damned town," shouted the perfect noncombatant; provoking Webster to a mild retort that he might conceivably be mistaken.

"What about that telegram I saw you reading? All along I've suspected you were a damned spy," the Northern fanatic at length burst out. Somebody yelled "Lynch him! Hang the spy!" And Webster, who could penetrate at will into areas where the life of the suspected "Yankee spy" was a poor insurance risk, now on his own side of the line found himself in a pretty tight fix.

"Come on — he's only bluffing," yelled a ringleader. "We're thirty to one. Take him dead or alive!" The crowd took a few steps . . . and Webster stood ready to fight for his life.

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When all of a sudden a considerable reinforcement appeared, ranging himself on Webster's side. It was Mr. Pinkerton and, while also addressing them formally as "gentlemen", he denounced the cowardly rabble and commended his operative as "no traitor, but loyal to the core!"

Well, it seems Mr. Pinkerton also had a pistol which he leveled with great care, so that the crowd felt outnumbered. Having caught a non-alcoholic note in the tumult of his bar-room, the hotel proprietor now rushed forward with ideas of rescue, it being his notion that the fate both of the suspected spy and his unknown champion ought properly to be referred to the mayor of the city. A strange procession thereupon stalked through the gloom of Pittsburgh at high noon, increasing as it went, and still incited by cries of "Lynch the traitor!" bayed at Webster from the rear of his potential cortège.

The noise of their approach brought the chief of police into the street to confront the crowd. In the van stood Allan Pinkerton and Webster, their best credentials still gripped firmly in their right hands. The chief recognized Pinkerton at once and expressed his surprise. The detective then introduced Webster and vouched for him. Because he had leaned against a bar, not inattentively yet disparaging nobody, an innocent and useful citizen had been gravely menaced. Crest-fallen lynchers began to disperse when the chief of police assured them he would stand sponsor for both the strangers. Having first invited them into police headquarters, he afterward escorted them all the way back to their hotel; where, later, the ringleaders waited upon Mr. Pinkerton and his assistant—whom they still did not know—apologizing to both, and even parading with them to their train to send them away with hearty cheers.

It was an impulsive, emotional public, subjected overlong to an unbearable intensity of factional feeling, that repro-

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duced these scenes all over the country. Many with obstinately independent views were mobbed, arrested, imprisoned, and some few executed informally. Timothy Webster believed he would feel safer spying again in the South.

On May 3, 1861, a Department of the Ohio was created, composing the united forces of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; and General Scott notified McClellan he had been appointed to the departmental command. Mr. Pinkerton had already had his confidential chat with the popular leader of Ohio's volunteers. And shortly thereafter the private detective of Chicago vanished — in his stead appearing Major E. J. Allen, attached to the staff of the general commanding.

This officer, who was Allan Pinkerton, occasionally permitting himself to wear a uniform, had been placed in charge of the organization and conduct of a secret service for the Ohio department. General Scott's endorsement of such a formation had been asked and received, and coöperation was being sought from Governor Dennison at Columbus, as well as the governors of Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Michigan. On May 13th Timothy Webster, who required no organizing and only the barest outline of instructions, shook hands with his favorite major and started on the first of his bland and extended tours as a Union inspector of Confederate armies.

X: AFTER MANASSAS

Major Allen's Secret Service Is Promoted

BEFORE Timothy Webster could reappear in Cincinnati with a comprehensive report, General McClellan had sent for his chief of secret service so that they might put their heads together upon the problem of "ascertaining as definitely as possible" the general feeling of the people south of the Ohio, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. Choosing to ignore the fact that ten agents were now afield — and Webster, one of the best, due to return to headquarters within the week — Mr. Pinkerton's commander recommended that "measures at once be taken" and so the major said he would attend to it himself.

He might have mentioned with a slight impropriety that the general's chance of bringing his troops into contact with the feeling in either Mississippi or Louisiana depended for the time being on the willingness of regiments raised in those States to march up and fight him in northern Kentucky. Allan Pinkerton, however, accustomed to ten years of command and with not a subservient bone in his rugged Scotch body, appears to have found in McClellan the one leader he delighted to obey. The general's strategy was too often to be vitiated by his respect for the obstacles arrayed against him, some jaundiced observers even coming to see that he magnified Confederate brigades and divisions to three and four times life size. McClellan, in truth, had a voracious appetite for intelligence reports; and the private detective in Mr. Pinkerton made him an indulgent caterer. But also he made himself a perfect staff subordinate, his preference and approval never

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wavering; and, when the regiments of the general's public admirers had been worn down to platoons by excessive months of preparation for overwhelming attacks that turned out to be drawn battles, Major E. J. Allen still defended the faith.

He now put the effective George Bangs in charge of all his investigations, and changing to civilian dress started out over almost the identical route Webster had been following. But after Louisville and Bowling Green he visited Nashville, finding there a hopeful undercurrent of Union sentiment, though the rebellious element, somewhat as in Baltimore, was too outspoken and belligerent to allow contrary opinions to gain much circulation. He met and talked with great numbers of men already enlisted in the Confederate armies, found them resolute but "misguided" and only one among them, an army doctor, who made an unfavorable impression. This fantastic insurgent believed in overthrowing a large body of Yankee soldiers through an alimentary attack to be inflicted by a wagonload of poisoned whisky. The vehicle, according to his design, would be left broken and abandoned on some main road of invasion; the enemy would seize upon it with commandeering cries, and the rest would be history. Mr. Pinkerton was glad to note how very few listened to the physician's scheme with any show of approval.

Desirous of becoming independent of railroad schedules already much disrupted, before leaving Kentucky the Northern man had provided himself with a horse and so pursued his course as a tour of mounted reconnaissance. His bold ride into the enemy country as chief of intelligence for the Ohio department shows the prevailing haphazard manner of drifting toward open hostilities. Both sides seemed to wait for decisive action; and Mr. Pinkerton's was so uncommonly decisive it served as a disguise. He cantered into Memphis, to find the famous river port being furiously fortified under the direction of General Pillow. And the Union major was to bring

Until, all of a sudden, the salubrity of Memphis changed. A colored lad crept into Allan Pinkerton's hotel room to whisper, "Massa Allen, 'fore Gawd, ef yuh sleep in dis hyar house to-night, suh, yuh'll sho' be a daid man t'mo' mawnin'."

The detective slid out of this scrape by putting on the haughty Confederate of Augusta, Georgia — a town he happened to know well enough to defy any local interrogator. Being mistaken for a Yankee was infuriating! And the brow-beaten little barber, though willing to apologize, was plainly too aggrieved to forget such a slur upon his good memory for customers' beards and faces. Those citizens of Jackson who had witnessed this encounter, Mr. Pinkerton diverted by mag-

The weight of Union sentiment in that western part of Virginia which produced an effect called "seceding from secession" was the next point of interest at McClellan's headquarters. Two Pinkerton agents, Bridgeman and Price Lewis, were accordingly sent into the region the general hoped might be added to his department. Mr. Wise, who as governor of Virginia had been so expeditious about hanging John Brown and who, in '56, had threatened if Frémont were elected to march with "twenty thousand men" and seize the capital at Washington, was now the Southern divisional commander in the valley of the Kanawha. General Garnett — a former major of the regular army — supported him and contributed military knowledge. Mingling with the rank and file, Bridgeman easily accumulated intelligence of the strength and disposition of the Confederate forces. While Lewis — an Englishman and able to pose as a lord well disposed toward the South — stalked the bigger game in epaulets.

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THE PINKERTONS

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wagon train, being overtaken, compelled Garnett to turn and fight; but his troops were not of the stuff that Pickett's charge would be made of, and when they faltered, Garnett had to resume his retreat. In a subsequent skirmish, with only sharpshooters engaged, the Confederate leader was shot and killed. In point of casualties and number of men on either side, the actions fought were trivial. But the results obtained had far-reaching consequences: a new State to be organized in Federal allegiance; a new flank imposed upon the Southern armies defending the approaches to Richmond; and, discovered and summoned to Washington by President Lincoln — then only at the dawn of his painful gropings for a winning general — a very popular new commander-in-chief for all the Union forces, Mr. Pinkerton's own household god, McClellan.

More influential, to be sure, than anything occurring west of the Alleghenies had been the disruptive major action at Manassas on July 21st. The Union general, McDowell, with many of those volunteer regiments that were to run away from their first battle not once but several times, had swept up to Beauregard and been indiscriminately swept back again — propelled into the very laps of Congressional onlookers that, with the grim exception of Ben Wade, who had brought along his old squirrel rifle, did less than nothing to check the rout. The extent of this disaster seemed to clear a path for McClellan's promotion; but also there were circumstances connecting with it that issued a sudden call for his chief of secret service, the little known and mysteriously influential Major Allen.

Because of the promptitude and accuracy of advance information forwarded to Beauregard by some among the host of Southern spies in Washington, he had been enabled perfectly to time the attack coming against him and telegraph a warning to Jefferson Davis. The President of the Confederacy, as sorely in doubt about his generals as Abraham

The army of Beauregard, twenty thousand strong, was spread out from Manassas Junction to Bull Run, some three miles to the eastward, and in its main array covered a front almost eight miles long. McDowell's advance lacked a perceptibly disciplined order even while the action favored the Union side. Beauregard's flank, unsupported by Ewell — whose orders had miscarried — nearly melted away. But then the weight of Johnston's reinforcement anchored the retreat. The Federals found Jackson's brigade standing on the Henry House plateau. Jackson, a stone wall that fell forward only, believed in the bayonet. The Federals — immensely superior in numbers, for Jackson had less than three thousand men, while Johnston and Beauregard rallied and led a thin line of reserves — began to give ground, and wavered, broke ranks and fled. The arrival of Johnston, in the fairly expert view of the defeated, had turned the day against them. And it was reasoned further that Johnston and all those bayonets might never have come, if all the spies in Washington had been somewhere else. Richmond, preferably, since most of them were Southern gentlewomen, and putting them away in a jail would loose from all directions an avalanche of invective!

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tion of his chief, found himself moved up to a like place of imposing eminence. The organization, negotiated in vain at a time of infinitely less disorder in April, and which then he had been told could not overcome the excitement and confusion incident to a "novel and perplexing state of affairs", now had to surmount all that condition and a great deal more, in haste because of extreme necessity.

Martial law had been belatedly proclaimed in the District of Columbia, and Colonel Andrew Porter of the 16th U. S. Infantry was appointed provost marshal. After the humiliation of McDowell's army there had been scandalous disorder in Washington, not alone from stragglers and remnants of the scattered battalions, but also from Southern sympathizers who took occasion to celebrate with numerous acts of defiance. The regular police of the capital Mr. Pinkerton considered disloyal almost to a man. Colonel Porter agreed. And in addition to their other undertakings, each had to join with the municipal authorities in rehabilitating and disciplining the police department of the city.

The new secret service was to have its headquarters in Washington — a house being occupied on I Street — but even so General McClellan desired Major Allen to accompany him as a staff officer in the field. Military intelligence and counter-espionage were inextricably mingled in the duties of the new service. All suspected spies, refugees, deserters and prisoners of war were to be held subject to Allan Pinkerton's examination; and he was also to question "contrabands" — that ingenious designation originated by General Ben Butler for all slaves of rebels in arms who might come within the Union lines, enabling them to be legally freed and put to work for the Northern armies. McClellan demanded a clear stream of information for his own prospecting, but also urged that the torrent flooding south be diminished. And if even the best Pinkerton operatives could not cleanse Washington of rebel

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to Memphis and found this shadow had not forsaken him when he arrived in that place. In the lobby of his hotel he happened to pass close to a bystander who was identifying him of the unpleasantly piercing glance and shaggy hair: "Member of the Safety Committee — I saw him make an arrest here just last week," was what Webster overheard. "Ah saw it mahself," drawled another onlooker. "An' if Ah haid mah way, suh, eve'y man fo'm the No'th who kayn't give a propah account o' himself would be hanged bah his naick as a spy."

A different bloodhound seemed to have been set to follow him, so the Pinkerton agent decided several hours later, and he stepped into a saloon to give this other agent or member of the Safety Committee a chance to pass by and definitely declare himself. However, the dodge had greater consequences, for he now encountered a group of Confederate officers and upon them cast his customary spell.

These new acquaintances belonged to an Arkansas rifle regiment attached to the force of General Pillow, one of the first Southern commanders that U. S. Grant was to start pommelling. They insisted that he spend a day with them at Camp Rector and were not only cordial there but boastful, telling about munitions, reserves and immediate plans, proudly displaying those batteries of General Braxton Bragg's artillery which they had in camp, and even relating the full scope of Confederate espionage at Cairo, Illinois.

When the tireless Safety Committeeman in the broad-brimmed hat began devoting himself exclusively to Webster, he inferred that his exemption from arrest was only a waiting game. The counter-spying secessionist wanted to be certain he had come from the North instead of Baltimore before he took action. If he were noticed to be heading for Kentucky the rebel agent would pounce. Therefore, Webster appeared to start toward Chattanooga, where lived, as he had told

AFTER MANASSAS

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many, a "brother" of his whom he had not seen for twelve years. But on the way he began changing trains with an erratic abruptness that fractured every rule of the game of hide-and-seek. His pursuer managed to alter his own course three times in rapid succession, but he was not junction-proof and the fourth change, for all his breathless concentration on duty, baffled him. Thus Webster got through to Bowling Green without a serious mishap. And it bespeaks the charm of his personality that five different travelers, two of them women, sought to warn him on this lively jaunt that he was being closely watched as a Northern suspect.

Upon transferring with his chief to the Washington front, Webster returned to the scenes of their initial triumph, and so renewed acquaintance with Perryman, moving thence into Baltimore. A union garrison commanded by General Banks had preceded him. Secessionist talk was hushed but still rabid. Those eager battalions of young volunteers no longer openly drilled and recruited, had either disbanded, or were afield, absorbed into the scattered brigades of the South under arms in northern Virginia. Webster took up residence at McGee's Hotel, acquired a fine team to drive, and was otherwise moderately affluent.

Only one rebel who knew him at this time was inclined to suspect the Pinkerton star and also bold enough to denounce him publicly, in one of the more notably patronized saloons, before a large group of partisans. Webster did not deny his occasional trips to Washington; they embraced confidential errands favorable to the Confederacy. "But," pursued the accusing Bill Ziegler, "how 'bout me seeing you going into the house of the chief of the whole Yankee detective force while you were over there?"

- "You, sir," Webster roared without an instant's hesitation, "are a contemptible hang-dog scoundrel and liar!"

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The alleged hauteur and low boiling point of the Southern gentry — as well as their willingness to drink and converse, often indiscreetly, with strangers — was a constant resource and comfort to Pinkerton operatives. The worthy Massa Allen himself had offered Jackson, Mississippi, a fine example of strategy when overawing the German barber and his harmlessly intentioned recognition. And now Timothy Webster outflared and outbrazened the incandescent Ziegler with a very gorgeous display of julep-minted rage.

His accuser persisting, he struck him and knocked him down, then whipped out a pistol and threatened to fire. Many of the witnesses, secessionist friends of his long and carefully cultivated, encouraged bloodshed, as Ziegler, regardless of his genuine abhorrence of Yankees, was a bully withal and not a favorite sight of the really élite of the city. Shouts of mocking laughter greeted his repetitions of the charge as he picked himself up and left the bar. Said a convulsed bystander, slapping the Union agent on the back — “Wha, we’d sooner suspect ol’ Jeff Davis himself o’ bein’ a Yankee spy!”

Webster was more disposed to appear a trusted Southern agent. In going about the State under orders from Washington he gave momentum to the desired impression by consenting to carry letters for less active adherents of the Cause. It was such missionary work as this that soon brought him into close accord with the inside manipulators of a new secret order called the Knights of Liberty. And since these leading members professed to know the hiding place of from five to six thousand stand of arms — and were planning, in consequence, to seize the city and then fall upon Washington as soon as the Confederate legions marched into Maryland — Mr. Pinkerton and his personal representative were glad that he should be invited to join them.

The hidden muskets were of real concern to the Federal authorities. But when they could not be found, it was decided

The department which Allan Pinkerton directed was no sooner established in Washington than he came upon a delicate job of counter-espionage having to do with one now generally accounted among the five or six most celebrated women secret agents of the great rebellion. It was Thomas A. Scott, then Assistant Secretary of War, who called for a report upon the baneful activities of a Mrs. Rose Greenhow, living at Thirteenth and I streets. A widow, and reputed to be wealthy, she was easily detected as a secessionist adherent, for she refused to distract herself with pretenses of neutrality.

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asked Scott to effect their quiet release, and warned him to do nothing that would perturb either Mrs. Greenhow or her enamored victim. Upon being freed, the detective prepared to watch both of them without ceasing until he should learn how the widow, and doubtless other Southerners of her acquaintance, contrived to transmit the information they gathered. But within eight days this sensible delay of his was overruled and the pair arrested, to the profound consternation of capital society.

Mrs. Greenhow was at first confined in her own house — which had been searched, and all her papers taken into custody. Later, since she persisted in sending messages to Southern sympathizers to be forwarded for her, she was ordered removed to the Old Capitol prison. The captain, who might have been shot for his treachery, received the remarkably mild penalty of a little more than a year's confinement in Fort McHenry. When he died shortly after his release, Mr. Pinkerton believed it was his shame that killed him.

Thanks to pressure exerted by her friends, Rose Greenhow did not suffer long internment, but instead was passed through the military zone and permitted to enter Richmond. She continued thereafter to act for the Confederate government, and made one voyage to England as a special emissary and propagandist. Still later, running the Union blockade outside Wilmington, North Carolina, the ship *Condor* which transported her on a second journey abroad ran aground on the New Inlet bar. Accustomed to successful adventure, she insisted upon being taken ashore at once, and her boat overturned in the surf. All the rest escaped, but she perished — it was said, because of the weight of her heavy silk dress and the many gold sovereigns she had packed in a belt around her waist.

XI: WAR AND ESPIONAGE

Spies Occupy Richmond for General McClellan

FROM beginning to end of the Civil War the ordinary hazards of professional espionage were doubled and trebled by the inexperience or downright incompetence of staff officers assigned to Intelligence. The transmitting of information was primitive and unsystematized; and where cipher messages were resorted to, the ciphers were so transparently contrived they did little more than guarantee the guilt of the bearer. In addition, while men and women fashioned for themselves a hairbreadth existence to penetrate the secrets of the enemy, what they learned and communicated was too seldom interpreted effectively. Often spy reports were ignored until all their military value and timeliness had subsided into history.

Allan Pinkerton, while concentrating practically his entire force upon the intricacies of the Federal secret service, never had at his disposal a large body of disciplined or specially trained operatives. He held the not implausible notion that a good private detective can, automatically, become an expert secret agent in time of war; and nowhere, either in the performance of his duties or in subsequent records dictated by him, is there to be discovered any conception of the essentially military character of the work he sought to direct. Napoleon said in his imperial way — "The spy is a natural traitor." Mr. Pinkerton seemed to believe that the spy is a natural civilian. It may be noted that army men, such as Lafayette Baker, precursors of the more complex modern type of espionage and intelligence officers, were not to any

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extent coördinated with his force, except in its loosely defined relations with the provost marshal's office.

The nation — now no less than in the April preceding — was lining up for the most destructive conflict of its history and thrilling to the confusion of having everything done in just this random manner. Politicians, especially, drummed up recruits and molded a personal following into volunteer regiments, were themselves inevitable colonels and ornamental brigadier generals; and, North or South, marched south or north to fight at catchweights. And Mr. Pinkerton, whose following was veteran by comparison, who even knew exactly how many men of caliber and initiative he had to command, made the understandable blunder of using much the same small group in both spying and counter-spying. One month they openly searched for Confederates and contraband in Washington; the next they were stealthily sent to the best hotels in Richmond. It was an indication of unfamiliarity with his job — a complaint which in the uniformed service might have entitled him to plan a whole campaign — and it was to cost him at least one life he valued as his own.

The Greenhow case had taught him with what care and crushing precision he had to operate against the suspects of Washington. Each one of them managed to mask his or her secret vocation by acquiring a large, intimate acquaintance among those distinguished alike for influence and no comprehension of the welfare of the State. And it followed that if any of the suspected partisans were to vanish, however briefly, into a guardhouse, the ensuing political indignation must be squelched with proofs. When Mrs. Greenhow's menace and camaraderie had been distributed southward, Number 288 I Street moved to the top of the Pinkerton list, for there dwelt the family of ex-Senator Jackson Morton of Florida, and the ex-senator's wife was known to have become a secessionist correspondent. When the Secretary of War authorized a

These orders were strictly obeyed. Boxes they found already packed for shipment the Union detectives carefully repacked after a thorough examination. They came across but two letters that interested them, and even these were not deemed incriminating. When they were about to leave, Mrs. Morton, her daughter and two sons expressed themselves agreeably surprised, having expected men from the provost marshal's office to be insolent ruffians who would bequeath them a fearful litter of destruction. The Mortons were planning to go to Baltimore and thence to Fortress Monroe on a flag-of-truce boat; and they assured the Pinkertons that, should any one of them ever be made prisoner-of-war and brought to Richmond, they would do all in their power to secure him kind treatment. As events turned out, they were to have more than ample opportunity to display this solicitude.

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rebel very neatly and walked him off to a police station.

"I've no time to talk with your sort," said a curt lieutenant of the Union provost guard, when Webster began making overtures which he hoped would bring Major Allen to his rescue. It took more than a day to get word through to Washington and a telegraphic reply from the chief of secret service — not only authorizing the prisoner's release but proposing also how it could be most impressively accomplished.

In the presence of incensed but disorganized Southerners — for tidings of the favorite's downfall had raced along the Chesapeake — Webster late that afternoon was marched from jail by a file of soldiers and installed in a covered vehicle between a pair of armed guards. "Drive direct to Fort McHenry pier!" snapped a Union sergeant. But on the road, with habitation and witnesses left far behind, the spy detoured from the path that Marshal Kane and many other dissentient Marylanders had been following. He sprang up and leaped from the rear of the slowly moving wagon. His guards obediently took aim at a passing cloud and fired; after which salute there was a short delay until the fugitive had gained such a start it was absurd to attempt to pursue him. Webster returned to his haunts in Baltimore at dead of night, was gleefully received, and there lay in hiding for three days before he slipped away to report again to Mr. Pinkerton.

The Baltimore *American* of November twenty-third had printed this loyal paragraph:

ESCAPE OF A STATE PRISONER.

It was rumored yesterday that the man Webster, who was arrested, stopping at the hotel of Messrs. McGee, upon the charge of being concerned in the regular transportation of letters between Baltimore and the seceded States, had succeeded in making his escape. It is learned upon the best authority that during a late hour of the night he was removed from the western police station and placed in a carriage under

But the secessionist camp had already chuckled over the news in the *Gazette* of the twenty-second; which inspired account concluded:

Any discomfiture of the Federal authorities lodged in Baltimore was a cause of scarcely subdued rejoicing throughout the rebellious quarters of that city; and Webster, to maintain the legend of his escape among his intimates, had thereafter to conduct himself far more furtively when inside the Northern lines than while touring anywhere below the Potomac. He went to Richmond a second time, now bearing such credentials as opened all doors to him. He became the confidant of blockade runners — and reported their intentions to Washington and the Navy Department. He was importuned by enterprising gentlemen who hoped to arrange with a group of Baltimore merchants to ship goods ostensibly to Europe, yet according to a plan whereby the unsuspected vessel, standing in close to the mouth of the York River, would transfer a valuable portion of its cargo to a smaller boat chartered to land the merchandise at Yorktown. The starved markets of

Shortly after his second journey to Richmond, Webster began operating in conjunction with one of Allan Pinkerton's most unusual recruits, John Scobell, and together they turned to counter-spying. Webster, as a tried and invariably lucky Southern courier, had been invited by a Maryland acquaintance to assist a deserter in getting out of that State, past the Union pickets and over into Virginia. The man he was asked to aid was a Doctor Gurley, who had belonged to the Federal military establishment on the Pacific coast, but, as a native of the South, desired to transfer his career to the medical service of the Confederacy. He was reported also to be conveying important dispatches from Northern copperheads to the Secretary of War at Richmond.

Being vouched for by Scobell, Webster was enabled to attend an assembly of the Loyal League, which proved to be an organization of Negroes who met with extreme caution on the second floor of a boarded-up and deserted-looking, ram-

It only remained, then, to connect with Gurley and guide him to the tavern at Leonardtown kept by Miller, a torrid advocate of disunion. Here Webster customarily found a small boat to put him safely across the Potomac, in spite of the vigilance of Union patrol boats, or Virginian pickets inclined to practice sharpshooting from the south bank. He left Gurley alone and went off to see about engaging passage for two; and the fugitive doctor's "nerves" and impatience were such he decided he had better take a good, brisk walk. A patch of woodland flanked the road not far from Miller's place. And there Scobell had been waiting. When Gurley passed by, he stole up in back of him and struck him with the butt of a pistol.

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brotherly sympathy. But there was really nothing to be done. Gurley's assailant had vanished and left no trace, having gone for the night, as Webster knew, to a refuge that members of the Loyal League provided. By his handy piece of highway robbery he had placed himself, momentarily at least, in graver danger of sudden death than any other of Mr. Pinkerton's operatives whose acts have hitherto been related — for John Scobell of the Federal secret service was a Negro and formerly a slave, and in felling a white man he stood upon Southern soil.

From boyhood Scobell had belonged to a Scotsman residing in Mississippi, but at the outbreak of the war had come north to Richmond with his master, whose name he bore, and there had been granted his freedom. Making straight for the nearest Federal outpost, he surrendered himself very hopefully, and had been forwarded thence, though as a matter of routine, to the officer who found great use for him. Scobell was the first Negro to achieve recognition as a government detective; and in selecting him from among the many refugee groups of "contrabands" passed along for questioning, Allan Pinkerton showed his old-time acumen.

This new master — who offered him wages and a kind of concealed distinction — discovered the young fellow to be exceptionally gifted. It came natural to him to appear a light-hearted, rollicking darky whose only aim was to get enough to eat and a comfortably warm place to sleep. But Scobell could read and write, possessed initiative and a good memory, was loyal, observant, and canny. He was, moreover, both responsive to discipline and able to display — on occasions far more manful and hazardous than the thwarting of Gurley — a singular amount of courage.

It is possible he was now and again handicapped as a spy by that talent for plausible hyperbole so characteristic of people

WAR AND ESPIONAGE

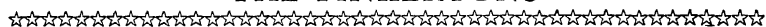
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of his color. Confederate batteries looked terribly formidable to Scobell, and Confederate regiments spread out before him like the hosts of the ancient kings. Yet this weakness of his was respectful imitation of McClellan, whose theory of effective military intelligence implied walking around an enemy sentinel and counting him from all four sides. Scobell, in addition, carried with him a passport that deserved to balance any tendency to exaggerate. He could travel everywhere and had an excuse for traveling; he could pause anywhere and be sure of a welcome; for he possessed a rich, pleasing baritone voice, sang the plantation songs delightfully, and had been taught the loveliest of Scottish ballads.

Upon separating from Webster, he followed out his chief's instructions and began touring the military sectors of Virginia, ostensibly earning his livelihood as a minstrel. Belonging to the Negro league as he did made many a venturesome black man eager to help him, while the whites in towns and camps and aboard river vessels suffered his presence gladly. He kept to this course until Mr. Pinkerton had need of him in Richmond.

Another oddity of the secret service department who took the field at about this time was "Stuttering Dave" Graham. He had been a private soldier in the 21st New York Infantry when his pronounced success as regimental comedian chanced to be observed by Allan Pinkerton. Graham was a healthy young man without vocal impediment, but would stutter all day if in the mood for spasmodic elocution. With an hilarious sense of humor, he had also the ability to cut his peculiar brand of capers without ever laughing at himself; and, on being interrogated by the secret service chief, he confessed additional attainments. To help out the stuttering, which was his earliest specialty, he had been perfecting for years an epileptic seizure, and now believed a fit he could throw would permit of medical diagnosis.

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As the South was still thick with army men who were confident that the war would be over in another three months, it seemed improbable that many of them would care to start in to question "Stuttering Dave." The droll and baffling fellow was quite ready to assume the risks of Union spy; and so Mr. Pinkerton arranged it, having him detached for special duty, and sending him out as a pack peddler. Graham knew his way about Virginia, having spent much time in the State before the secessionists prevailed; and in his pack was such an assortment of knick-knacks and small necessities as would explain his presence alike to soldiers and civilians.

But also he had with him his own troublesome versatility. At the second Confederate encampment he found in his path there was an insufficiently guarded ammunition train. All afternoon it beckoned the spy, and late that night he tried setting fire to one of the farthest wagons. As a result the whole train was touched off; and Graham's delight in the ensuing fireworks was confused with the effects of having his head and shoulders thrown into violent contact with the trunk of a tree. When he reappeared on the Union side, he lacked eyebrows and looked otherwise slightly singed. And he had brought back so comprehensive a military report upon the localities visited that Allan Pinkerton's praise was a warning as well — his value, henceforth, to the espionage service transcended any brief inconvenience he might inflict on the enemy by destruction of munitions or stores.

The Tredegar Iron Works located at Richmond was disturbing to the Union command because at that plant — the largest of its kind in the Southern States — were being prepared, they conjectured, torpedoes and "sundry other infernal machines" designed to anticipate exactly similar objects getting rushed to completion in the foundries of the North. Yet with Virginian courtesy to rely upon, it seemed no very diffi-

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At the request of her employer, Mrs. E. H. Baker of the Pinkerton Agency accepted transfer to the government service. She had resided in Richmond at one time and still had friends living there, and now she prepared to disregard hostilities and pay them an indomitable visit. The Atwater family, who received an announcement of this, dictated in Washington but posted from Chicago, seem to have considered her sudden inclination but the normal whim of a woman of private means. And when, after a circuitous journey outflanking two armies, she arrived in the Confederate capital, both Captain Atwater and his wife welcomed her most hospitably.

A visit to the great munitions plant of Richmond! Why, nothing could more readily be arranged. But then, at the appointed hour, her host came home with profound apologies,

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saying he could not take her to the Tredegar Iron Works to-day because he had to go down the river to see some tests of a submarine battery.

And, pray, what *was* a submarine battery? The captain tried to make it plain: an innovation of attack, a prized though as yet untried device, expected to discover such vulnerability in the blockading fleet at the mouth of the James River that the South would presently blow open that vital outlet to the sea.

Mrs. Baker demurely inquired whether she might not witness the experiment too, without a great deal of trouble or danger. There could be no danger on shore, said Atwater. Other officers invited to behold the marvel would no doubt be accompanied by ladies. He would, indeed, be delighted to drive his wife and their guest to the scene of exhibition some ten miles outside the city.

The craft being tested was but a working model of one considerably larger then nearing completion at the Tredegar works. An old scow had been towed into the middle of the river, and the submarine vessel was to approach it and attach a magazine containing half a bushel of gunpowder. This would be fired by a specially constructed fuse connected with the retreating submarine by a long wire. When the model submerged, only a kind of float remained on the surface of the water. Painted green and likely to deceive the incautious observer, this was designed to supply the men below with air. A crew of three was enough to man the craft on trial. They wore submarine diving armor, Atwater explained, and so could work freely under water, fastening the magazine to the hulk intended to be blown up. They then only had to move quickly away to a safe distance and fire the fuse.

Mrs. Baker, foreseeing Hampton Roads acrawl with men pinning death upon the hulls of Yankee frigates, felt suddenly alone and afraid. It would have been a relief to swoon, though

The following afternoon Mrs. Baker was conducted to the Tredegar Works, where she discovered, among many weapons and wonders, the parent machine soon to be launched against the sea power of the North. On land, in such surroundings, it looked monstrous; and even without technical knowledge the spy felt certain she was viewing a formidable engine of destruction. It was Saturday, and she had to wait until Monday to secure a pass to travel northward. Her rather hastily resolved departure left the Atwaters in no doubt about her—they were already inured to the restlessness and nervous uncertainties contingent to the war. And so, bidding them a fond good-by, she traveled to Fredericksburg, and from that point got through to Washington by way of Leonardtown.

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As an operative, of course, the chief's young son was allowed neither authority to play with nor the privilege of taking long chances. There was enough to be done on the Union side of the lines, and any number of adult volunteers both eager and competent to undertake hazardous journeys into the South. Besides Webster and Mrs. Baker, Price Lewis, Scott, Scully and Dave Graham, Mr. Pinkerton had lately enlisted both Hugh Lawton, an enterprising adventurer found in a cavalry regiment, and his wife, the audacious Carrie. While John Scobell — as ballad singer, cook, diligent laborer upon earthworks, or vendor of delicacies through the camps — had been almost continuously in touch with the armed forces of the Confederacy since the event of his introducing Webster to the Loyal League and himself to Doctor Gurley.

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Resident and mobile spies in acutely coördinated operation over a vital area of enemy territory, indispensably located spies sending information from their sector through a collecting agent or "letter-box" — the modern science of military espionage — only evolved after the Civil War, and was as unknown then as aerial reconnoissance or armored tanks. Mr. Pinkerton's secret agents were chosen with care and shrewdly instructed, but once past the Federal pickets, the course they should follow and all arrangements conducive to success and a safe return were generally left as matters of independent resource and initiative. Attempted deviations from this self-reliant procedure added nothing but a dead weight of team work to hazardous adventures. The coördinating experiment first tried in behalf of Carrie Lawton, for example, had no very subtle design, and would doubtless have ended tragically, had not she and Scobell been alike blessed with luck, and both of them cool-headed and acutely sensitive to danger.

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According to the plan, Mrs. Lawton, who had secured a pass to go beyond the city limits, and was an expert horse-woman, would set out early in the morning — with Scobell following as a colored groom — and ride off in a southeasterly direction, keeping to the road that lay along the bank of the James River. About ten miles distant was the drowsy hamlet of Glendale; and here they were to halt and wait for Hugh Lawton, who would have started before dawn in order to meet them much more than halfway. Dave Graham had discovered the neat little inn at Glendale in possession of a woman unsympathetic to the Confederate cause. It was, therefore, considered an ideal resort for wayfaring operatives of the secret service, and especially the Lawtons during their brief reunion, which would permit Carrie to transfer to her husband the tightly rolled communication she kept hidden in the handle of her riding crop.

But Glendale, as it turned out, was likewise favorably regarded by Southern secret agents who passed to and fro in the course of studying the Yankees' elaborate manifestation of a peninsular campaign. Scobell needed no second glance at the peddler who had been hanging about the inn since noon. And Mrs. Lawton agreed that the man, who was excessively jovial and dispensed a rich brogue, seemed insufficiently attentive to the sale of his merchandise. Hugh Lawton had not put in an appearance; but that became a secondary anxiety, for any one of a dozen minor mishaps might have delayed him. What mattered most were this peddler's suspicions — and only suspicion could explain his visit to the stables and great show of indifference while idling about — which must surely be confirmed, either by Hugh's last-minute arrival in a fury of haste, or by the late departure of the lady and her groom after so remote and pointless an errand.

Toward evening the peddler disappeared from Glendale; but a Negro stable boy warned Scobell that he had remained

Hugh Lawton's mount had gone lame and he had wasted hours in securing another. Carrie, but a mile farther on, now met him riding forward with a Union cavalry patrol and turned back swiftly to lead them to the rescue of her plucky companion. They found Scobell solicitously bandaging the wounds of the captive survivor.

XII: WEBSTER INCRIMINATED

The Blunders of '62 Extend to the Secret Service

ALLAN PINKERTON, though regularly in the field with General McClellan, or engaged at his own headquarters in Washington, was also required on occasion to visit the larger cities of the East. During the winter of '62 he was stopping over in New York with the object of consulting Colonel Thomas Key, and there returned for an hour to his rôle of private investigator while indulging his sense of humor at the expense of a rascal who had troubled the serenity of two continents. The head of the secret service, strolling through the public rooms of his hotel, the St. Nicholas on lower Broadway, was accosted by two men he immediately recognized as members of the town's shadier gambling fraternity. He was in uniform, and they named him and effusively promoted him. "Why, how d' you do, Colonel Green!" — the superannuated approach of the "steering" profession.

"You're wrong, gentlemen. I'm Major Smith of the Quartermaster's Department," Pinkerton answered glibly. Which passed for an introduction, and the three were soon chatting like old acquaintances. Smith had come to the city, he said, to purchase cavalry horses.

About how many horses? "One thousand," said the major solemnly.

It meant, beyond doubt, that he carried an interestingly large and negotiable government draft; and now he was asked, nay, coaxed and fairly compelled by his new friends to come with them to a club near by. Just the place for a

The private mansion to which he was led Mr. Pinkerton at once identified as "Dan Noble's place." The interior, designed to meet the average stranger's expectations of a metropolitan club, was even decorated with members; several groups of them sat about, discussing society, finance and the war with a grand air of idle permanence. And at a magnificent sideboard, where liveried Negro attendants presided, there were vintages to command, or any other drink measured to out-of-town taste.

The major, being presented, declined an invitation to play, but lingered, studying the dealer, and after a little while spoke to him in an undertone. "Dan," he said, with bomb-like recognition, "how much 'protection' are you paying to keep open here?" He turned away from the speechless Noble, marched over to Ed Sears and Laflin, two of the more ornate gamblers at the table, and calling each by his right name, added some question of disturbing intimacy. More than half the men present he knew, either from having seen them before, or because good descriptions of them were on file at his Chicago office. And when he had spoken to all, he introduced himself — Allan Pinkerton.

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General consternation abated audibly when he explained that he had not come with a warrant or intention of making trouble for any one. He had simply let himself be brought in as a stranger suitable to trim. The gamblers roared, declaring the blunder historic; and for many months the underworld taunted Dan Noble about "steerers running old Pinkerton up to his brace game!" But Dan had survived more than ridicule. At the time he seemed the most relieved man on the premises, and would have opened magnums of champagne as a tribute to Pinkerton, if the major had not insisted on an appointment to be kept with Colonel Key at his field headquarters, then pleasantly situated in the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

The second year of the war had begun with Timothy Webster now at the very height of his career as a devious but influential Confederate. A young Marylander named Camilear, noted as a secessionist in the vicinity of Leonardtown, upon venturing across the Potomac had been straightway arrested on suspicion of espionage. No protestations of his loyalty to the South, nothing written by his family or friends weighed with the powers in Virginia—until the family begged Webster to see what he could do. And the spy immediately obliged; a few words of his to the officer controlling Camilear's prison brought him forth and restored him to his home. A letter Webster wrote Allan Pinkerton that same week resulted in the jailing of a traitor subversively installed in the Washington headquarters of the provost marshal.

Not long afterward Webster was able to interfere in behalf of the Harcourts, a family endeared to another agent of the secret service, George Curtis. Curtis deserves mention, perhaps, as that operative of Mr. Pinkerton's who as a spy invaded Virginia at the risk of his life and came back engaged to be married. The heroine of this young man's happily im-

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promptu exploit was a pretty Virginian, Mary Harcourt; and, it appears, she knew how to abide by the best standards of fictional romance, for she was first revealed to Curtis while in the act of struggling to resist the unwelcome embraces of a rough, hulking fellow who hated her father. There followed a one-sided tussle, wherein the Northern agent established himself as a gentleman and boxer. Then, left alone together by the humbled brute, they talked animatedly for some minutes without knowing each other by name.

Mr. Harcourt, wishing to thank his daughter's champion, qualified with merits of his own, for he was a firm Abolitionist entirely surrounded by slaveholders who would have mistaken any candor on his part for unadulterated treason. Mary's brother was away from home, a soldier in a Union regiment. The local position of the Harcourts, in short, was about as uncertain as the future of their new friend; and both grew more precarious when the Northerner made the mistake of starting to use their home as a base. Harcourt himself was a marked man, and that neighborly enmity worked the undoing of Curtis. He was arrested on two occasions. The first time he had with him a pass obtained through Timothy Webster, which effected his release; but the second would probably have been final if Webster had not turned up opportunely and helped him escape. Soon afterward the Harcourts were also enabled to come away from Virginia by the master secret agent.

The Confederate Secretary of War, Judah P. Benjamin, seems to have comprehended — with only a slight error in his sense of direction — the extreme worth of so active an emissary as Mr. Pinkerton's best. With a safe conduct personally tendered him by Secretary Benjamin, Webster's *chef-d'oeuvre* was a tour he now made in company with a government contractor who was purchasing leather for the use of the Southern armies. Authorized by his pass to travel

Webster was in anything but robust health; yet he believed that a protracted absence in the North would prove subsequently rather awkward to explain to his rebel associates. He would rest, he vowed, after returning South; and so in forty-eight hours' time he set out again, escorting Mrs. Lawton to Richmond, where her espionage operations were about to be dangerously resumed. On a previous nocturnal crossing of the Potomac Webster had taken upon himself even greater responsibilities, thereby suffering severely from exposure. Aboard the boat with him that night had been the women and children of two secessionist families, bent on escaping to Virginia; and when a storm had overtaken the small river craft and it ran aground a mile away from the usual landing place, Webster had waded waist-deep in the icy current while helping to bring these other passengers safely to shore. An attack of rheumatism rewarded his knight errantry; and, to the outspoken annoyance of Allan Pinkerton, the "arrogant, selfish Southern dames" had omitted to discharge any part of their obligation to a rescuer, leaving him ill and alone, dependent upon the care of strangers at Fredericksburg.

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Wanting to prosecute inquiries and come to Webster's assistance if it were possible, his chief called for volunteers. Many asked to go; but John Scully and Price Lewis, having offered themselves, were selected for the fateful expedition. In making this choice the anxious Major Allen committed a blunder not totally obscured by the subsequent exercise of heaping reproaches on the military government of Richmond. There were, to be sure, points of impressive validity endorsing the two agents he was sending. Having previously worked with Webster, in secessionist circles of Baltimore they were known to be his friends. They were experienced, reliable beyond question, and had volunteered eagerly for a perilous venture. Being respectively of Irish and English birth, they could with real assurance present themselves in Richmond as neutrals, not long in America, and merely eager to participate in the lucrative contraband trade of the seceded States. Yet outweighing all these qualifications was the one disqualifying fact: they had been employed not alone as spies but as counter-spies. They had helped search many rebel dwellings in Washington and interrogated half a hundred suspects. They were known by sight, then, to at least a score of secessionist sympathizers who — after conflict with the Federal government and its detective force — had agreed to join themselves to their exiled allegiance and remove from the capital to Richmond.

The like unsuitability of Lewis and Scully was so obvious, Mr. Pinkerton professed to have given it an afternoon's methodical attention. Yet upon dipping into the records of the secret service department, he had come up smiling. The records he inspected were a colorful compilation of spy reports and answers given to the routine inquiries pressed upon prisoners of war, deserters, and amiable "contrabands" — and they immensely reassured him about those insurgent families, formerly of Washington, who might recognize his

Lorris and Scully arrived in Richmond without much

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Mr. Pinkerton's agents went there, were at once shown up to the spy's room, and found him a weakened, pathetic invalid, and the object of much local solicitude. He was being visited at the moment of their arrival by a Mr. Pierce, one of his most devoted Southern friends, and by Mrs. Lawton. Just why Allan Pinkerton had received no word from her all the while she assiduously nursed his leading operative it is impossible to say, but presumably was explained at the time as a result of the intermittent and unreliable communicative system of the secret service.

But they were anything but ill-founded, with the badly rattled Lewis and Scully left to their own devices. Again that afternoon they called at the Monumental Hotel, and encountered another of Webster's Confederate friends, an officer of the garrison who had been particularly kind to him ever since he was confined to his bed. This Captain McCallum happened to be attached to the staff of the provost marshal, but there is nothing in his previous attentions to the sick man that suggests they had been a form of counter-espionage. However, to the newcomers he said rather point-

Lewis answered that they had not known it was required of them. But if so, they would be happy to attend to it immediately.

Webster, watching his genial military friend as he spoke, thought he detected beneath the faintly bantering tone a definite sort of antagonism. And Lewis and Scully, taking Webster's advice rather than the captain's, did not dally longer in getting to headquarters. There each submitted to an exacting interrogation, after which the provost marshal shook hands and appeared to be satisfied.

Each gave the additional information readily enough; but when the investigator had left them, Webster's excitement burst forth. "Get out of this town as fast as you possibly can," he entreated. "That man never would have come here on such a trivial errand, unless there was something stirring against you."

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about an hour later, there came a peremptory rap on the door. The man who now entered was the reputed star of Winder's counter-spying organization, George Cluckner. While the dapper young Southerner accompanying him was Chase Morton.

Scully did his profession little credit at this juncture, for he sprang to his feet and fairly bolted through the open doorway, leaving Lewis alone to stand the ordeal of introduction. The Confederate detective — as politely apologetic as the other representative of the provost's office had been — seemed anxious to avoid mentioning his real purpose; but when Lewis presently rose and took his leave of the sick man, Cluckner followed him. Scully had so far regained his composure as to wait for his partner at the head of the stairs, and before they could start to descend with any affectation of casualness, Cluckner hailed them, required them to give their names, and then said his orders were to conduct them to General Winder's office.

The General was otherwise engaged, and as they waited Chase Morton vainly endeavored to remind them both that they had belonged to the Federal secret service. Winder at length consented to see them and was heavily sarcastic. "Glad to receive you again, gentlemen — and what instructions do you bring from Secretary Seward?"

Lewis stared at him blankly. He had his practice in posing as an English nobleman to fall back upon and could have played the provost's game for a season. Cluckner had been sent off to the Exchange Hotel; on returning with the luggage of the two suspects, he admitted he could discover nothing which contradicted their avowed speculative purpose in coming to Richmond. Young Morton's very emphatic identification of them both as detectives who had helped search his mother's house in Washington was all the denunciatory proof held against them. But it was sufficient for General Winder,

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who appears to have been that useful type of military policeman who would much rather be overbearing than be duped.

When Mrs. Lawton reluctantly told her patient that Lewis and Scully had been put under arrest, Webster groaned in despair. "I knew they were suspected. You had better leave here immediately," he urged. "Whatever their fate is to be, I know I am certain now to share it—or worse—"

This was a dreadfully accurate prediction.

After three days' confinement together, the accused men were separated—Scully being removed to a military prison, and Lewis remaining in Henrico jail. The Englishman found himself thrown with a group of adventurers, all of them awaiting trial in anxious uncertainty closely akin to his own; and then he learned, with a great lifting of spirits, that they nourished a well-advanced plan of escape. The leader in this enterprise was an imaginative sailor, Charles Stanton, who had also belonged to the Union artillery and suffered a good deal from inspirations looking to his single-handed conquest of the Confederate States. He had, for instance, come to his present predicament by drifting down South upon a kind of nautical raid, his object being to gain command of a rebel gunboat and then run it under the guns of the nearest Federal fort. And while he waited to be told whether this Quixotic attempt called for bullets, bars, or hemp, he had managed to gain possession of a file and put in several hours tuning up the antique locks of his cramped abode.

It was the custom of the elderly man who acted as jailer to allow his prisoners half an hour's walk in the yard during the early evening. After which exercise he shut them up again and went off to his home. Stanton, having brought the most important locks to a condition of semi-paralysis, now cast about him for a hiding place in the jail yard, so that he might on the appointed evening remain outside when

The digging went forward briskly, no more than two prisoners ever working together; while a greater number surrounded the old turnkey and blinded him with his own choler, invariably provoked by disparagement of the heroes of Virginia. On the night of the proposed jail delivery, when the old man reached his boiling point, Stanton dipped into the ashes. It came time to march to the cells, all the prisoners crowded forward in a disorderly mass, and no accurate count could be taken. Stanton's cell enclosed a dummy which looked very like him in a failing light. The jailer finished his round of inspection, turned the last key, and was gone.

It was the eighteenth of March; there was a chilling north-east wind to face. They were cold, tired and hungry when, shortly after midnight, they reached the Chickahominy. Stanton and Lewis tried to urge them on; but the exhaustion of a few retarded the rest. An hour before dawn a heavy rain-

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storm first halted and then scattered them in several small parties, which were one after another surprised during the day by roving Confederate detachments and forced to surrender—in one instance, within sight of Union pickets.

Lewis in irons returned to his cell at about the same hour John Scully was taken from the military prison to be tried by court-martial. The proceedings in his case, though spared no formality or decorum, were almost indecently brisk. His defense was but a reiterated plea of neutrality; while the prosecution had him identified by every member of the Morton family—they were *all* in Richmond—and rested its case. Scully was thereupon sentenced to be hanged as a spy and enemy alien. Five days later Lewis stood before the same court and listened to a similar pronouncement of doom.

Webster, as soon as it was possible to move him, had been conveyed from his hotel to the home of a secessionist merchant named Campbell. The spy had done him innumerable favors in the course of his journeyings back and forth between Maryland and Virginia; and the Southerner, though his devotion to the Confederate cause was strong beyond measure, had an equally firm conviction of gratitude, and chose the darkest hour for his finest proofs of friendship. Pierce was one other partisan who continued to treat Webster as a sorely afflicted friend, no matter what impeachment was astir against him. In Richmond these two men and Carrie Lawton were within a fortnight the shattered remnant of his formerly vast and captivated acquaintance.

Captain McCallum had called but once more, and in his official capacity as an assistant to the provost, to requisition the letter from W. H. Scott, delivery of which had been the sole occupation of Scully and Lewis after arriving in the Southern capital. At their trial they had been charged with loitering about and taking plans of the city's defenses. But,

It occurred late at night, four days before the date set for the hanging of Lewis and Scully. Detectives sent by General Winder searched in vain through the possessions of Mrs. Lawton and Webster, but found nothing incriminating. And then both patient and nurse were taken into custody, being escorted to Castle Godwin.

Price Lewis, though he had suffered the disappointment of an arduous and barely frustrated escape, and likewise waited under sentence of death, was in a state of mind comparing more favorably to normal. Taken from his cell and allowed to visit Scully, he understood at once the nature of his comrade's collapse—and realized its consequences. Informed that Webster and Carrie Lawton already were imprisoned,

Both men had to repeat their assertions in Webster's presence at his subsequent court-martial. A shrewd attorney in a civil court would have made much of this — that the prosecution's only witnesses were a pair who, as they swore Webster's life away, syllable by syllable, unwound the rope from around their own necks. But Webster faced a military court, composed of men ready to believe him the most dangerous secret agent ever come out of the North. Broken in health as he was, his defense appears to have been no less enfeebled. On the 18th of April he was convicted; next morning his death warrant was read to him.

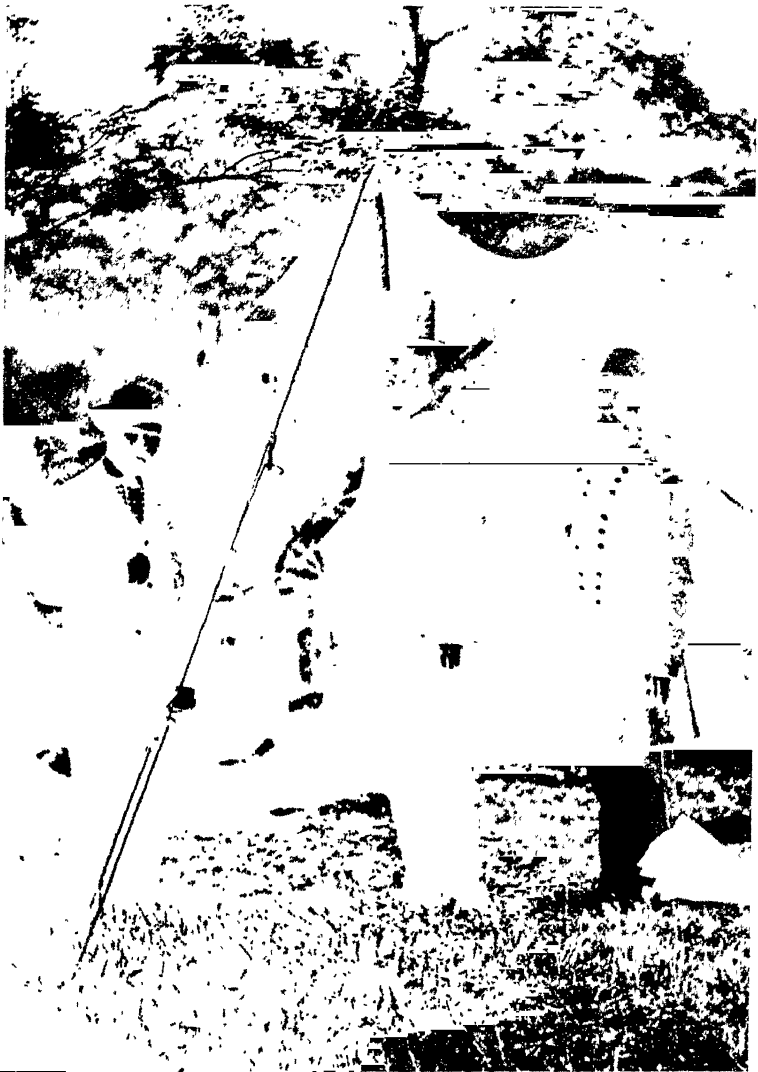
Word of Webster's trial, and the manner of his conviction had come through to General McClellan's headquarters; and Allan Pinkerton, with the anxious encouragement of the

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commander-in-chief, now sought to arrange for some official intervention firm enough to impress Richmond and gain a stay of execution. He hurried to Washington and saw President Lincoln and the Secretary of War. The President agreed to call a meeting of the Cabinet to determine what might be done in behalf of a man to whom the government was heavily indebted. Secretary Stanton said he would use every resource at his disposal to save Webster, but that Scully and Lewis had treacherously betrayed him to gain a reprieve for themselves and deserved no official consideration. Richmond had been a veritable sieve until a crack Union agent was in Winder's net; whereupon, it seemed, the Confederate capital moved quite out of reach.

It was ultimately decided to forward by telegraph and a flag-of-truce boat a communication to the leaders of the Confederacy, representing the lenient course adopted thus far by the Federal government in dealing with Southern spies — reminding how many of them had been released after a brief imprisonment, and that none so charged had been tried for his life, or sentenced to death. Mr. Pinkerton felt more optimistic when, in conclusion, this message intimated that if the rebels killed Webster and the others, the Federal government would retaliate. The Northern forts and places of internment were crammed with candidates. A military dictator would simply have notified Mr. Davis of the specific reprisals intended should Webster, Scully or Lewis hang. But Secretary Stanton's intimation was so diplomatically worded that the Confederate politicians chose to interpret it as permission to go right ahead — conforming to the tactics pursued by their generals, until rough campaigners like Grant, Sherman and Sheridan took the field against them.

McClellan was creeping toward Richmond in the peninsula, was but four miles away when finally compelled to fall back to Harrison's Landing. Napoleon, after Austerlitz, by the



AT HEADQUARTERS ON THE BATTLEFIELD
OF ANTIETAM—*October 3d, 1862*

President Lincoln, General McClellan and Allan Pinkerton

The conflict between the States, in fact, produced no really great spies, yet was responsible for a number of enormously interesting ones. Two of these were Lafayette Baker, who, from an itinerant photographer allowed to take pictures of Virginian camps, rose to be a Union brigadier general, and George Ellsworth, that clever Confederate who invented his own technique of wire-tapping and sending of false telegraphic messages to the enemy — and who, for a time after the war, was the experimenting partner of an insatiably curious youth named Thomas A. Edison. It is, of course, never permissible to omit the enchanting and slightly exhibitionistic Belle Boyd, who distilled military benefits for the rebel cause from the folly of a regiment of Federal officers. And there was Emma Edmonds, not quite the Belle Boyd of the North, who performed her expeditionary feats in the unusual disguise of a male Negro; John Scobell, who had been born disguised; and the daring Pauline Cushman of the Army of the Cumberland, once sentenced to be shot by order of Braxton Bragg, who evidently disapproved the Union treatment of Miss Boyd or Mrs. Greenhow, but who was hammered too hard by Rosecrans to stay and attend to the shooting. Even Belle Starr, afterward that “petticoated terror of the plains”, whose bandit behavior endeared her to Signor Lombroso, as a child of the border country spied with enthusiasm for Quantrell when her brother joined his guerillas.

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All through the summer of '62 Mr. Pinkerton grieved, both for the hero who was lost to him, and for another who was losing. General McClellan's efforts in the peninsula fell just short of success, which is about the worst kind of fall when it comes to maintaining the prestige of a commander in chief. He was the idol of his men, had made no fatal mistakes, and, when it became obvious he could not carry the defenses of Richmond, had executed his masterly retreat to Harrison's Landing. Yet his supreme authority in the field and most of his army were stripped from him. He stood by — and Major Allen right beside him — while General John Pope conferred on the South its second annual victory of Manassas, and then was partly restored to command. At once Major Allen's reports came flooding in; and McClellan's calls for reinforcement to meet the rebel host rang familiarly in the ears of official Washington.

To Southern observers McClellan's array outnumbered
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their own as three to one. Allan Pinkerton's corrected figures — those of 1878 — were three to two. The battle of Antietam, though McClellan would persuade Northern histories that he won it, was to be the finish of him as a Union army leader. Whilst his diligent scouting before that battle came near to being the end of Major Allen. A Confederate masked battery it would have been a pity not to count suddenly opened fire on a party of horsemen fording the creek; and a shell fragment killed the splendid sorrel the major was riding.

XIII: A BEGUILING GYPSY QUEEN

The Civil War Ends; Major Allen a Detective Again

WHETHER approaching or pursuing Lee, McClellan always advanced his great force with the impeccable prudence of a general who suspects that the best brains are on the other side. And what he did not suspect, he knew — and left for his successor to prove on the Rappahannock — that the marksmen of the South, given a prepared position to hold, would cheerfully stand all day and mow down attacking infantry. The struggle which the Confederates called Sharpsburg had been a drawn battle at sundown, but was the Northern victory of Antietam by dawn, when it was discovered that the Southern army had marched away, abandoning the invasion of Maryland. An indecisive combat — named, like Manassas, for a place by one side and for a stream by the other — it had the doubly decisive result of removing Lee as an immediate menace to Washington and his opponent from his post of command.

Southern writers pronounced it a triumph whereat Lee had repulsed and avoided a hugely superior force. Critics in the North conceded their leader a success; yet one badly marred by his laxity in allowing the difficult crossing of the Potomac, unopposed by him, to terminate contact with an exhausted enemy. McClellan was certainly not alone in this defect, for many Union strategists were as courteous as ushers in seeing an enemy across a river or waiting until the most favorable line for a defensive action had been occupied by rebel gunners and riflemen. In the account of a member of his staff, the Northern general spent all that night “in anxious

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The next experiments in that direction were committed to the care of another former railroad executive, not long since in the employ of the Illinois Central and a Pinkerton client. Ambrose E. Burnside, a graduate of West Point and experienced soldier, had been, in addition, the inventor and bankrupted manufacturer of a breech-loading rifle. He had only turned to railroading as a means of earning the money to repay his creditors in full; which was as characteristic of him as his magnanimity, after the dismal slaughter at Fredericksburg, in taking the whole blame upon himself. A gallant gentleman and of pleasing address—he was to lend his talents to some of the worst strategy of the war, and his name to a style of tonsorial negligence since happily modified in America and restricted to teachers of the tango.

But Mr. Pinkerton would have none of him. Though they had been well acquainted, and there was no fault to be found with Burnside's record as a corps commander, the detective — exquisitely loyal to McClellan — severed all connections with the Army of the Potomac, and with the military affairs of the government. He was almost insubordinate, although he believed neither President Lincoln nor the Secretary of War yearned for any resignation save McClellan's.¹

¹ Allan Pinkerton's own narrative bluntly explains his disgusted, semi-mutinuous attitude at the time. This account happens to be controlled by copyright, of which a member of his family is now proprietor, and permission to reproduce it here has been refused.

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months' volunteers had marched off the field as the Confederate guns opened fire. They contended — and had documents to prove it — that their term of enlistment had expired; and very rationally they preferred, if something must expire, it be that, or their less opportunely dated comrades. Mr. Pinkerton's unrelenting resignation was a somewhat similar, though not so injurious, example of the same strong, pioneer impulses and currents of individualism strewing many small rebellions on either side of a great one.

The detective, as it was to turn out, did not really do much more than effect a change of front, for he was active on behalf of the government as long as the States were in conflict. There were innumerable damage claims being pressed in Washington — the deeper into the South the Union armies penetrated, the more they multiplied — and these the Pinkerton agents investigated, with a high average of success in controlling the schemes of impostors and swindlers. For the particular purpose of looking after cotton claims, in the spring of '64, Allan Pinkerton was transferred to the Department of the Mississippi, General Canby commanding. And now his other son Robert was deemed mature enough to join his brother in the secret service. Meanwhile, the military espionage department which Allan had initiated continued to expand, operating under the fairly skillful direction of various officers — in the East the most noteworthy being Colonel, afterward Brigadier General Lafayette C. Baker, an inventive man, one of the few American spy-masters in any war who seems to compare with the brilliant if thoroughly unscrupulous practitioners of Europe.¹ In the West Grenville M. Dodge, who also attained a general's rank, capably controlled

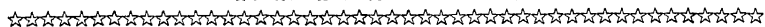
¹ Prince Bismarck's famous — or notorious — chief of secret service, Stieber, in 1866 was proud to call himself Colonel Baker's peer. Had Baker been aware of some of the Prussian's non-military ventures of intrigue he would doubtless have declined the honor.

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As long as he maintained any contact whatever with the Federal service, Allan Pinkerton refrained from accepting employment as a private investigator, even though the disturbed state of a vast area of the South and West, and the marauding diversions of camp followers, deserters and bands of outlaw adventurers brought numberless criminal cases to his attention. He, of course, was regularly kept informed of the work of his Chicago office. And the Agency, conducted either by George Bangs, or his aggressive assistant, Francis Warner, did not cease to serve those clients that had been more or less directly concerned with its formation and early growth. But the greater national development, foretold by expansion into the East through contact with the Adams Express Company, had been definitely arrested until the war of sections should be fought to a finish.

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The Pinkerton detectives, summoned by the Adams Company, were late in getting upon the criminals' trail, but hounded all seven of them with unfailing perseverance thereafter. Bangs and Warner learned that, having hidden the bulk of their loot, they had scattered. Pursuit was organized with customary thoroughness; and one by one Messrs. Hoffman, Isaacs, Kane, Davis, Dix, Laughlin and Lancaster were rounded up. They seem to have been persuaded as to the advantages which accrue in court when a hiding place of stolen valuables is candidly disclosed. Finally, on a spring day of 1865, Mr. Pinkerton himself went to Baltimore for the ceremony of restoring to Henry Sanford, assistant general superintendent of the Adams Express Company, the sum of \$84,594.50 — or 86.35 per cent. of the total amount stolen more than two years before. He was handed another engrossed receipt, to frame and hang beside that testifying to the outcome of the Maroney case. It was dated April 10th, and the episode was by way of being symbolic. The war had come to an end; the detective was himself again. On April 9th Grant had ridden to Major Wilmer McLean's house in Appomattox and there General Lee waited to surrender.

During the course of hostilities it had been Allan Pinkerton's lot to have his memorable encounter with a lawless band of Gypsies virtually thrust upon him. Sherman, that great captain who knew so much about war he could describe it in one word, was well on his road to Atlanta the day that Mr. Pinkerton, pausing in line of duty at Clarksville, Tennessee, had an attractive young lady call upon him to implore his help. Her name was Elizabeth Redford; her object to circumvent a thieving, fortune-telling Gypsy queen. It was her father — now brought to a state of physical collapse — whose fortune the wicked Gypsy had told and taken. Miss Redford, it so happened, was the betrothed of a Lieutenant

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It was not—as Hardy must have known—a military matter. But doubtless he considered Elizabeth's appeal irresistible, and may even have heard it said that Allan Pinkerton, whose work imbedded despair in so many lives, seldom let slip a chance to do any good turn that he could. "Tell me just how this Gypsy woman managed to rob your father," the major had invited.

"Of course, she told you wonderfully true things too? They spend half their time, these Gypsies, listening to gossip — picking up every stray fact about people of the locality they happen to be in. But please go on."

"Then, late one afternoon she came to our house. And my father went up to the garret and lugged down the old clock he'd used to conceal two leather bags of gold. Fifteen thousand dollars, he'd saved. . . . Mrs. Hooker had brought along a small bag she said contained her savings — a thou-

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sand dollars, also in gold. It clinked ever so little when she put it down beside father's money. The three bags had next to be wrapped up in a strange kind of 'charm' paper Gypsies believe in, and bound around and around with sort of shiny cord. There was something special about the cord too. The heavy package was finally put on a table, near the window — so that currents of air could pass over it, Mrs. Hooker explained — and then she began a weird, doleful chanting."

"The incantations lasting, I suppose until nightfall?"

"It was growing dark, yes. She was turning all that gold, her own and my father's, into twice as much. He was right there in the room with her every minute — and so was I, though it made me awfully fidgety. Until at last she said she'd used enough magic and that it was going to turn out splendidly. She could be sure it would — for, by that time, what we thought was the package she had wrapped up was not it at all. Some one of her band working with her must have reached through the window and substituted a worthless package, wrapped to look exactly like it. The same heaviness too! Mrs. Hooker ordered my father to put it back in the clock, and the clock back up in the garret, and not to go near it for sixteen days — one day for every additional thousand dollars he expected to find. And when the time was up, and he emptied out the three heaping bags, she would come for her two thousand dollars and the rest would be his money, doubled."

"It's a variation of a favorite Gypsy trick," said Mr. Pinkerton. "One of my Agency operatives has led a Bohemian sort of life, and he has told me many things about the Romany people. The swindle they practiced on your father is called *bukni* — meaning 'great lie!'"¹

¹ More recent authorities on Gypsy lore than Mr. Pinkerton's operative say that the Romany name for this favorite swindling dodge is *bokkano baro* or "great trick."

A BEGUILING GYPSY QUEEN

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"It seemed a good deal worse than a lie to my poor father. He wasn't a bit doubtful of his profit and waited patiently for the change to occur — until the fourteenth day. Then we happened to hear that the Gypsies were not there any more. Their camp, Mrs. Hooker, and all the rest of them had vanished. And I'll never forget how frantic he was in opening the package left in the clock, and his expression when he saw its contents. Not a single gold piece — just old pennies, rivets, scraps of metal and lead slugs! He was so stricken he couldn't speak, and I had to send for the doctor."

The overtaking of a Gypsy queen and fifteen thousand dollars in gold which, more than a fortnight before, had disappeared together, suggests the kind of task that would remind Allan Pinkerton what a busy man he was, and make him turn back gladly to the affairs of the government. But, on the contrary, he assured Miss Redford the case was far from hopeless. For one thing, it interested him; which was about half the battle. He telegraphed to Bangs, recommending that Francis Warner supervise the prospective hunt. In a very short time the Agency was demonstrating how perfectly its resources could be adapted to a miniature conflict with Gypsies.

Now the odds and ends of metal left with Redford to simulate the weight and substance of the purloined gold had been saved by his daughter, and from these worthless scraps emerged a valuable clue. When Blake, the first Pinkerton operative on the case, arrived at Clarksville, he was given a variety of sample slugs and rivets to see if their origin might not be traced. His formerly Bohemian tendencies, mentioned to Elizabeth Redford by Mr. Pinkerton, accounted for a wide personal acquaintance among Gypsies; and at the first camp of them he located, a few miles from Russellville, was a Gypsy tinker he knew very well. Brewer, the tinker, when casually

Before ever leaving the vicinity of Clarksville, Blake had combed over the scene of the Gypsy encampment some two miles from town along the river bank, and his search had been rewarded by finding an envelope and part of a letter written to Mrs. Mary Hooker and signed "your cousin, John Stanley." It had been posted from Bloomington, Indiana. And as it contained many Romany words and expressions, it was safe to suppose that Stanley was a Gypsy also — that wherever he might be found there would be part of the tribe or family to which Redford's Gypsy queen belonged.

Meanwhile, Francis Warner had visited a large encampment of Gypsies and picked up encyclopedic knowledge of the family of Stanleys. Their leader, Erastus Stanley, had recently died; either John Stanley or Joshua White—the

Having consulted Allan Pinkerton, Warner determined to put an operative intimately in touch with each of the three Stanley branches. Blake and Edwards, now respectively at Mitchell, Indiana, and Henderson, Kentucky, could drift toward two of the groups. For the third Mr. Pinkerton, who, besides knowing most of the distinguished persons of his time, prized acquaintance with a host of baffling eccentrics, suggested Professor Pott, and it proved to be an admirable choice.

Pott very promptly reported observing such a rivet in the

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Edwards had contrived to meet John Stanley — whose favorite pseudonym was George Carey — and representing himself as a magazine writer, had obtained the leader's permission to spend a few weeks with his band of Gypsies, recording their language and customs. The stolen money, in the detective's opinion, had been somehow delivered to John Stanley for safe concealment until such time as he, Mrs. White, her husband, and a fourth accessory called Zed, should get together and divide the spoils.

Through the fair Mizella, Pott learned that there was to be a gathering of all the Stanleys at New Harmony, Indiana; and so, when Zed, the suspicious, was found next day to have vanished from John Stanley's encampment, Edwards

At Calhoun, Kentucky, that dazzling creature Mistress Mary King, *alias* White or Hooker, was finding it difficult to break away in order to attend the New Harmony council. It was not that she did not want to participate as an important member of the Stanley tribe; but in Calhoun she had met such a kindly, wealthy and foolish old man, it seemed almost sinful to leave him and his bank balance undisturbed.

"I am well off, Ma'am," he had admitted modestly, "but not unwilling to become a bit richer. Surely this 'hukni' magic of yours will work as you say?"

"When I look into your eyes," said gentle Ezra Allen, "I can believe you capable of anything, dear lady."

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"Go withdraw it from the bank," she now ventured to urge. "At once — while the spirit moves me. And in sixteen days' time how we shall astonish them!"

The special Gypsy "charm" cloth and gold-threaded cord enclosed the money of Ezra Allen. The currents of air, pronounced so necessary to the attempt, sailed majestically over and around it; for the table it laid upon had been pushed close to a window in the boarding-house parlor reserved for this occasion — and the window was open wide. The Gypsy chanted in a weird, soothing, sing-song voice. The room grew steadily darker as night descended.

It was a signal. Deft, slender hands crept over the sill of

All the while the woman's melodious gibberish accented the quiet of the evening. But then, somewhere outside the window, there had begun a slight disturbance; and the process of enchantment wavered momentarily. The noise increased; the Gypsy's voice faltered, a strained note creeping into it. Ezra Allen, without lifting his drowsy head, spoke up in a suddenly arresting tone, "Warner?"

"Did you grab him?"

Mistress Mary King, or White, or Hooker, stood up with an angry gesture. But her dupe rose also, and fixed his eyes upon her; and at last the woman understood what lurking forcefulness it was that had vaguely disquieted her. More despairing than furious, with a low exclamation she collapsed in the large plush chair.

"I've been tricked, then?" said the sorceress, as though it fulfilled a long-forgotten prophecy.

Redford and his daughter later appeared in court and

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identified the Gypsy. The old man had recovered all he had lost less but \$275 — which was reduced a tenth by subsequent addition of the coins Edwards won from John Stanley. The queen and her three accomplices soon afterward went for a term to the Tennessee penitentiary.

XIV: A FAMILY OF OUTLAWS

The Reckless Reno Gang of Seymour, Indiana

THE Civil War had been a fruitful season for outlawry. A rabble of renegades, flourishing on either side of the imaginary line between North and South, had taken bounties for enlisting in both armies and had used their vague military status to cover the raids they perpetrated, with attendant feats of homicide, robbery and arson. The capitulation of the Southern leaders bore but little significance for these uniformed banditti. Some were guerillas of such sanguinary record they did not believe they would be *permitted* to surrender. Not a few already had a "dead or alive" price upon their heads. Still others were genuine irreconcilables, who had favored the Confederate cause while fighting in the main for their own felicity and profit; who now declined to consider the South subdued while they had rifle ammunition and a horse and saddle.

There was then no "shell shock" known to medical science, or any other fancy way of excusing the restlessness ever adrift in the wake of war. They were all of them young and chiefly unreconciled to the dull prospects of peace and honest employment. And so they stayed in the field when the blue and the gray marched home, and their more audacious exemplars gained widespread and somber renown. The Youngers — the James boys — the Daltons — the Renos!

Cole Younger had occasion to swear vengeance against all Pinkertons. However, his impulsive life was filled with many oaths, and he showed, after all, but a train robber's normal aversion to railroad detectives. The Renos might have vowed

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solid front—the trap had been sprung. John crouched a little as one ready either to fight or run. "Better not try to resist," a commanding voice advised him.

"I don't think he brought along a gun, sir," Oates put in casually.

Six powerful young men who were deputies from Missouri, led by the sheriff of Daviess County and Allan Pinkerton, made sure John had not thought to arm himself merely to watch a train roll in. When he had been fettered securely, a warrant, and even requisition papers procured to oblige the law, were read to the still nonplussed prisoner. How could such a thing as this happen to a Reno—and right here in Seymour, the capital of the outlaws' kingdom? But all the same it had happened. On time and conveniently west-bound, old Number 29 stopped at the Seymour station. Closely surrounded by the eight and Oates—who would hardly be a useful agent there any more—John Reno was helped aboard the train; and it was far along the line puffing him toward Missouri before any of his brothers even caught the first alarm.

Identified, tried and convicted of robbery at Gallatin, Brother John was sentenced to serve twenty-five years in the State penitentiary. What a blow that was to him and to the family pride! Yet there were three sensational Renos left, besides Laura, who was as quick to shoot, as sure and swift on horseback, as complete a desperado as the plans of the gang would permit. Therefore, the Reno raids kept up with remorseless daring.

Early in 1868 the brothers with eight comrades rode forth to cut directly across Indiana and Illinois and show just how heedless of both law and retribution they could be. On the way they paused very frequently, robbed a bank here, plundered a store there, held up a train at the next convenient

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junction, or declared a kind of holiday, and brazenly defied a whole township. Into one small town near the Indiana State line they cantered in broad daylight, while the court was in session and Main Street uncommonly thronged. None seemed to suspect that the eleven horsemen were bandits until, having reined up at the courthouse, they began gesturing pretty emphatically with their revolvers.

"Sim, you're to wait here and keep an eye on the —— lawyers," Frank Reno reminded his brother. And two others were detached to stay with him. Frank and Bill then lead the rest of the band up the street till they came to the local bank. One outlaw, a pistol in either hand, remained on watch beside the horses. The others strode into the bank, Frank Reno ahead and carrying an empty grain sack. "Fill it up," he ordered. The sack soon began swelling with bags of coin and bundles of currency. "Quick work!" the leader praised his victims when the sack bulged solid with loot. "You can have all our trade in future!"

Laughing uproariously, his allies trooped out after him, remounted and rode leisurely away, pausing to pick up the court-attendant trio, and, still unhurried, came to the edge of the town. But here one chanced to look back and see that some of the more daring citizens ventured to follow them. Bolder spirits "spoiling for a scrap" had seized any sort of arms that came readily to hand, and, with this variety of weapons but a single resolve, now were rushing from their homes to begin sniping the reckless raiders.

It was time, one would think, for a small party of horsemen to use spurs; and the Renos after their fashion chose that course. Witness, though, that they wheeled their horses and spurred them into the town again, yelling like the demons they had set out to be and firing their guns at every living thing in sight.

A luckless passenger train was just stopping at the station

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as they approached; and the gang surrounded that, some of them boarding it, while two took command of the locomotive, forcing the engineer to pull the coaches half a mile down the track. Here at leisure they looted the mail car, robbed every passenger, and, finishing off expertly, had the engine uncoupled and run forward for some distance, whereupon they so disabled its machinery that the train would be stalled for the afternoon.

Frank Reno had a last word of advice to shout to the conductor. "Don't bother sending a flag back to signal any train coming on behind you. We're going that way, and if there is another train, we'll stop it. Depend upon us!" Then, with nothing unlawful left neglected, all mounted again and galloped off down the line.

It is a point of suspicion that, despite these outrages, the Renos, young, tall and good-looking, bronzed and bold as brass, galloped straight into the hearts of innumerable stay-at-homes, and are riding there still, in the endless serial adventures of other desperadoes of the plains. Yet such popularity as theirs at the time was rather dangerously overcapitalized.

At Magnolia in Harrison County, Iowa, the safe in the office of the county treasurer was broken open and fifteen thousand dollars carted away — a crime having many resemblances to the robbery at Gallatin, for which John Reno now suffered imprisonment. Pinkerton detectives were already at work on this case when the treasurer of Mills County discovered his safe in the courthouse at Glenwood opened and empty — his loss a bit under eleven thousand dollars. In Council Bluffs the operatives found that the toughest place in town dispensing hard liquor was run by a man formerly resident in Seymour, Indiana. And because of the Renos the very word "Seymour" had come to have a sinister ring to peace officers everywhere in the Middle West.

A FAMILY OF OUTLAWS

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By watching this saloon the Pinkertons had Michael Rogers brought to their notice — a wealthy and respected citizen of Council Bluffs, who, however, proved to be in league with the men who had done the safe cracking at Magnolia and Glenwood. In the ensuing round-up Frank Reno himself was the chief prize. But the end of the Reno menace was by no means in sight. There were still Michael Rogers' friends to be reckoned with. Some few had remained loyal when all the rest were disgusted by public exposure of his double life — and it was a mere thirty miles from Council Bluffs to Glenwood. Just five days after the robbers were locked up at the county seat, awaiting trial, certain small garden implements were smuggled into them; and that night they dug a hole under the wall of the Glenwood jail. Frank Reno, Rogers and two others had vanished by daybreak and were far on their way before any organized chase could begin.

The habit of levying upon tax funds and small country banks and of interrupting railroad passenger traffic is bound at last to raise up a host of furious adversaries. A train was boarded at Marshfield, Indiana, its express car then being violated to the tune of ninety-seven thousand dollars; and, because the messenger attempted to resist, he was thrown from the moving train and fatally injured. Pinkerton agents still planted in Seymour managed to obtain positive proof that the Reno gang was responsible not only for this Marshfield robbery, but for another on the same road, in which Moore, Gerroll and Sparks, well-known allies of the Renos, took a bit too prominent a part. These men the Pinkertons contrived to surprise and arrest in Seymour, after which bold stroke came a second — as lawless as any venture of the gang. Put aboard a train bound for the jail at Brownstown, Sparks, Gerroll and Moore were removed from it at a way-side stop by a crowd of masked men, who said very little but

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carried long ropes. They proceeded grimly to hang the three prisoners to the same tall tree; and the news of it raced over Indiana.

That hanging, which signified the fierce impatience of honest men, had an immediate and cyclonic effect. The power of the Reno brothers collapsed; at the mere dress rehearsal of a Vigilance Committee, the fear they had inspired in their neighbors seemed to disappear in every direction. And the brothers themselves disappeared — the whole nest of hard-riding hornets cleaned out at one stroke!

But Allan Pinkerton was too practiced a hand in dealing with criminals to mistake panic for a token of reform. He set a dozen of his best operatives to tracing the Reno leaders. "And when you have caught one of them," he instructed, "be sure to get him safely to a jail. We can't help what outraged people may want to do to a murderer. But the Agency must not stand accused of turning over its prisoners to mobs."

With almost an excess of gallantry the Pinkertons refrained from hounding the sister, Laura. Her evil influence was acknowledged by all and her lawless behavior a byword; yet even so it did not seem likely that indictments could be secured against the girl. Years later — in 1900 — an elderly woman living near Seymour, the wife of a respectable farmer, admitted to a newspaper correspondent that her maiden name had been Laura Reno.

The brothers, William and Sim, were rather easily caught up with as near at hand as Indianapolis, and promptly lodged in cells at New Albany. Other detectives traced Frank Reno northward and over the border into Canada, where the old Reno swagger reasserted itself, for he now believed he was immune to arrest. Having brought him to bay in Toronto, the Pinkertons persuaded Canadian police to take him into custody. Frank had ample funds at his disposal and was not

In agitating for treaty clauses permitting international

He had enjoyed the complexities of the struggle in court

The sheriff, with an additional force of deputies sworn in,

The growl of a furious throng is an animal sound that

Frank Reno, his face a hard gray mask, shouted for the

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"Give my brothers a chance, at least, can't you? They're only youngsters. Sim's not twenty," Frank lied, yet very manfully. "Let them try to make a break for it. Probably not two dozen of those yaps howling for us outside know Sim and Bill by sight. I don't care so much about myself," he added, "if you'll only give these boys a running start —"

"You all three know," said the sheriff, addressing them together, "that setting you free is the one thing I couldn't do. Not for an instant do I think it would save you. It would, as a matter of hard fact, make matters a hell of a lot easier for me if I turned you loose. But I won't. You're in my keeping — and I'll fight to the last for you."

That sheriff at New Albany did fight and risk his life all through the early evening, trying to protect the Reno brothers — whose own lives he knew to be forfeited on account of a score of homicidal crimes. But the fatal ending to it all, from sheer weight of numbers, could not be indefinitely delayed. When the outer jail door had been battered down, seventeen of the attackers were already wounded. But the sheriff and those deputies still on their feet contested every step of the way.

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Frank, when they unlocked his cell door, fought like a madman, and so was almost beaten to death before ever coming actually in the hands of the mob. Sim, already more dead than alive, had to be carried from his cell. While Bill kept his head and conceded defeat, walking forth to die at a steady pace, as many condemned men try to do.

And there in the battered New Albany jail the Renos who had outlawed themselves were hung.

XV: THE TRAIN ROBBER TWINS

And the Mysterious Death of the Trafton Heir

THE New York office of the Pinkertons at Number 66 Exchange Place had been opened late in the summer of 1865, and a few months later the third branch of the Agency was established in Philadelphia at Number 45 South Third Street. Eastern clients like E. S. Sanford of the Adams Express Company and Thomas A. Scott of the Pennsylvania Railroad had strongly advised this step. For ten years of intelligent and untiring assistance George H. Bangs was suitably rewarded, his appointment as general superintendent responsible for the routine operation of all three offices defining his position as Allan Pinkerton's chief of staff, privately held by him since the days of the Maroney case. Both William and Robert, the founder's sons, were now regularly employed as detectives, but were still subordinate to Bangs, Warner and other superintendents in charge at New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Pinkerton intended that they should inherit his business, but he and his "old reliables" ran it, permitting the younger generation to admire the technical and even pyrotechnical display.

Big Bill had done well as a stripling in the Civil War and preceded his brother as the youngest authentic secret agent of North America. He was not yet twenty-one when at Union City, Tennessee, he encountered a murderer with considerable credit to himself. A pair of ruffians had invaded the town — where the detective was engaged upon a quiet errand relating to insurance fraud — and, after drinking heavily for an hour, had turned to the more perverse exer-

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William Pinkerton his thoughts upon insurance and his

Two years later, in company with his brother, Big Bill had

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At the hospital where Morrell, the messenger, lay in a desperate condition, the two detectives explained that he alone could give them a clue leading to identification of his assailants. "He's blessed with a mighty fine constitution," said the surgeon in charge. "If he weren't, two bullets through the lungs would have finished him hours ago." And Big Bill Pinkerton asked at once — what caliber bullets? — and was told only one had been probed out, a .32.

Morrell, it was decreed, must not speak. The critical condition of his lungs made even one whispered word perilous; yet his mind was perfectly clear, and he wanted most eagerly to assist if he could in bringing about the detection of the criminals. "Then we'll try getting at the facts in this way," said William, cheerfully. "When you press my hand that means *No*. But if you press my brother's hand that is *Yes*. He and I will take turns suggesting everything that these robbers may have looked like. And so you'll gradually help us arrive at a full description."

"Very emphatic about that, aren't you?" said Robert. "There's something unusual about them, even as brothers?"

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Short — muscular — quick-motioned — neat — cool-headed — nasty manner? To all these Morrell's limp hand answered *Yes!* "Is there something about either one of them which we haven't covered that you think might help us in tracing the pair?" William finally queried.

"About both of them?"

"One of them squints?" *No!* — "Limps?" — *No!* "Stammers, possibly?" *No!* signalled Morrell, but his eyes showed a new and burning eagerness. His lips had started to move, when William exclaimed — "No talking, remember. The doctor's standing for a good deal from us as it is. And we'll find this peculiarity, don't worry."

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

"No," reported the invalid hand emphatically.

"Yes!"

"You must be up and about, ready to testify against them when we bring them into court," said Robert.

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There were not many adult twins in that part of Tennessee or the adjacent counties of Kentucky; and within three days time an energetic force of Pinkertons had reduced a short suspect list to just two names — Hilary and Levi Farrington. Hilary lisped.

They had used the names "Clarke" and "Russell" whenever dipping into underworld activities, and were the sons of a respectable woman, hitherto thought to be wealthy, who, as it turned out, was the most indulgent mother in the State. She afterward admitted that she had known how the boys got their money and had not felt disposed to object to any pursuit of theirs giving them both so much profit and amusement. And she professed a bewildered regret that her two boys should be charged with the murder of the gallant Morrell when he contracted pneumonia in a hospital ward and died.

She did even more. The Farringtons, presumably assisted by an uneasy Barton and Taylor — who could be exposed at a word from them — were helped to escape from the Obion County jail. Mrs. Farrington knew all about this plot, for when deputy sheriffs galloped to her home, they found it shut up tight. She had been gone for about two days, the neighbors explained. Railroad and express companies, lacking her motherly insight, asked the Pinkertons to keep after the train robber twins, which sealed the doom of Hilary and Levi. Bundles of old letters found in the abandoned Farrington home when a court order allowed them to break in, gave William and Robert a long list of names and addresses of Farrington friends and relatives. "The boys are fond of their ease, good food — attention and comforts. They won't care about a hunted life if it means poor accommodations," Robert suggested to his brother. "They'll eventually make for some shelter on this list. I'll try to trace Levi, and you keep on the lookout for Hilary and his lisp."

THE TRAIN ROBBER TWINS

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Robert, following a correct surmise, found his man at a cousin's home in Farmington, Illinois; while William took a longer trail that only ended in Missouri. Near the village of Verona in that State he came upon Hilary Farrington and his accomplice, Barton, barricaded in a cabin. This also belonged to one of the Farrington cousins, who had bad luck with their guests that year; for William, reminded of the Indian wars, ordered a fire built around and about, and soon the two criminals were smoked from their hold. Barton thereupon confessed, leading straight to the apprehension of the fourth robber, Taylor.

In a struggle that ensued of brothers against brothers, the Farringtons lost their lives. Levi tried twice more to escape; but Robert Pinkerton managed to carry him back to the Obion County jail. And there — hearing that this time his mother proposed to buy his liberation — a band of vigilantes burst in upon him and shot him to death. Hilary, on board the transfer boat *Illinois*, attempted to discredit Big Bill of Chicago by suddenly grabbing a revolver out of his hand. It was a move even the doting Mrs. Farrington could not have found worthy, for, if he had been able to overpower his captor, there was little or no running away to be done from the middle of the Mississippi River.

William, moreover, was a young man who preferred to strike rather than shoot. He and the robber wrestled and fought for the gun, and between them dropped it. Hilary, smaller, lighter and unskilled in boxing, was yet too murderous of mind to realize he had no chance. He dodged, came at the burly Pinkerton, and a terrific punch caught him just under the chin. His head snapped back, he lost his balance, and, pitching, half turned around, dazed but trying to save himself. Sidewise he toppled and crashed against the low rail; and then, even as William Pinkerton reached out a strong arm to save him, went tumbling overboard with a frantic

In the second week of December 1871, a Captain F. B.

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THE TRAIN ROBBER TWINS

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dollars' worth of government bonds, and a letter authorizing him to draw upon his father for a large amount.

When Stanley Trafton reached Chicago he found everything there in a congested state of post-conflagration. The air was polluted; but the hotels were packed. He took up quarters aboard the schooner, but after a night of this moved to a small lodging house conducted by a Mrs. May Pattmore at Number 92 West Madison Street. Conditions persuaded him to abandon the grain purchase he had contemplated, and he told Dalton he would sail home with him. Yet on the night he was due to come aboard, he had neither appeared nor sent an explanation; and in the morning Dalton had sailed without him.

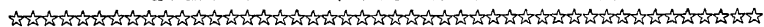
In five days' time the Trafton skipper had received word from a firm of commission merchants of Chicago that his employer's son had been found dead in his bed. Dalton and Updike, immediately starting from Cleveland, had arrived in the Illinois metropolis on December 8th. The body of the deceased had been taken to the morgue after a coroner's inquest returned the verdict of death resulting from congestion of the lungs. Also held at the morgue were young Trafton's valuables—two five-hundred-dollar bonds, one of them torn in several pieces, a set of diamond studs, a small amount of loose change, and three one-hundred-dollar bills. As Updike and Dalton realized that one thousand five hundred dollars worth of bonds and nearly five hundred dollars in currency were unaccounted for, their suspicions bounded. Stanley Trafton, they were likewise reminded, had been found dead on Friday morning, December 1st, only eighteen hours after appearing to Dalton in robust health.

Dissatisfied with the poor result of interviewing Mrs. Pattmore, who glibly repeated the story she had told the police, and having consulted Trafton senior by wire and received his reply, Messrs. Updike and Dalton had come to

"If it is a case of murder," said the detective, "Trafton probably was killed while fully clothed — then undressed and put to bed to die a 'natural death.' While we are waiting for a report from the second autopsy, you and Mr. Updike had better remain here. You must have at least one more conversation with this Mrs. Pattmore, and try to remember everything she says. Meanwhile, I'll see what sort of record she has to show."

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THE TRAIN ROBBER TWINS

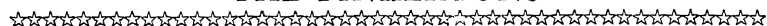


The results derived of another Dalton-Updike interview with the lady were these: She handed them the credit authorization Richard Trafton had given his son on account of the prospective transaction in grain, saying that she had found it at the foot of the bed since their first visit; she also turned over to them a small gold coin, which she claimed young Trafton had presented to her; and they noticed for themselves that all the furniture was now removed from the room where he had died.

Though Mrs. Pattmore professed to have known him intimately ever since she had resided in Buffalo, neither Updike nor Dalton believed he would under any circumstances have made her a present of the coin, a keepsake prized by him from boyhood. And there were details in her pat and gushing story which they held incredible. The accidental meeting in the street and renewal of old acquaintance was all very well; and so, too, was her offer of lodging with the hotels overcrowded. But then his alleged drunkenness and her deep concern — his refusing to partake of a late supper she had thoughtfully prepared — the knocking on his door next morning, with no response — then the lock conveniently forced in a very few seconds, and the horror of it when she found him stretched out, rigid, lifeless! "She killed him, I'm convinced," said Updike, "or at any rate she planned it. The motive was robbery, but she was afraid to take everything of value he had on him. . . . I hope, Mr. Pinkerton, you can bring her into court and prove her guilty."

The detective, at least, would try, and for this campaign required no new or dazzling stratagems. Warner — as a potential lodger — had a talk with the woman, and reported laconically: "Any man she'll get drunk with will soon know all she knows." It was, then, simply a problem of finding the right operative to occupy a room at Number 92 West Madison Street.

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John Ingham, when she got to know him—which was practically at once—seemed to May Pattmore a very congenial fellow indeed, and almost providentially corrupt. He told her he was a bookkeeper with no books to keep, because his last set—parted from in Louisville—had finally exhibited a shortage that could not have been covered up by any one else. But what of that—a petty business, bookkeeping, even before being suspected! He had notions of future activities that would really enrich him. Had she never heard of the panel game? A cloistered fraud whereby a bedchamber, ostentatiously private, may be entered at will, and the wallets and apparel of unsuspecting gentry rifled without recourse! Mrs. Pattmore pronounced the trick a gold mine to a woman of her ripe experience. Why, she knew any number of men who might be fleeced!

Pending installation of a sliding wall panel admitting to her room, John Ingham decided to go out and practice approaching affluent strangers. After a while he returned to say he had met a young man of means, and would forthwith practice further by steering him in. This newcomer, who answered to the name of Adamson, was Robert Pinkerton. He was carrying five hundred dollars in fifty-dollar bonds, and innocently let them be seen. All three began drinking, the two men managing to spill more than half the liquor their hostess poured out for them; but presently she was so intoxicated as to start hinting Adamson's five hundred should be taken by force. Ingham, to avoid a pointless brawl, signalled his young partner to withdraw, which he did with an affectation of bewildered resentment. Ingham then followed him out, but returned to Mrs. Pattmore in fifteen minutes, saying that he had caught up with their retreating victim and robbed him "over in the burned district"—where there were no gas lamps, or street indicators, or, apparently, policemen.

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The woman demanded her share, and, when refused, promised to report Ingham to a friend in the police department. Allan Pinkerton was meanwhile reporting the wholly imaginary attack upon Adamson to the *Tribune*; and next day May Pattmore had a news account to show Ingham when renewing her demand for fair division of the spoils. "What did *you* do?" he taunted her. "I'll tell you what I will do," said she. "I'll get Charlie Stokes to arrest you!" And sure enough, she did!

Mr. Pinkerton, being put to the trouble both of bailing out Ingham and replacing him on the Trafton murder case, found two operatives — Morton and Barlow — who would be a trifle less congenially debased. Morton was the lodger, and Barlow began visiting him — posing as a wealthy young Texan, looking for any sort of shrewd investment. Mrs. Pattmore most gullibly inquired if he wouldn't care to buy some bonds? Bonds! The detective professed to think she was merely boasting; and so she compelled his respect by showing that she really had two government bonds. He and Morton each examined them and noted the numbers.

Richard Trafton had kept in Cleveland a memorandum of the numbers on the bonds taken to Chicago by his son. The Pinkerton office had on file a copy of that memorandum; and now Mr. Pinkerton's agents saw that the pair of bonds Mrs. Pattmore offered for sale had been among those in the possession of Stanley Trafton. Here was a proof of theft, at least. But suavely, to suppress any notions of alarm, Barlow told her he must go to his bankers for the amount of cash necessary to his part in their transaction.

When he returned in an hour he seemed to have brought two aggressive-looking young bank men with him, though one she recognized as a caller who had shown interest in the rooms she had to let some days ago. "Mr. Warner," was

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Barlow's bleak introduction. The other, unnamed, was William Pinkerton. "Madam," said Warner, "I represent the Pinkerton Agency, and have here a warrant for your arrest."

The first charge against her was larceny. A thorough search of the premises turned up the third of the missing Trafton bonds, together with a roll of bank notes that in all probability had come from the pockets of the dead or dying Stanley Trafton. And what was much more important to their case, the detectives found a hypodermic syringe and a supply of morphine.

As ultimately reconstructed from Mrs. Pattmore's incoherent series of admissions, her crime had begun with an attempt to drug and rob young Trafton. She had given him morphine in a glass of beer; but he had started to revive from that dose while she was removing the bonds from his coat pocket and had torn one of them in attempting to wrench it from her hand. Then she had struck and choked him until she believed him unconscious. Actually he was dead. Pretending he had died in his sleep immediately occurred to her as the one way she might avoid being implicated; and in a frenzy of haste, she had dragged Trafton's body into the bedroom, onto the bed, and partially removed his clothing to "create appearance of a natural death." The numerous official anxieties in Chicago following the fire had helped her past the police and coroner's inquisition. As soon as she could, she had whitewashed the bedroom walls to obliterate telltale marks — just as the observant Dalton had inferred.

May Pattmore, being convicted of manslaughter, went to prison for a minimum five years. But Allan Pinkerton believed that injections of morphine after young Trafton lay stupefied really had accounted for his death — that the bruises found were extravasated blood resulting from the narcotic injections — and that the woman deserved to have

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been punished for first-degree homicide. A medical examiner of Cleveland had pronounced a blow on the right side the specific cause of death; yet no evidence could be produced which indicated premeditated murder, and the verdict of manslaughter was all that the State could obtain.

XVI: NOTORIOUS ADVERSARIES

The "Invincible" Piper, Jack Canter and Max Shinburn

IN the records of the Agency which were destroyed by the Chicago fire there must have been some account of every notorious criminal at liberty in the turbulent years between 1850 and 1871, for, sooner or later, they all became Pinkerton cases — investigated, warned, detected, pursued, and in more than one instance financially helped toward a process of reform. It would be like embarking upon a history of crime in the nineteenth century to cover this questionable legion and their exploits in detail. Only a few of the most original, the genuinely *master* criminals who were pitted against the great detective organization, need be mentioned. They were beyond doubt formidably gifted individuals — the aces of the underworld at the present time seem a machine-made product by comparison — and in the lawless epoch they adorned, their frustration, detention and punishment were problems of the first order.

Of the "invincible" Piper, so called by admiring confederates because of the absolute perfection of the documents he forged, it was said that there was not in any country a bank note, draft, bill of exchange, certificate of deposit, letter of credit, or other monetary paper or legal instrument that he could not alter and defy its detection. If any greater artist in forgery than Piper has ever lived, he was so superb a craftsman he never was exposed, and is still not even known by name. But apart from his masterstrokes with pen and engraver's tools, Piper may be remembered as a misshapen genius whom Allan Pinkerton appreciated and tried sincerely to assist, and also as the man who came within three short

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days of depriving a distracted emperor of two millions in gold.

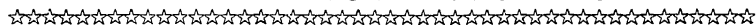
Piper was born on a plantation near Paris, Kentucky, in 1828, the son of a wealthy slaveholder. His mother, a cultivated Frenchwoman whom his father had married in Europe, died when he was five; and thereafter a singularly humored but winning lad was educated by private tutors and later sent to public school at Brooklyn, New York, in expectation of a distinguished career which was to begin at Yale University. Given four thousand dollars by his father who wished him to invest it in the newly discovered Pennsylvania coal fields, Piper began to disqualify himself as a business man in Philadelphia, and joyously resumed his spree from point to point until he came to a halt and the four thousandth dollar in New Orleans.

His father, who had remarried, is said to have deplored this fugitive investment. Piper continued his studies for another year; then, without being a runaway or angrily breaking off with an exasperated parent, he pocketed the few hundred dollars he had available and struck out for himself. He went to Buffalo and took a job as steward on a lake steamer, the famous old *Superior*, owned by Rathburn, Pettis and Company. Rathburn interested himself in the young man, especially remarking his gifts of penmanship. Piper, promoted to clerk, was soon almost like one of the family — and the Rathburns seem to have been an inordinately extravagant family that could do with spendthrift additions. When, however, Rathburn was on the brink of financial disaster, he sought Piper's help.

The young clerk took a sheet of paper, dipped his fine steel pen in the ink and made a number of cunning practice flourishes. He worked for an hour under Rathburn's anxious supervision, and turned out thirty thousand dollars' worth of grain receipts. The career of a fatally talented forger had

Piper in Europe had decided to become a German scholar. But before paying his way to Heidelberg he stopped at Liverpool, bought four bills of exchange on a Paris house and raised them from thirty-two pounds—eight pounds there being the smallest bill purchasable in England—to twenty-five hundred pounds, at a very handsome profit. He found himself growing restless in Germany, returned to London and retained a competent solicitor who settled the Paris difficulty for him, buying up the fraudulent paper with an outlay of less than four hundred pounds. In another two months he was returning to America, where he went to Philadelphia and bought five certificates of deposit, one for five thousand dollars and four others for fifty dollars each. He set sail from Baltimore and landed at Charleston, South Carolina, representing himself as a wealthy young Englishman. The good certificate he, of course, cashed first, giving the Southern bankers ample time to determine its validity. Then, in rapid succession, he cashed the four fifties, which had been raised to five-thousand-dollar certificates also, and, the richer by fourteen thousand eight hundred dollars, proceeded to Cuba.

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At Havana and again at New Orleans his prosperity was not accelerated. In the latter place he even paid blackmail, a brightly poised adventuress, who had penetrated a new scheme of his to obtain fifty thousand dollars cheaply, offering herself as a priceless investment in silence. Piper, though singed, hurried away to continue scorching other capitalists. He raised a little Spanish paper acquired in Cuba, gained sixty thousand dollars, bought a cargo of cotton, drew against it for fifty thousand, and retired content from the cotton trade.

For nearly ten years thereafter Piper seems to have made money with such speculative ease that his studies in chemistry and his craftsmanship as a cultivator of bigger and better numerals were honestly put aside. He came to settle in the State of Iowa, occupied a luxurious home, and was reputed in 1856 to be worth a million. His signature on a note made it as good as gold to any banker of the Middle West. With Anton Marat he built the City Hotel at St. Louis, and was welcomed as a partner in a variety of legitimate and constructive enterprises. But his habit of indorsing for nearly any one who applied to him cost him half his fortune. The financial panic of '57 swept off with the remainder.

Piper had settled his old Charleston fraud for about four thousand dollars, and now in returning to criminal practices he adhered to his earliest rule: buy up the evidence and forestall indictments. About 1862 we find him in league with the chiefs of police in a dozen large cities. They guaranteed him protection against the laws they sometimes felt inspired to enforce, and were to receive in return a stipulated percentage of his gains. They also agreed to watch over any money or bonds he might prefer to hide for a time, and to act as his unofficial ambassadors in effecting settlements with persons he had swindled; and they arranged, furthermore, that whenever too closely pressed he should be arrested upon

For several years this armor of corrupt practices made Piper, indeed, invincible. According to Pinkerton figures, between 1857 and 1869 he garnered not less than a million dollars by raising checks and bank drafts, and secured fees totalling another half million by altering court records, forging deeds and wills, or changing the numbers of stolen bonds so that they might be put upon the market. He allowed himself a modest territory including the States — and hospitable police officials — of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Rhode Island. He grew international in taste and gathered a small harvest in Nova Scotia and other parts of Canada. And then, as a kind of perverse tribute to his French mother, he began to prepare the project by which the Emperor Napoleon's Mexican protégé would be defrauded of nearly four hundred thousand pounds in gold stored in the treasury vaults at Mexico City.

It was simply his plan to induce the afflicted Austrian to make a move from which he dare not turn back. He arrived in Brownsville, Texas, with three collaborators who would help transport and guard the gold. But there they

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balked, refusing to venture their lives below the Rio Grande with "rebels" like Juarez and Porfirio Diaz now on the march. Piper, at a point from which he *would* not turn back, proceeded to the capital alone, presented his credentials and was admitted to the presence of the emperor. Maximilian, even though acknowledging the genuineness of Piper's authorization and admitting the victorious onslaught of Juarez, required five days to come to any decision. Meanwhile, he showed good faith by ordering a count of the coin and bullion in the vaults.

Piper stood literally within hours of the grandest coup in the annals of crime. At the same time he was a thousand miles away from its accomplishment. The little Indian general was sweeping on; and Piper would have needed half his army to move that golden treasure to the sea. He had several other confidential interviews with Maximilian. But likewise he paused a moment to consult himself. Those beautifully executed credentials from Paris would be a veritable death warrant when the climax of Central American revolution overtook the Austrian; and so reflecting, he made his escape, not three days too soon, and was passing through Santa Fé when the emperor fulfilled his tragic destiny at Queretaro.

In February of 1869, Piper was operating in Vermont, and there at last the Pinkertons trapped him. What was infinitely more difficult — they secured his conviction. He was sent to the penitentiary at Rutland for ten years, was a model prisoner, and because of that gained some commutation. Upon being released in February, 1876, the forger had a cordial and promissory interview with Allan Pinkerton, confiding to him his first and only account of a truly remarkable career of mingled skill and immunity.¹ He assured the detective he had reformed for good and was, despite enormous

¹ "Criminal Reminiscences."

The notorious Jack Canter, nearly as talented in forgery as the incomparable Piper, was an expert counterfeiter to boot, but he had none of Piper's artistry in coming to terms with police officials, and is mainly remembered as a criminal who enriched himself by the frauds he committed during periods of imprisonment. He spent more than half the first forty-five years of his life in Sing Sing prison, and there prospered amazingly. It would appear that he tipped every one, from the warden to the lowliest convict, received unlimited favors, and was treated as a rather distinguished guest. Through the use of his pen and by means of his knowledge of the use of chemicals Canter earned for himself an existence of mildly restricted ease.

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Canter, no matter how smart, could never have batted upon such gross irregularities without the connivance of one or more of the prison authorities. Which was greatly suspected at the time, since the forger not only profited as a monopolist with an exclusive clientele, but was also allowed to go and come almost at will and disburse his fraudulent gains. He was often seen in New York and drove the fastest team in the vicinity of the prison; and while keeping up appearances as prisoner, bookkeeper, magnate of illicit commutations, and limited tourist, he also found leisure to be attentiv  to several young women who had settled near by and lived, it was said, entirely at his expense.

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At Philadelphia there had been formed the Central Fire Insurance Company, with a representative board of directors; but a State insurance commissioner, made suspicious by some action of the president, W. D. Halfman, had soon ordered an examination of the assets, which were discovered to consist exclusively of forged certificates of railroad stock. Originally issued for one or two shares, they had been revised by a chemical process to represent three to five hundred shares each. It was feared that other such certificates might appear, and the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, in order to protect its stockholders, engaged Allan Pinkerton to detect the forger.

Halfman and a director named Elbert were arrested. The latter confessed, explaining that he had employed a certain Charles Ripley of New York to contrive the alteration of the shares. Louis W. French — afterward convicted of insurance frauds in New Jersey — had introduced him to Ripley, who had received twenty-five thousand dollars for his work, and whose mail was addressed to a Brooklyn saloon at Number 303 Bridge Street. When the Pinkertons called, they were informed Ripley's letters were being delivered to one Charles Ostend, who lived almost directly across the street from the first precinct police station.

Ostend was Jack Canter; and probably that police station amended the environment for him, with its superficial resemblances to his prison Valhalla. Searching his room the detectives found a fine nickel-plated press to use in counterfeiting, a full set of the best quality of engraver's tools, a plate which perfectly reproduced the two-cent stamps required upon bank checks, as well as a sheaf of his recent poems.

Both Halfman and Canter were convicted, the forger being sentenced to nine and a half years of solitary confinement in the grimly renowned Eastern Penitentiary at Cherry Hill. It must have utterly disarranged his conceptions of prison life.

In Boston next as "Walker Watterson" he invaded society and just missed impressing one of that city's most prominent financiers, whose daughter admired him. Shinburn had seen enough of the interiors of a bank to know what it was he really wanted to do there: gather up and walk out with all the money he could carry. He began devoting himself to a scientific study of locks and the combination dials of safes. He even bought himself a safe and sat down before it as a votary at his shrine. Publications dealing with mechanical appliances had always fascinated him. He now made it a point to post himself upon the intricacies of every new patent or novelty which pertained to bank protection.

It was an exacting and thorough course that he took. His laboratory exercises with the safe were continued until he had mastered it; and upon graduating he had something much better than a diploma to show for his pains. He was an inventor and had perfected one of the most delicate and efficient pieces of apparatus ever designed for crime—an ingeniously finished little ratchet with which he could determine the combination of any Lillie safe, providing he could gain access to it several nights in succession, never a very

By this device he robbed the New Windsor Bank of Maryland, was denounced by a treacherous acquaintance and arrested by John Young, chief of detectives in New York. But when Shinburn offered to divide his spoils, Young accepted and set him free, being enviously noticed soon after as one now able to afford to retire from the police department. A bank robbery at Norwalk, Connecticut — whereby nearly two hundred thousand dollars disappeared — was the beginning of a ruthless series of similar depredations that only came to an end in Concord, New Hampshire, three years later, when one of a gang Shinburn had assembled and trained in his methods was captured by chance and obliged to confess.

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On July 9, 1868, the office of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company at White Haven, Pennsylvania, was robbed of fifty-six thousand dollars. Entrance had been effected with false keys; and as soon as he was consulted in the matter, Allan Pinkerton saw that some such master as Shinburn had conducted the performance. It turned out that the idea of the robbery was strictly a home-grown product, since Sparks, proprietor of a White Haven tavern, first conceived it, and had taken into his confidence two neighbors, Griffin and Sinclair. None of them was an experienced burglar; and so Max Shinburn had been located and invited as an expert to take charge.

Very reluctantly, in response to the Pennsylvania company's request, Allan Pinkerton consented to order holding the bank robber merely on suspicion, or as a material witness, until he could be persuaded to trade his secret for more lenient treatment in court. He was detained in a suite at a Wilkes-Barre hotel, watched over by several detectives and never for a moment left unfettered. Yet on the fifth night,

Having made most accurate calculations the criminals

Shinburn again slipped off to Europe and presently had

XVII: THE MOLLY MAGUIRES

Secret Tyrants of the Pennsylvania Coal Counties

THE so-called crime waves of modern America were old in Mr. Pinkerton's day, and attained even then to the alarming sweep of a major inundation. Besides the raids and ruthless banditry of gangs or individual outlaws of the pioneer West, there were innumerable frays and forays in the criminal underworld of the populous centers. More than once lawlessness came close to the spread and impact of a small civil war, with occasional outbreaks of rioting that remain historic. Merely in order to prevent the actor Macready from appearing to supplant, even for one night, the American idol, Forrest, the Astor Place riot exploded upon a larger stage in the city of New York in 1849 — with twenty-three killed, and more than one hundred and sixty injured, including many soldiers and policemen. The draft riots occurring fourteen years later compared both in total casualties and property damage with the most celebrated sieges of modern times.¹

Nowadays, when the exploits of criminals grow so brazen they endanger the lives and fortunes of a number of honest men, a great clamor arises and in due course a commission to study cause and effect — and cure — is hopefully appointed. Fifty years ago there was this same kind of outcry

¹ Average estimates in New York for the one week, July 13-18, 1863, show property destroyed to the value of five million dollars. There were about eight thousand wounded in the rioting; and the killed, numbering at least two thousand, included three policemen and fifty-two soldiers. Twenty-two Negroes were lynched by the mob.

[illegible]

For six years, from 1867 to 1873, the then newly developed anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania had been terrorized by a secret society bearing the curious title of "Molly Maguires." Its members were known to be Irishmen even as its parent was the Ancient Order of Hibernians or "Ribbon Men" founded in Ireland about 1843 to intimidate landlords, or their agents and henchmen, and interfere with evictions. Like the Ku Klux Klan of the Reconstruction period in the South, or the ruthless French and Italian societies of the Middle Ages—like all kindred groups banded together to redress wrongs, defeat the oppressor and instigate a private code of fair play, the "Ribbon Men" had soon become gravely entangled in the coils of their own irregular authority. Criminals and bullies, invading their organization, diverted its aims to a downright tyranny of very sinister force. And so with the Mollies transferred to North America!

¹ Trench, "Realities of Irish Life."

In Pennsylvania at this period there were men working a twelve-hour day for six dollars a week. The grudging, consistently reactionary attitude of most mine owners and industrialists of the State lends a suspicion of labor conspiracy to the Molly disorders. And such a conspiracy seems to have been broadly envisaged at the time. But the Molly Maguires had no motives of workingmen's aggression or ideal of reform. They were never honestly class conscious. Being but thugs and criminals, self-aggrandizement, cruel authority, a shiftless, brawling, drunken good time were their vaguely blended, uniform objectives.

On August 25, 1865, David Muhr, a colliery superintendent, was shot dead in broad daylight upon a public highway. Not many weeks afterward a very popular Irish superintendent of a mine, Martin Callaghan, was found dying outside his home. He had been stabbed more than twenty times and never regained consciousness. Callaghan's "fault" had been merely the refusal to pay certain members of the society for time spent away from their work. A kind, just man, he had



MOLLY MAGUIRE FESTIVITIES

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES

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helped the family of many a stricken miner; and loyal friends of his swore that they would avenge him. But of these hot-heads five were slain within a period of forty-eight hours!

On January 10, 1866, H. H. Dunne, well-known citizen of Pottsville and an official of one of the larger coal-mining corporations, was murdered while walking along the turnpike within two miles of the city. October 17, 1868, found Alexander Rae, another mining superintendent, shot down on the wagon road near Centralia in Columbia County. On March 15th of the following year William H. Littlehales, manager of the Glen Carbon Coal Company, was killed on the way to his Pottsville home. Subsequently F. W. S. Langdon, George K. Smith and Morgan Powell, all executives of coal-mining companies, were foully done to death.

There were official investigations, of course, after each of these killings; and in one or two cases an attempt was made to prosecute, but without any conviction resulting.

Consider, again, the savage work of some of these gentry in a pitifully one-sided private feud. Schultz, a scoundrel who had killed his employer in Bremen but managed to elude the German police and escape to America, had been admitted to membership in the Molly Maguires. Lacking the primary qualification of Irish birth, his record as a desperado must have made him an uncommonly desirable recruit; and, though he obtained work in the mines, he spent more of his time earning the approval of lawless Molly associates, whose good will came close to resembling admiration and served forthwith to magnify his bumptious opinion of himself.

Margaret Ross, attractive daughter of the Scotch superintendent of a company momentarily employing Schultz, had the misfortune to impress him as the one predestined to become his wife, and this regardless of her existing engagement to a young man named Shepherd, a miner of the better sort, who waited for a job above ground before marrying. Schultz, hav-

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correct this distaste — or her mother next would be taken away from her.

Both the Ross women displayed remarkable pluck. Short of accepting the odious Schultz, Maggie did everything she could to guard her mother from the dangers lurking around them; and still, despite all precautions, Mrs. Ross was presently shot down, a rifle bullet in the head killing her instantly. Schultz, having rather too openly wooed Maggie with threats, could not now evade accusation and arrest. In court, however, it was established that he had been working in the mine at the time of the shooting; and, since his part in the crime as an accessory before the fact could be guessed but not legally proved, he gained an acquittal.

Maggie Ross, a lonely survivor, fled soon after to New York, and even there two attempts are said to have been made upon her life. Eventually she married a prosperous merchant who took her to live in England, where she might feel more secure. Some five years after the death of her mother it was discovered that the two miners who carried the body of the slain woman home upon a stretcher were the very men that had acted under instructions from the allies of Schultz and committed the murder.

Early in October of 1873 Mr. Pinkerton was in Philadelphia and received a note from Franklin B. Gowen, asking him to call. Mr. Gowen, the able and aggressive president of both the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company and the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, had determined to rescue the communities of eastern Pennsylvania from the merciless thrall of the Molly Maguires. With Superintendent Franklin of his Agency's new branch in Philadelphia, Pinkerton went around to the office of the railroad executive and there weighed the numerous difficulties of thug extermination.

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"Some refer to them as the Buckshots," said Gowen. "In Ireland the same crew were called Ribbon Men or the White Boys. For twenty years past they have been getting established in America — though their entrenched power upstate is of comparatively recent growth."

"Since it's only in the mining districts they're really dangerous," Pinkerton observed, "we'll have to attack them at their strongest point. . . . I shall have to get a man of mine on the very inside of the brotherhood. That may take longer, but in the end our dividend will be a clean sweep."

"Only a mighty good man will be able to get where I want him to go — the best I can find! He'll have to be Irish born, of course, and a Catholic — brave, cool-headed, just about as smart a lad as ever came over the seas. He'll need to work as a miner and that takes a strong constitution. And he must have his eye peeled every minute to keep from betraying his purpose to the cunning rascals he's sent out to get."

Without affecting to know right where he could lay hands on such a paladin of secret service, Mr. Pinkerton made an emphatic stipulation in behalf of the man he hoped to find who would venture his life in the undertaking.

"When the time comes for public prosecution, my operative must not be expected to give testimony in court — unless present circumstances are greatly altered. . . . And since we've no idea who's who in the Molly society," said he, "I urge you, sir, to guard against spies. So many people are deathly afraid of these ruffians, some one might turn informer to curry favor with them."

"Keep no record of this meeting, or of any future dealings with me or the Agency. Avoid everything that even suggests 'detective' — for at least one man's life, and the whole outcome of our enterprise, will be staked upon absolute secrecy. Whether my organization is kept on the job a week,

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES

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a month, or a year or more, this sort of caution must be maintained by us all to the end."

Having reached an understanding with Gowen, the detective wired George H. Bangs, who as general superintendent of the Pinkerton forces, hurried over from New York to confer with his chief and Franklin. But in spite of their combined knowledge of the staff of men at their disposal, they could not agree on a single operative; there seemed none possessing that special assortment of qualifications requisite to the exposure of the Mollies.

"If only Tim Webster had lived to this day, he'd manage it somehow," said Allan, whose affection for the intrepid Union spy had added through the years a superhuman quality to his well-remembered talents.

Days passed, a week, a fortnight, and still the three executives were hunting the man they needed in Pennsylvania. Mr. Pinkerton returned to his headquarters in Chicago, and it was there on a street car, while riding from his home to the office, that inspiration came to him. The conductor of the car he recognized as an operative of his, previously escaping consideration. Engaged upon an investigation in behalf of the street railway company, he had not of late been reporting directly to his chief. But now he must be called in—some other detective could be put on this local assignment—for here beyond doubt, in nationality, appearance and demonstrated abilities, was the one they had been searching for to send against the Molly Maguires.

As soon as he arrived at his office Mr. Pinkerton had a note delivered to the operative's lodging house, telling him to appear that evening when his day's work for the car company was done. That genius for selecting men who could surmount every hazard of an unusual assignment—the timely, invaluable accidents of the Agency's upward course—was about to surpass itself. The young man Allan Pinkerton sent

James McParland, born in the parish of Mullabrack, County Armagh, was twenty-nine, and had been taken into the Pinkerton employ at the Chicago headquarters only the year before. He had previously seen service in chemical plants at Gateshead and at Wallsend, England; and, coming to America in '67, had earned his first dollar as a clerk in a grocery store on Ninth Avenue, New York. Later he had tried being a salesman for a country dealer in dry goods, but, finding the salary small and hard to collect, had taken Greeley's advice, moving to Buffalo and on to Chicago and a variety of chance jobs. Coming among the Pinkertons, he had earned in short order a reputation for integrity and tact, exceptional perseverance and detective skill. A novice, yet naturally shrewd, he was a fine specimen of the better class of immigrant: passably well educated, slender, of medium height, and wiry, with ruddy complexion, auburn hair, and beard and mustache of a slightly darker shade. Other employees seemed to take to him; he had the wit and charm that the secret agent requires second only to courage, physical endurance and discretion.

"I believe I can pull through, sir. At any rate, I'll be wanting to try my hand at it," McParland answered.

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of the Agency with a memorandum authorizing him to draw a considerable advance against salary and expenses. "Sure, Mr. Pinkerton's after sending me abroad — to England — for the betterment of my health," he related, "and to be looking up the king bee of all the forgers." Which explanation spread through the office and was accepted by McParland's friends and associates as proof of his standing with the head of the organization.

A few hours later he boarded an eastbound express, his destination Philadelphia. There he was discreetly to get in touch with Superintendent Franklin, and to arrange through him to communicate with Allan Pinkerton as regularly as the circumstances of his enterprise would allow.

McParland's first problem lay in habituating himself to the costume and manners of the rôle he expected to assume. Franklin had presented him with a disguise of as dilapidated looking apparel as one would care to don. The dirt-colored slouch hat and mildewy coat of coarsest shoddy were only the beginnings of a vagabond garb. For trousers he had a garment of brown woolen stuff which was intact, but much too large for him, and supported at the waist by a worn strap of yellowish leather. Underneath a once black waistcoat was a heavy gray shirt, elegantly lacking a collar; and in place of that, his cravat was a kind of knitted red comforter drawn closely around the neck and tied with a flourish in a sailor's knot. Within the narrow, faded band of his shapeless hat there was space enough for his cutty pipe. Lastly, his immense pantaloons were tucked into the capacious legs of hobnailed, high-topped boots.

Thus attired, uncombed and unshaven, McParland spent several days near Philadelphia among coal, canal and dock hands, getting himself accustomed to their speech, their habits and preoccupations. He had with him a pair of tough looking valises as grimy as his clothes; and these contained a very im-

Monday, October 27, 1873, was the crisp autumn day on which he set forth to undertake what the police authorities of six counties had failed to accomplish — the smashing of the secret clan of Molly Maguires! At the Callowhill Street station of the Philadelphia & Reading he kicked the city dust from his boots as a sign of the metamorphosis occurring; for James McParland no longer existed. His friends supposed him en route to Europe, when actually he had vanished from the face of the earth. The dingy traveler who bought a ticket to Port Clinton, Pennsylvania, answered only to the name of "James McKenna."

Journeying from one small town to the next, McParland picked up many acquaintances — vagrants, wanderers, and alleged seekers of work, like himself — but practically no information. Everywhere people who could say nothing good

He filed the pugnacious phrase away for future use, and next — on Sunday, November 2d — went to Pine Grove, turning back to Tremont the same night, and going on Monday to Middle Creek in company with a man named Delaney. But again he plodded back to Tremont. Communities which proved largely German were soon exhausted of interest, for, with the exception of such isolated instances as Schultz, infatuated *bête noire* of the Ross family, the Mollies were exclusively Hibernian.

"They will kill a boss for firing a Moliy. All any member

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has to do when he's discharged is to report to his lodge and say something about religious differences, or that he was picked on for being Irish."

"How do you know it's like that?" McParland asked doubtfully, and was answered, "I been figgering it out, son, from my reading in the papers, and also, mind you, from talking with friends and neighbors that used to belong to the Ribbon Men."

An even more tangible progress made by the detective was histrionic, as he schooled himself daily and developed the part of "McKenna"—a typically devil-may-care son of Erin, brawling, tippling, boastful and reckless, yet full of fun and generous to a fault. He was able to dance a lively jig, or sing a popular old ballad—especially well with a glass in his hand. And to these accomplishments he added a storyteller's gifts. He had just come—so he related—from mining camps in Colorado, and could make an Indian curly-headed with his tales of that unchastened frontier. Or again, he admitted endowing the navy with his Irish wit and joy of battle during the late misunderstanding 'twixt North and South. He talked as freely as he treated, describing these adventures of his with the large relish of one unencumbered by actual experience; and as a spender and entertainer he soon overcame all local suspicions and began manipulating himself toward popular esteem.

It was shortly after his chat with Fitzgibbons that he encountered an itinerant miner, Nicholas Brennan, on the march like "McKenna", seeking but seldom finding an honest day's work. Said Brennan, after the detective had stood him to several drinks—"We must get on to Tamaqua or Mahanoy City. There's more coal being mined in them places right now 'n anywheres else in the whole State." And, after a bit more harangue, he concluded significantly—"There's the ground where the boys are true!"

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"Then," McParland put in quickly, "they are the very places I want to work in."

He had been watching Nick Brennan closely, and was convinced by the other's expression that his reply was not at all what had been expected. However, the fiery flow of hospitality won Brennan without proper response to passwords. He supplied the "grand boy, McKenna" with names and addresses of friends of his in the mines; which were not treasured by the Pinkerton operative half so much as that one portentous declaration — *There's the ground where the boys are true!*

XVIII: "McKENNA'S" TRIUMPH

The Rout of the Desperate Molly Maguires

McPARLAND, if less instinctively adept in secret service, might have made haste to follow the trail blazed by the miner in boozy heedlessness. But instead, with admirable dissimulation, he behaved just as though he had forgotten all about his parley with the informative Brennan. There would come a day, he believed, when every move he had made since alighting at Port Clinton would be methodically traced. Success, then, and his very life, might depend on the absolute naturalness of this tour — his haphazard approach to the strongholds of the brotherhood.

In Tower City he struck up acquaintance with a certain Tom Donohue who, when the detective made passable pretense of being in sympathy with the Mollies, admitted he was formerly a member — but had seen fit to resign. And Donohue contributed a letter of introduction to friends of his in Mahanoy City. McParland's next stop was at Pottsville, and there, at the boarding house of Mrs. O'Regan in East Norwegian Street, a young fellow boarder named Jennings, American born but of Irish descent, drew him aside to say that a saloon with "Pat. Dormer" over its door was one well worth avoiding.

"Sure, and what's the matter with the place?"

"Dormer," whispered Jennings, "is captain of the Sleepers." McParland had not previously heard this title of the Molly Maguires, but certainly it *was* that dread society to which Jennings alluded.

Pat Dormer! The detective obtained a description of the

Sticking to his story of the Colorado mining, the Pinkerton agent added a touch or two about journeying into Pennsylvania by way of the city of New York. Dormer seemed interested and invited him into a back room and a game of euchre; where his exposing one of the other players as a card cheat compelled McParland to accept a challenge to fight. This recreation he found to be clothed to an unexpected degree in formality. The rules of the prize ring prevailed, though there was no ring; each combatant "in his corner" — and there were corners — had to have a second, to dispute foul tactics, sponge his face, and offer advice and stimulants. Dormer felt constrained to act for the newcomer. And when McParland's mingling of science and agility made short work of his antagonist, the mammoth host of the Sheridan House was as elated as the backer of a professional pugilist.

The effect was electrical. Dormer called the conqueror aside and questioned him; and "McKenna" boldly asserted that, yes, he had been a member in the old country, and was not at all

But on another evening at Dormer's place the persuasive Jimmy had his first taste of the dangers that beset the pretender when Fenton Cooney, a veteran among the Mollies, started asking him pointed questions upon matters of which — if an authentic Hibernian — he ought to have been well informed. In this crisis the secret agent had only the resource of drunkenness, allowing his feigned jag to steal upon him so potently that, at last, he fell over on a bench and lapsed into a semi-stupor, barring further awkward inquiries.

After Girardville, he traveled to Tamaqua and finally to Shenandoah — only to learn that “Muff” Lawler was visiting Pottsville. McParland returned there, and on January 21st — after three months of wary endeavor — he had his first considerable stroke of progress to report, being presented by Pat Dormer to the bodymaster of the all powerful Shenandoah lodge.

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THE WANDERING "MCKENNA" ARRIVES AT PAT DORMER'S SALOON

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navy. Spread by Dormer and his cronies, this gossip soon made even the more skeptical of the Molly Maguires relax toward the comradely wayfarer.

February, 1874, found the detective removed to Shenandoah and actually resident in “Muff” Lawler’s own home, where he undertook to be an ideal boarder. There was one oddity he had, though, a weakness for blueing; and his persistent thefts of this laundering substance failed to perplex the Lawler household simply because they were never discovered. Paper and envelopes the secret agent had been storing all the while in his valise, unlocked, so as not to incite curiosity; but ink was an intellectual luxury — almost a symptom of snobbery — in those parts; and Mrs. Lawler’s blueing proved a very convenient and legible writing fluid. As to the supply of stamps, McParland had his stock regularly replenished from Philadelphia in order to avoid making conspicuous calls at the local post-office. Whatever surplus he had on hand he wrapped in brown paper and hid away in a narrow slit which he had made between the sheepskin lining and the stout leather of his heavy top-boots. And as he never owned but the one pair he was wearing, his telltale stamp reserve was always well hidden.

Now Lawler had volunteered both to find his boarder a job and to get him reinitiated into the Ancient Order. But he kept the first promise long before he was able to get around to the second. In coarse denim overalls and a loose jacket, and with a safety lamp fastened to his hatband, McParland late in February went to work as a mine laborer, his hours with the “day” shift being a minimum eleven — from six in the morning to five or half past in the afternoon.

Many weeks in the open had been completing the radical alteration of the detective’s appearance. His beard was heavier; exposure to all kinds of weather had darkened his complexion, and toughened the skin of his face and hands. Yet he was wholly unprepared for such conditions as were then pre-

In the first week of March he came up with a badly crushed hand, and upon recovering was transferred to a shovelling job in the shaft of the West Shenandoah colliery. Lawler was here also; and near by worked Frank McAndrew, a pleasant man of Irish extraction, and, perhaps, the first Molly Maguire encountered by the detective whom he genuinely liked. McAndrew, twenty-nine, married, and the father of two children, was a prominent competitor of Lawler's within the secret organization, the latter desiring reelection as bodymaster, while McAndrew considered that honor now due unto him.

"Stay here, Jim," he urged. "Do all you can to get me re-elected, and I swear I'll fix you up right with the boys at the very next meeting."

It is not to be thought that this goodly step forward was accomplished without increasing risks. Each new acquaintance

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represented a further test of McParland's disguise and powers of invention. And all this while of his danger, hard work, and gradual progress toward the goal of membership, Molly terrorism was in no way abating. The Pinkerton agent had, for example, gathered details of a felonious attack made upon a Welsh mine boss in the neighborhood of Shenandoah. The man was repeatedly warned to stop discharging Irishmen to make more places for his compatriots during the labor slump. When he refused to heed either verbal or written threats, the Mollies in a body visited his home at dead of night, broke in and smashed the furniture, brutally abused members of his family, and then dragged the obstinate Welshman out into the yard half clad and clubbed him insensible. He was left for dead; but by a miracle of rugged health he did not die. As usual, there were no arrests.

McParland, to ingratiate himself with Lawler, had become a devotee of that ruffian's specialties, dog and cock-fighting. He proved exceptionally skillful in conditioning gamecocks, acted as trainer and manager of Lawler's sporting birds, and took care of arrangements leading up to a main — one of the more innocent diversions of the brotherhood. When Lawler wounded himself with his own revolver, he attempted to explain that he had been shot by an unknown assailant. But McParland showed that there was no bullet hole in his clothes and joked about his bad aim. Lawler admitted the accident then, begging to have it kept quiet, and so McParland turned doctor and nurse and also barman, as one of Lawler's perquisites was the dispensing of liquor and the detective had to help Mrs. Lawler with that.

Mr. Pinkerton's spy was versatile enough to remain on good terms with all factions within the Shenandoah lodge, and when at the July meeting Frank McAndrew achieved his heart's desire, replacing Lawler as bodymaster, McParland was ap-

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pointed his secretary. That same day, it may be added, the Molly Maguires were doomed. Illiterate like many another eminent brother, McAndrew stood badly in need of secretarial aid — just as badly, no doubt, as Messrs. Pinkerton and Gowen needed to know all the facts about a Molly lodge and the conduct of those holding office therein.

Picture at this hour the furtive triumph of James McParland, after nearly nine months of the most artful acting possessed at last of passwords and codes, signs of recognition, toasts and responses. He was custodian of a bodymaster's conscience. He was actually in charge of the records of one of the most important district organizations. Moreover, his gifts as a penman put him in touch with the inner life of the entire community, girls even asking him to write tender messages to a favorite beau. He catered to the sporting set, intent upon gamecocks and "champion" mongrels; he danced and he boxed; he sang and flirted, and exercised an affectation of prodigious thirst.

For the time being this diet of cheap whisky was perhaps his gravest peril. But soon he began to hear it argued that the newly installed McAndrew was too tame, too timid. The rowdy majority believed he would never lead them to the depredations their restless spirits craved. "McKenna for bodymaster" became a private slogan of the rabble. And to be elected on such a ticket would be extraordinarily embarrassing just now, when the annihilation of mob rule appeared well on the way toward accomplishment.

With hundreds of men thrown out of work by the virtual shut-down at the mines, the situation throughout the whole anthracite region was growing ever more acute. The idle mine workers were in an ugly mood; brawls between Welsh or German and Irish were almost an hourly occurrence. Among the sometimes outnumbered Mollies there was so much talk of doing away with objectionable antagonists that McParland

“McKENNA’S” TRIUMPH

realized he might at any time be ordered to lead an attack or participate in an assassination.

His only available subterfuge was to pretend to enormous unreliability by excessive indulgence in drink. He always seemed more intoxicated than he was, yet even so, this enforced and incessant imbibing of bad liquor completed the break-up of his once robust constitution. Taken ill, his hair fell out, and he was compelled when convalescent to buy a wig. It was a shade or two redder than his own hair had been, and quickly got to be tangled and villainous looking. As a final tribute to his gifts of imitation, his playing the “heavy” at all hours, so notoriously known a Molly Maguire did the nearly inebriate “McKenna” become that the door of every well-conducted hotel and tavern in the district was shut against him.

The Roman Catholic Church had lately taken note of the secret society’s vicious course and was waging a determined war, its priests armed with the considerable threat of wholesale excommunications. But did the worst of the Mollies quake and reform their ways? They did nothing of the kind — and even seemed to operate more boldly. In the month of November another series of particularly outrageous events spread across the calendar of their misdeeds. A strike had been called arbitrarily; though there were any number of miners anxious to stay on the job, mindful of privations suffered during the spring and summer lay-off. These temperate workers were beaten into submission — oftentimes their little homes were burned. On one day alone, the eighteenth of the month, six persons lost their lives — murdered by the Molly Maguires in sections where they had a strangle hold.

McParland did all he could to get warnings through to intended victims. He tortured his wits in trying to think of persuasions to use in convincing the more savage members of the inexpediency of their plans. Yet without perceptible dis-

Early in April of '75 the detective slipped away to Philadelphia and in a parlor suite of an obscure hotel held a momentous conference with Allan Pinkerton, Superintendent Franklin, and, subsequently, with F. B. Gowen, the backer of the whole campaign. In the face of continuous atrocities it was decided to expand the Pinkerton operations at once. But the additional detectives were not to be under-cover men like McParland. They were openly to appear as alleged recruits of an increasing force of Coal and Iron Police, which industrial body was even then, as an exponent of hard knocks that are fuel for public resentment, about the most perfectly named organization in America.

The leader of the new squad of Pinkertons moving upon the scene was Captain Robert J. Linden, dispatched post-haste from the Chicago headquarters and long a trusted operative

Meanwhile, the bloodthirsty faction in Shenandoah blessed by the absence of the mild McAndrew, nagged his substitute to get on with the extinction of Gomer James, a Welsh miner accused of killing an Irishman. McParland sent repeated warnings through to James, hoping he could be persuaded to decamp. But the doughty Welshman stood his ground. In a current phrase, he was "asking for it!" Vacillation on McParland's part would not in the end spare James, and would assuredly mark the detective as an enemy of the cause he professed to espouse. He saw no way out, save to get terribly drunk once more and stay in that dire condition, postponing merely from hour to hour his appointment of the time, the place and — the killers.

When work in the mines of the Mahanoy Valley recommenced, the men received their first pay on Saturday, the 14th of August. Inebriated miners, most of them armed and all of them bellicose, were surging about—a justice of the peace was slain merely for issuing a warrant charging two

The killer of Gomer James was a Shenandoah Molly named Hurley, who at the next general meeting of the society blandly claimed a cash reward. The member who had slain the justice of the peace likewise was revealed to McParland; but this assassin had not Hurley's acute sense of values and simply fled the State. It was reported that citizens were now so aroused they were forming a vigilance committee to put an end to the reign of terror. And McParland reflected ruefully that he — seen as the boon companion of murderers and considered as bad as the worst of them — would be among the first to experience a call from the vigilantes, should any such counter-uprising ravage the coal regions.

Two Mollies—Michael J. Doyle and Edward Kelly—were indicted in Mauch Chunk for the slaying of J. P. Jones. Kerrigan, the Tamaqua bodymaster, had attended this killing as a kind of egger-on and graduate manager—which McParland had managed to learn within the very precincts of the Tamaqua division. And then, being placed under arrest—confronted with the proofs of his complicity, Kerrigan elected to turn State's evidence. He was well advised in this; yet his choice of self-preservation was a blow to Molly

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solidarity so crushing and complete that leaders as smart as Jack Kehoe refused to believe it.

In the Philadelphia office of the Agency all the members of the brotherhood were listed by county; and these lists — which represented many weeks of McParland's most furtive and subtle efforts — were now released by Allan Pinkerton to be published broadcast in the newspapers of the nation. Molly Maguires, great and small, furious and afraid, read their names and looked about them. The lists could mean only one thing — an enemy on the inside of the supposedly airtight organization. A spy! Knowing all — acquainted with everybody!

One more murder was ventured. The assassins seemed to be traced with incredible ease. Arrested, they prepared to prove the usual alibis. But it did not come off; tremendous evidence had been compiled against the pair; and both, being convicted, were sentenced to hang.

More than two years had elapsed with the Pinkerton operative unsuspected; but the physical strain upon him had been merciless, his eyes were in need of the best medical attention — he was threatened with blindness, and the perils of his cunningly masked emplacement had arrived at a peak. He wrote, urging Franklin to order him arrested; and in that application Linden anxiously concurred. It was the only way, they believed, to galvanize the evil repute of "McKenna" — the one way to enable him to continue his espionage while the unholy order remained to be utterly uprooted.

Yet before this stratagem could be put into effect, Jack Kehoe called a special meeting of denunciation. And McParland was not invited to attend! Rumors of his true mission had suddenly sprung into circulation. A Reading Railroad conductor submitted his opinion, with detrimental particulars. Doubtless he had seen the detective at some time during his trip to Philadelphia the April preceding. Another

Heavily armed, like a genuine thug, the detective thereafter made his way in safety to Fenton Cooney's house, where he had lodged ever since the failing health of "Muff" Lawler's wife necessitated a reduction of her housekeeping duties. Two strange members of the clan, Sweeney and Dowling, called upon him early the next morning, solemn and casual, and quick to explain that they were only just in from Scranton. McParland realized that overnight they had been commissioned to get rid of him, for neither had troubled to inform himself that the earliest Scranton train would not yet have arrived.

It was a sleigh ride of some distance to Kehoe's home. And — quite unlike our regal gangsters "taken for a ride" in this efficient age — the detective was master of the situation every yard of the way. Kehoe, county delegate and dominant Molly, was just sitting down to a largely liquid breakfast with some of his cronies who had come over to celebrate the removal of the menace they deemed "McKenna" to be. They heard sleigh bells, and those still sober enough crowded to the windows.

McParland strolled in, knowing none of them would dare

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perhaps snorting too, but neither one of them was in motion. They gaped and they swore, fumbling to draw weapons they did not dare to use in their surpassingly exposed position.

Thus, James McParland, Pinkerton extraordinary, rode safely away from the scenes of his prolonged and unparalleled masquerade. The wheel stopped spinning; the gambler had risked all he had — and won!

It is true, the detective never entirely regained his health — even though transferred to the beneficial climate of Colorado, and eventually promoted to superintend the Pinkerton office in Denver. But his exploit in detective annals has marched steadily on to fame. Because he was plausible and resolute, audacious — unscrupulous, if you will — the Molly Maguires and the dread of a decade in Pennsylvania were swept away to the limbo of evils that have been.

XIX: WORTH AND SHERIDAN

And the Bidwells' Bank of England Forgeries

THE trials of the brotherhood's ringleaders were as sensational as they had been expected to be. McParland, although originally promised that he would not have to go into court, was asked by Mr. Gowen to lend himself to the securing of certain convictions which could hardly be obtained without his testimony. It seemed inadvisable to let some of the criminals escape penalties which others, no worse than they, were sure to receive; and so the exhausted Pinkerton spy consented to appear as a witness. He stipulated only that he should return to the scenes of investigation in his true rôle of detective. Allan Pinkerton insisted on assigning for his protection Gilchrist and Deacons, two of the Agency's finest marksmen. Wherefore McParland, scarcely to be recognized as the former unkempt roisterer, suffered what he thought to be humiliation in having to walk about Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, and other towns of the coal region with armed guards striding along on either side of him.

There was no attempt made anywhere to molest him. The more virulent of the Molly Maguires were either hiding or already in cells. At the trials, to be sure, the Pinkerton operative was very roughly handled by counsel for the defense. L'Velle, the most aggressive of these heavily handicapped gentlemen, followed the only course open to him in proclaiming that all the murders, rioting and baleful occurrences in that part of Pennsylvania had begun after the induction of "McKenna" into the Molly organization. McParland, he sought to prove, had been nothing less than an *agent provocateur*. In refuta-

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tion of which Franklin Gowen took the stand himself to submit evidence of an avalanche of crimes and oppression that had preceded the date of his employment of the Pinkertons, thereby extinguishing whatever faint prospect of acquittal L'Velle's sullen clients may have had.

The press of the State and the whole country solidly supported the prosecution; indeed, the trials enlisted almost world-wide attention. The *American Law Review* of January, '77, devoted twenty-eight pages to the legal aspects of the convictions dependent upon McParland's testimony. And only the *Irish World*, rather blatantly partisan, detected an obscure innocence in the Molly Maguires, assailing Gowen as "head of the coal monopoly" and McParland as a despicable "hired informer." Fortunate it was, said most Pennsylvanians, that Allan Pinkerton had such a man for Gowen to hire.

To understand the involutions and complexities of the Agency's work at this time it is only necessary to recall that, while dosing the Molly brotherhood with their lethal prescription, the Pinkertons were simultaneously engaged in warring upon such prodigious malefactors as Adam Worth and Walter Sheridan, and had lately joined with detectives of Scotland Yard in rounding up a band clever enough to defraud the Bank of England of more than one hundred thousand pounds.

Worth was called, perhaps whimsically, the "emperor of the underworld", but he was also known to four continents as "Little Adam", and no criminal of modern times has ever had so many respectful things said about him by baffled police administrators.¹ Dapper, cultivated, well-dressed and

¹ McCluer Stevens in "Famous Crimes and Criminals" quotes Sir Robert Anderson, who became chief of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard while Adam Worth was at the height of his career, as having said of him: "He was the Napoleon of the criminal world. None other could hold a candle to him."

WORTH AND SHERIDAN

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affable, Adam, unlike most other New York criminals of his generation, abhorred the idea of employing force. Rarely did he permit himself a weapon of any sort, even when leading some strikingly desperate enterprise. He had a keen mind and a very quick wit. Without resorting to bribery, as Piper did — to scarfpins, or keys designed from mashed potato, like Max Shimburn, he broke the law of many lands for nearly five decades and was never but once restrained or discommoded by the authorities. In his whole career he estimated that he had stolen or otherwise fraudulently gained amounts to the total sum of eight hundred thousand pounds sterling. At Scotland Yard this figure was nearly doubled, as several of his mightier depredations were known to have brought in close to one hundred thousand pounds apiece.

Worth grew up in the city of his birth, was a clerk for a time, and then, after the Civil War broke out, a soldier in a New York regiment. When the draft was threatening, and the odious bounty system began to flourish, little Adam put aside his musket long enough to turn a faintly dishonest penny. Expecting to stay in the Union army anyway, he deserted momentarily, reënlisted under another name and pocketed a bounty of five hundred dollars. Yet his record in the field seems to have caused no complaints; it was only at the termination of the conflict he demobilized himself straight into a forty years' war upon society.

Between 1866 and 1870 he was the brains of a gang of professional robbers who levied generously upon banks and business houses. His share alone of the looting of the Boylston Bank of Boston was over one hundred thousand dollars. The Pinkertons were called into this case, and, when they had captured several of his accomplices, heard for the first time the name of Adam Worth. He had escaped with his swag to Europe.

It is said he really anticipated a quietly luxurious retire-

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ment, possessing now almost half a million. But little Adam, perhaps more than any other, experienced the disability attaching to all genuine "master minds" of the underworld: they are so few, they have to accept the coöperation or endure the confidence of lesser fry, extravagant, fickle and full of treacherous cunning. Worth, throughout a long, successful life, kept trying to resign his emperor's throne; but former confederates, whom his schemes had enriched, but who had been neither prudent nor thrifty, emerged from jails and blackmailed the little genius, until he was compelled either to set about replenishing his own funds, or submitted to their demands for leadership to save such reserves as he had left. His plagued and exalted majesty even tried buying a splendid yacht and hiding from his acquaintances at sea — but to no purpose, for ardent, impoverished followers found him out, and presently had him planning his great South African exploit, the stealing of between seventy and eighty thousand pounds' worth of uncut stones from the Kimberley "diamond mail."

A few months later he performed his London raid upon the Hatton Garden post-office, obtaining another vast treasure in diamonds. Worth had shrewdly refrained from disbursing the Kimberley stones, and he now had precious supply enough to establish an American crook named Wynert in business as a legitimate diamond merchant. It took Wynert less than a year and a half to dispose of the product of the two celebrated thefts. And it is said that at Worth's suggestion he resold most of the fine stones to the very merchants to whom they had originally been consigned.

Being fond of his immunity and determined at all costs to preserve it, Worth dwelt in terror of some petty accomplice turning King's evidence and landing him, to the great pride and relief of numbers of police, in an English prison. Bullard, an American criminal who had been with him in the Boylston

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Worth tried bribery again, even though aware of the differing official temperaments of England and Asia Minor. He then thought to save his threatful friends by committing a crime which seems to have no parallel in the boldest traditions of the underworld. It was May, 1876; and hanging in the art gallery of Messrs. Agnew and Company in Bond Street was the celebrated Gainsborough portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire. Worth — with the aid of one stalwart, Phillips, who supported him until he could grasp the stone coping and so make his way upward to a second-story window — entered the gallery about midnight. Locating the painting by means of a bull's-eye lantern, he deftly cut it from its frame, rolled it up and enclosed it in a metallic cylinder, where it was to remain for many a day.

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Walter Sheridan in his day was conceded to be America's most prepossessing criminal. He was as handsome, some said, as Harry Montague, matinée idol extraordinary; yet it took the Pinkertons three years to get his photograph. He began his variations from rectitude in St. Louis in '58, there stealing a horse. After which he worked his way up through every grade of crime, until he stood at the top of the swindling fraternity. Sheridan's takings from a life work not interrupted by arrests cannot have fallen far below the prodigious booty of Adam Worth. When in '76 Robert Pinkerton brought him into court for the last time, there were eighty-four separate indictments for forgery standing against him in the State of New York alone.

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Sheridan seems thereafter to have been traced rather easily. He was arrested in Sandusky, Ohio, and while being escorted to Chicago, tried to persuade the passengers on the train that he had been kidnaped. These two men — William Pinkerton and another Agency operative — were his kidnapers! This ruse failing, he offered the secondary Pinkerton ten thousand dollars to permit him to jump, hand-cuffed though he was, from a car window. And so Big Bill spent the rest of the journey watching *two* travelers.

"For the eyes?"

They couldn't put a man like that in a cell at Joliet. Sheridan proceeded to spend twenty thousand dollars in fighting

Taking up his career at more distant points, the handsome robber prospered and had a leading part in a daring new series of bank burglaries. In view of these crimes and others already considered — not to speak of financial events like George Leslie's raid upon the Manhattan Savings Institution of New York where all of \$2,747,000 was bulkily carried off — one marvels at the persistent solvency of the American Commonwealth. Perhaps the wily Sheridan wondered about it at the time, for we next hear of him proposing the great Bank of England forgeries to his partners, Wilkes, Gleason and Andrew J. Roberts, and to McDonald and the brothers Bidwell — who were to conduct the British end of the huge undertaking. A bit more study of his creation told Sheridan that the scheme itself was practically perfect, but that his arrangements were not; for McDonald and the Bidwells seemed to be incapable of caution, were, in fact, addicted to bragging about their immediate plans to very available types of women, with whom all three habitually consorted. Sheridan, therefore, left the Bank of England intact and resumed the swindling of his fellow countrymen. And it is one of the pleasant ironies of this record that his judgment of his colleagues could be so acute. When they came to be sentenced to prison for life, it was due substantially to the very incautious failings he had spotted in them.

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ing Gottlieb Engels—the last a forger whose skill, if possible, equalled Piper's, though he lacked that master's singular poise and imagination—and very painstakingly they began to prepare the most gigantic series of forgeries ever known to America. Five million dollars' worth of fraudulent bonds were ultimately issued, designed to represent those of the foremost corporations of the country, and so faultlessly executed that when they came into the market, they brought black ruin upon many Wall Street brokers and scores of private investors as well.

Because of the low price asked for some of the bonds, made out as of issue from the Buffalo and Erie Railroad, they were submitted by a wary shareholder to the president of that road. "Are they *genuine*?" he exclaimed. "Why, my dear sir, of course they're genuine. And a surprising bargain at that figure." He asked the name of the seller—whose sudden necessity had instigated this sacrificial price—and from him promptly bought thirty thousand dollars' worth for his private account.

Sheridan must have profited enormously, for the next game he elected to play was an expensive and nearly honest one. Claiming to be the nephew of Ralston, a San Francisco banker who had lost his fortune and committed suicide, the criminal settled down at Number 60 Broadway, established an "A-a" credit rating, became a member of the New York Stock Exchange, as well as carrying on a successful business as agent for the Belgian Stone Company, dealing in granite and many kinds of fancy marble. But with the eventual discovery of the bond forgeries, he had to realize quickly on his assets and make all possible speed to Belgium. There William A. Pinkerton, abroad in pursuit of another criminal, encountered him, living like a prince in Brussels, and certain he would never return to America.

Yet return he did, as Walter A. Stewart, and in Denver

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was well and favorably known as an upright business man until gambling in the wildest sort of mining stocks swept away every dollar he had in the world. The Pinkertons somehow had discovered an interest in Stewart, and after a while identified him as Walter Sheridan. He was shadowed; and it was found out he planned to move East, doubtless to renew his old contacts and inaugurate some blazing project wholly abhorrent to the law. As he stepped from a Pennsylvania Railroad ferryboat at Desbrosses Street, Robert Pinkerton touched him on the arm. The detective had a bench warrant. Sheridan offered no resistance. His lack of funds made even his legal defense much less astute than the Agency heads, who remembered that trial at Decatur, had anticipated. And despite the mass of indictments against him, because of his obviously failing health, his sentence was comparatively light — five years in Sing Sing.

While awaiting arraignment on the day of his trial, the old-time Sheridan emerged in a characteristic action. He was detained with other prisoners and learned that he was to be confronted and identified by a number of his victims. Whereat he exchanged apparel with one of the meanest-looking criminals, giving up his smartly cut garments for the worst to be had. Thus altered in appearance, upon being called into court his own attorney scarcely knew him; and many of the prosecutor's witnesses failed to recognize the ingratiating swindler. Perhaps even his "failing health" was in part, at least, a sartorial effect.

The brothers, George and Austin Bidwell, were never really dangerous except to themselves, and, were it not for their leading part in one complicated international exploit, they would scarcely be admitted to a roll call ranging from Piper the "invincible", to Sheridan and "Emperor" Adam Worth. At twenty Austin Bidwell had been a successful stock broker.

At length they found their American incomes deficient and set out together to prey upon Europe. Following Sheridan's abandonment of his plan to impose forged paper on the Bank of England, Austin Bidwell took it up as his own innovation. Besides his brother and the clever swindler, McDonald, a young man by the name of Noyes — half dupe, half lackey — had later to be enlisted to make all the more hazardous public appearances. Austin Bidwell flourished about London as Mr. F. A. Warren, an overcapitalized parvenu from the United States; and so congenial was this rôle, for a time he believed it himself, and when the moment came to lay it aside did so with keenest regret.

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So far so good, and with his brother George and McDonald

Hoping to make absolutely certain of safety, it had been

Young Mr and Mrs Bidwell — for "Warren" was now

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The eventful processes of detection that swept both the Bidwells and McDonald so quickly into the net began in this wise. On the second day after Austin Bidwell left England to be married in Paris, his fellow conspirators started to discount the forged acceptances, and the tellers at the Bank of England unhesitatingly passed and paid out money on the fraudulent paper. About £102,000 had been realized, with a million in prospect before the three to six months' period of expiration should expose the cheat, when a very minor, easily avoided oversight wrecked the whole affair. The date was left off one of the forged notes, which omission, being promptly observed at the bank, caused the paper to be returned to its ostensible maker to have the error corrected. Forgery was at once discovered.

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There would come a time when the Agency specialized in bank protection, in holding at bay all the cleverest criminals whose preference for despoiling such institutions had been marked. "You let our people alone," William A. Pinkerton made a habit of saying to them, "and we'll leave you alone. If you don't, we will follow you to the ends of the earth." And helping him to make good this tourist threat were the new and effectively operative international treaties of extradition, so largely instigated by his father, his brother Robert, and himself.

The Bank of England forgeries case was perhaps doubly distinguished because of the dispute that arose in an instance of this kind—the treaty-less extraditing of Austin Bidwell from Cuba. Working for so famous a client, the Agency's greatest drive had been launched, Robert Pinkerton and half a dozen of his shrewdest men going to London, while Big Bill with Curtin, as keen an operative as any old Allan had ever trained, remained alertly active in New York. In London

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Ten thousand pounds —

Compared with one of Warren's cheques, the writing proved to be identical. Warren, then, had formerly made out a cheque of his here in McDonald's quarters. A description of McDonald, being spread broadcast, brought news that he had been in Brussels — and then set sail for New York. When the steamer *Thuringia* docked there police and Pinkerton agents were waiting to grab the returning tourist. Similarly, through his mingled weakness for loose talk and loose women, George Bidwell was traced to an otherwise impenetrable haven in Ireland. Curtin and Big Bill Pinkerton were devoting themselves to the probable identity of the flamboyant Warren.

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A former acquaintance of Bidwell's dropped the casual remark that Austin had frequently declared he meant to settle in the tropics whenever his finances became secure. Curtin took the next train South, pausing on the east coast of Florida to communicate with American consuls all over the West Indies, requesting in behalf of the Agency names of any wealthy young Americans lately visiting the cities in which they were stationed. From Havana came back the four words: Austin Bidwell and wife. Curtin took ship to Havana.

Mr. Delane's *Times* of May 28th, 1873, had this to announce:

Among the passengers who landed at Plymouth yesterday afternoon, from the Royal Mail Company's steamship *Moselle*, were Austin Bidwell *alias* Warren, in charge of detective Sergeants Michael Hayden and William Green, of the city police, and Mr. Curtin, private detective (of Mr. Pinkerton's staff, from Chicago.)

On April 10th the *Times* had carried this dispatch from Havana:

The British Consul continues to counteract the efforts that are being made to prevent the extradition of Bidwell.

And regarding the forces opposing Austin Bidwell's extradition, a further dispatch read:

Generals Portello and Renegassi have been relieved of their posts and are ordered to return to Spain.

The Bidwell brothers, who spelled endorsed with a "c" and had been near to imprisonment because of that phonetic frailty at Montevideo, in '72, were gifted in stirring up unusual commotions, all of which exaggerated their criminal importance and their rather naive sympathy for each other.

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The struggle over Austin's extradition from Cuba took on an acute political aspect in that disturbed colony. The Pinkertons wished to conduct him from Havana to London *via* New York. There were contrary-minded Spanish officials who seemed to feel that one with close to thirty thousand pounds still in his possession might be profitably detained in the Cuban capital. And the ultimate ruling of the colonial administration was but a recoil of the recent affair of the *Virginus*; to spite filibustering Americanos, Bidwell was tossed to the police detectives sent out from England.

The sensational brothers and McDonald, being charged and convicted with the sure dispatch of the British criminal courts, were crushingly rebuked with sentences of life imprisonment. However, in a very few years there began a movement sympathetic to the Americans' appeals for a reprieve. Liberated first, George hurried to America to publish a book which he called "Forging His Own Chains: the Wonderful Life-Story of George Bidwell", and which turned out to be strongly prejudiced in favor of the right to rob Englishmen without suffering for it in England's stricter penal institutions. And George's memoirs were to have a curious likeness to Austin's, issued some years later. Each brother in his cell had a pet mouse that played dead, and each a jealous pet rat intent on adding realism to the mouse's imitation of *rigor mortis*; which seems a peculiar coincidence, unless such tricks were an hereditary tendency of British prison vermin.

George Bidwell, lecturing and hawking his book across the continent, pleaded for his brother's release in terms of anti-English agitation, as though Austin, McDonald and himself had been political prisoners. None the less, their penalties were admittedly excessive; and each deserved relief when it came. John Bright, subscribing to a petition for clemency after Austin Bidwell had served eighteen years, wrote — "A life sentence on a young man twenty-five years of age for

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an offense against property, seems to me very harsh and inconsistent with the better feeling prevailing in our time."

Austin entitled his book — "*From Wall Street to Newgate via the Primrose Way.*"

XX: THE BAFFLING CASE OF "A. B."

An Advertisement That Helped to Solve a Crime

ALLAN PINKERTON's work in the Adams Express and other early cases suggests that he never allowed one operative to attend to any part of an investigation which might be divided among two or more. This may have been a characteristic inherent in the *per diem* bookkeeping of the Agency; but it is more amiable to suppose he was then learning a new trade, and while perfecting his methods, could afford to take no chances. After James McParland's sweeping victory over the Molly Maguires, there began a perceptible trend away from the old web and network system that had eleven investigators at one time deciphering the guilt of Nathan Maroney. Pinkerton agents, more independently assigned, were made responsible for a specific process of detection, living with their suspicions until they could translate them into evidence strong enough to warrant an arrest and to stand the withering fire of defending counsel in court.

The Agency's manner of handling the Bohner murder mystery and arriving at a right solution would have delighted that renowned student of crime and criminal investigation, Doctor Hans Gross; it might even have impressed the slightly omnipotent Sherlock Holmes, Esq. So well informed a contemporary judge of detective methods as George Dilnot has pronounced it a brilliant example of Pinkerton work at its best.¹

In the village of Edgewood, New York, on a quiet Sunday morning, the body of a man had been found, to the great

¹ Dilnot, "Great Detectives and Their Methods."

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warned that the Pinkertons were taking up his almost imperceptible trail.

Bangs' advertising brought him only one reply, but that one sufficed — for by it he was enabled to meet and escort to Edgewood a man who positively identified the murdered young man as Adolph Bohner, an artist come from Strassburg but a few months before. He had not been in America long enough to establish those contacts so enormously helpful to the investigator. However, his room could be searched, which Bangs now did, finding something of sterling worth — a methodically kept little diary, wherein one of the last lines ever to be written by Bohner proclaimed: "To-morrow will go to Edgewood to meet August Franssen. He promises to pay me back the money he owes."

Here at last was that elusive essential called motive. Unknown in Edgewood, and scarcely known anywhere in America, Bohner could have taken a prize as the man least likely to be murdered in New York State that season. Yet he had been well enough acquainted with one person to lend him money. And this debtor, Franssen, had presumably picked Edgewood for their rendezvous because of his knowledge that he could not repay Bohner, and might quarrel with him upon failing to do so. Franssen had come to a lonely spot prepared for trouble, bearing a knife — mayhap premeditating murder. Once he were found, it should be possible to detect that also.

A Pinkerton agent, Brockman, operating in and around Edgewood as an alleged house painter, was instructed to make immediate inquiries throughout that region concerning August Franssen. His reply came back that, though questioning scores, he had found nobody who could recall ever having heard the name before.

The celebrated long reach of the Pinkerton organization fared much better in Europe. In tracing the dead man, the

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suspect also was traced; for Franssen, like Bohner, had come from the famous city of Alsace — with which point all similarities ended. Acquainted from childhood, but never intimate friends, they had pretty steadily demonstrated the difference between talent and no talent, between laziness and industry. Bohner seemed to show great promise as an artist. Franssen, a shoemaker by trade, concentrated his few abilities upon getting out of work and into trouble.

The report sent from Strassburg by the Agency's European representative added something to the homicidal motive of August Franssen, since even there his interests had clashed with Bohner's. Both had cared for the same girl. But Franssen she had rejected; it was the steady, ambitious Bohner she preferred. And soon after learning this gladsome decision, the artist had set out for the New World, hoping to earn money enough to support a bride. Franssen, disgusted with such poor local appreciation as he had found all his life, had stolen a considerable sum from his father and taken passage — no doubt to Bohner's amazement — upon the same vessel carrying his successful rival to New York.

Here again the neat pen of the dead man bore witness, for in the diary were traces of the intimacy circumstance had forced upon the two after landing, alien, unacquainted and alone. With so little in common at Strassburg, they found they had Strassburg in common in the strange teeming life of New York. But Bohner's diary disclosed, as though he had lived to swear to it, that the shoemaker had been a shiftless, dependent companion. The thrifty young artist and husband-to-be, saving every cent he could, had helped Franssen financially a score of times, with never a dollar passing in repayment. The diary at last announced: "Told August Franssen to-day I had lent him all I could afford."

Bangs sent for Mendelsohn, an operative not only of German birth, but, happily, also acquainted with the craft of

Representing himself as an old friend who had heard of a

Mandelstam realized the *bad* second Example 11.11 arose

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us, I've often wondered how a whole hour in advance he could feel so sure."

Brockman followed this rich vein even further. The cobbler's home was ornamented with a pretty servant girl, who made the engaging of successive young cobbler's helpers a somewhat easier task than the isolation of the village would otherwise have warranted. The curiously well informed "Wagner" had been so interested in the girl that, upon making his sudden exit — two days after the published identification of Bohner's body — he had been unable to resist giving her a gift. A well-worn pair of man's buckskin gloves, with the initials "A. B." traced in India ink on the inside of each!

The detective even concluded his researches in the neighborhood by dining at the small inn near Edgewood where, it was remembered, a nervous-appearing young man calling himself a shoemaker had been served a late supper on the Saturday night of Adolph Bohner's disappearance. But it was left for Mendelsohn to bring out the last indisputable strand of this nicely ordered skein of proofs. Franssen had come to the conclusion that both health and happiness might improve for him if he were to travel west, but, of course, he lacked money enough to pay his fare a quarter of the way. Asked for a loan, Mendelsohn seemed to consider it favorably and start taking stock of his immediate resources. Franssen, overeager to collect, blurted out an offer to sell him a pawn ticket for a man's suit of clothes. The detective grew even more receptive, but said he would not pay for the clothing until he saw how near it came to fitting him. "Why, say, it's just your size," Franssen protested. "Here, take this — see for yourself. I can trust you." He handed over the ticket; and Mendelsohn promised him the five dollars, possibly the loan in addition, if the suit came forth as represented.

George Bangs went with Mendelsohn to redeem that suit; and they hurried with it to the acquaintance of Bohner's —

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who now did not hesitate to declare it had belonged to the slain artist. Franssen's number was up. Mendelsohn returned to pay him as agreed; and they spent half the night with beer and Franssen's sketchy tourist program.

Promptly at ten o'clock next morning the Pinkerton operative arrived at the Erie Railroad ferry. Here August Franssen had arranged to meet him and say a final farewell. But where was Franssen? It grew later — five after, ten after ten; and still the traveler was missing. Other conspicuous absentees were Superintendent Bangs and whatever subordinates he might care to assemble, after reading Mendelsohn's note telling what early train Franssen had chosen.

At 10:15 the detective saw Franssen hurrying across West Street, carrying an awkward immigrant bundle. He had overslept, he gasped — he was breathless from running and anxious to board the ferryboat immediately. "Plenty of time yet, Gus — don't make me feel you're *glad* to skip away from me," said Mendelsohn, playing out his hateful part to the end. And he continued talking in that sentimental strain till he caught a changed expression — sly, almost squinting — about the other's eyes. After weeks of the most subtle work he had finally aroused the murderer's suspicion.

"Come along now," Franssen said, "if you're so eager about keeping with me. I know I'm in debt to you. It'll only cost you a few cents more, though, to take the ferry."

They started moving toward the gate, Mendelsohn lifting his feet as if each weighed a hundred pounds. He was more than slow, he was glacial. And he went out of his way to collide with women and children, all hurrying for trains, and upon each expended a few more precious seconds of that intervening agony of time, begging pardons and acting the effusively apologetic. "For God's sake —" snarled Franssen, who had slain a far more inoffensive creditor.

"Just a moment, Gus —" Pushing eagerly through the

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throng in the ferryhouse, Mendelsohn had discovered three men, Bangs, Brockman, and another operative. Franssen, irritably hugging his bundle, stood not five feet away from the gate; overhead a moaning whistle sounded his impending departure; then a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder. A stern voice made him jump. *Arrested!* “—for the murder of Adolph Bohner!”

Franssen cried out in terrible fear, as if beside the stalwart Mr. Bangs he had seen the slighter form of the artist, a specter, but real and fateful to him. He let the bundle slip from his grasp, swung round, twisting and trying to break away. But he was firmly held and then he was handcuffed.

The customary reluctance of American juries to find verdicts of first-degree homicide, where the evidence is strictly circumstantial, saved Franssen from capital punishment. He never was made to confess, and so was let off with a long term of imprisonment; though what more convincing proofs of premeditated murder could be submitted by a detective force, all twelve of the jurors at Franssen's trial unfortunately neglected to state.

XXI: HOMESTEAD

The Founder's Sons In Charge of the Agency

THE most famous detective in America had suffered a slight paralytic stroke in 1869, and thereafter resigned to others his part in the actual work of investigation, detection, or pursuit of criminals. It was anything but retirement, however; his career had thrust upon him all the requests and obligations of a man of international note; and he continued his keen oversight of the business of all branches of the Agency with no regard for symptoms of broken health. It would also appear that, still proud of his great capacity for work, Allan Pinkerton imposed on himself a fearful amount of remembering to attend to, and either wrote or dictated the last of his years away.

Most of his cherished personal records had been lost in the Chicago fire of '71, a lamentable happening for anybody, but singularly unkind to one who was to publish reminiscent stories and anecdotes to the extent of eighteen volumes, each from five to seven hundred pages in length. These obese books, comprising not less than two and three-quarter million words, were issued in rapid succession by the New York house of G. W. Carleton & Company, and were entitled:

The Gypsies and the Detectives
A Double Life and the Detectives
Bucholz and the Detectives
Claude Melnotte as a Detective
The Spiritualists and the Detectives

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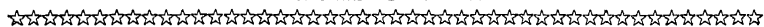


The Mississippi Outlaws and the Detectives
Strikers, Communists, Tramps, and Detectives
The Spy of the Rebellion
The Bank-Robbers and the Detectives
The Rail-road Forger and the Detectives
Criminal Reminiscences and Detective Sketches
The Expressman and the Detectives
The Somnambulist and the Detectives
The Model Town and the Detectives
The Burglar's Fate and the Detectives
The Molly Maguires and the Detectives
Professional Thieves and the Detectives
Thirty Years a Detective

The author, it will be seen, was inclined neither to shun advertisement nor neglect those with whom he had spent his life — detectives. Whether records or memoirs, the volumes are still as fascinating to sweep through as the stately diction of their time and an often massive literalness permits them to be.

Yet Mr. Pinkerton, shorn of his earlier files, could also be fanciful. It is seldom possible to catch him far astray on dates, methods, or public accomplishments, but names and places of event before 1871 seem often to have been chosen by lot. When bored with too much repetition of suspecting, the head of the Agency begins to "distinguish the flavor of a very large mouse." Nearly all people interested him, and describing them he is as incisive as a surgeon, as intimate as a practiced masseur. Though a tired out and already wealthy man, he found literary composition to his taste and grew so prolific that it influenced his sons, when their turn came, to restrict themselves to occasional fifty-word interviews upon topics unrelated if possible to the privacy of their business. However, his books appeared to justify the labor they cost him, for they sold like novels; all eighteen of them were being reissued in a popular new uniform edition at the time of his death.

HOMESTEAD



As one of Glasgow's celebrated sons, Allan Pinkerton was warmly received in that city upon returning to visit his native land. The young Chartist fugitive had been invested overseas at a high rate of interest; and, after he had discerned his own glamor and the sincerity of his welcome home, he declared Scotland a second dividend of him, and even was planning to take his financial success and world renown touring to Glasgow a third time, when another stroke of paralysis proved fatal. He died July 1, 1884, and is buried in Graceland Cemetery at Chicago.

The estate that he left was appraised at half a million dollars, which was an enormous increment over that original twenty-five cent piece; yet, in consideration of his opportunities, he had remained a comparatively poor man. At a time when expansion and corruption were mingled so generally that it was hardly possible to tell them apart, Allan Pinkerton had in hand a powerful instrument he had made himself and might use for good or ill. The recognized effectiveness of his private organization was his passport anywhere. If a score of police chiefs sold protection to Piper on a percentage basis, what might not the Pinkerton percentages have totalled? It was that period of American history Mr. Claude G. Bowers has so aptly described as "the tragic era", an era of brazen politics and reconstruction, when a detective force as good as Pinkerton's would have been needed to hunt out the honest men in public office. And around and behind the office-holders stood a rank growth of business geniuses, Drew and Gould and Jim Fisk, and many other unscrupulous founders of fortunes. The country seemed overrun with political and criminal crookedness. But the Pinkertons were desperately feared by thieves of the underworld, and that fear might so profitably have been spread to *all* thieves, it is, perhaps, the detective's finest epitaph to say — he did not die a millionaire.

To the widow, who survived him only two years, practically

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In 1885 an Agency branch was opened in Boston at Number 44 Court Street; two years later the Denver branch was established, with St. Paul and Kansas City following the year after. Big Bill had stayed at Chicago; Robert had taken up his post in New York. Even before Allan Pinkerton's death the work of the organization was tending toward systematized crime prevention and service chiefly to large corporations, who paid a yearly retainer for a minimum of attention, asking nothing better than twelve months wherein no need for calling on detectives would be manifest. The rapid expansion taking place was not so much "young blood," but an inevitable result of this policy. If private operatives were being retained even though inactive, a near-by office of the Agency was what the client would most appreciate.

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The Homestead fray, which was neither a sea fight nor land battle, albeit armored vessels and cannon were used, might be termed the tragedy of Allan Pinkerton's career, though he had been dead eight years and five days. It constituted a grave breach of the peace, in which the detectives' part was neither creditable, comfortable, nor in any way related to intelligent strategy. And it launched that fashion of denouncing the Pinkerton Agency in labor disputes which was to last a quarter of a century, and would shake the solid foundation of repute — of shrewdness, fair dealing, and prudent intervention — which Allan had given his best years to attain. Even in his

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lifetime, when operating in behalf of large corporations, he had been criticized for forgetting his own impoverished youth and turning his powerful organization against the interests of the poor in support of the rich.

To this he had made reply:

"I know what it is, from personal experience, to be a tramp journeyman; to carry the stick and bundle; to seek work and not get it; and to get it, and receive but a pittance for it, or suddenly lose it altogether and be compelled to resume the weary search. In fact, I know every bitter experience that the most laborious of laboring men have been or ever will be required to undergo, not forgetting frequent participation in 'the strike'; and from it all there has come a conviction, as certain as life itself, that the workingman is never the gainer — but always the loser, by resort to the reckless intimidation and brute force which never fail to result from the secret organization of the trades-union to force capital to compensate labor to a point where the use of that capital becomes unprofitable and disastrous. . . . These trades-unions of every name and nature are but a relic of the old despotic days. . . . In American citizenship there exists all the essentials to make success in the life of every man not possible, but probable."

There is a preëlection ring to this, and its somber view of high wages driving capital to the poorhouse is now one of our nicest economic antiques; but Allan Pinkerton, who never ran for office in his life, may be taken as wholly sincere in his utterance. Judged by the standards of the times, he paid his own people well. Like many another successful immigrant, he found the land of the free really free, and so he saw no reason why his extraordinary good fortune should not be the criterion of any average worker's progress and industry.

In the plant of the Carnegie Iron and Steel Company at Homestead, Pennsylvania, there was a union, and in the summer of '92 there came "the strike" — with neither of which



ROBERT A. PINKERTON

HOMESTEAD

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conditions the Agency had been even remotely connected. The union laborers were skilled men belonging to the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. The strike had evolved from a serious wage dispute which failed of compromise; but on June 20th, while the negotiations with the workmen were in progress, the president of the Carnegie Company, Henry C. Frick, had written Robert Pinkerton in New York upon the subject of obtaining three hundred armed guards for the Homestead works. When an angered crowd of steel workers blew off steam with the juvenile show of hanging President Frick in effigy, either he or some of his advisers decided the best way to hang these malcontents in effigy was to shut down the plant. And this was done two days before the expiration of the wage contract under which the Amalgamated men had been working.

Representing the Agency, a Pinkerton supervisor named Hinde visited the Carnegie offices in Pittsburgh, and there terms were agreed on whereby three hundred impromptu Pinkertons should be delivered to Homestead and paid for at the rate of five dollars a day. The company meant to stand firm, and was bargaining to spend ten thousand five hundred dollars a week for protection. With the unauthorized suspension of the wage contract in the midst of negotiations for its renewal, the workers had also begun to organize openly for combat. The company contrived to build a high board fence around the entire plant. But when this stockade was pierced with loopholes, a darker aspect settled upon the scene, replacing the smoke which no longer belched from the furnaces.

Mr. Frick wrote Robert Pinkerton on June 25th, giving final instructions for the movements of the guards, which were to assemble at Ashtabula, Ohio, be transported by rail to Youngstown on the Mahoning River, and from there moved by boats to Homestead, about eight miles east of Pittsburgh,

[illegible]

On July 1st the Amalgamated Association men had declared a strike, and had taken charge of the fenced-in works with the determination to let no strike breakers or non-union workmen enter. On the fifth the company notified the sheriff that there were repairs which must be made under his protection. His deputies had been passed in and permitted to see that no damage to the plant had occurred; but they had not been allowed to remain and were warned to get out of town, so that no excuse for disorder might be found. The advisory committee which directed the action of the strikers even offered to be sworn in as deputies and to post bonds for the faithful performance of their duties as peace officers. But when this probably sincere attempt to hold the turbulent element in check was refused by the county authorities, the committee straightway dissolved and its records were burned. Meanwhile, McLeary emphatically opposed the coming of Pinkerton "detectives", but at the same time made not a move to raise enough men of his own to put the company in control of its property.

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For the transportation of the Dinkertons the steel company

A tiny steamer commandeered by the strikers for purposes

It should be reiterated that while not detectives of the cali-

☆☆ 307 ☆☆

THE PINKERTONS

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hour in the mill town could have foretold exactly what sort of collision must occur when the Pinkerton guards — “a large body of miscellaneous men from foreign States”¹ — put in an appearance, equipped for war. At this writing the position of the steel company, regardless of the strike leaders’ eventual inability to control their following, appears to have been indefensible.

But at the time the most weighty question dealt with the firing of the first shot. Neither side in the battle would admit having started it. However, it would seem that as the barges edged in toward shore, there was a sporadic exchange of superheated language, and that all of a sudden guns began popping as if exploded by spontaneous combustion. A good many were hit and several killed; the crowd lining the river bank dispersed behind every visible shelter; while the Pinkerton watchmen retreated to cover in the barges and there remained. A deputy sheriff and the Carnegie plant superintendent were aboard the *Little Bill*, the former representing the law and the latter the directors of the company. Gray, the deputy, afterward testified that his orders had been to prevent a breach of the peace, and take the Pinkerton contingent away in case of resistance. But when the *Little Bill* cast off from the barges and steamed up the river to Braddock, Gray and the Carnegie superintendent went along, and the only Pinkertons taken on board with them were the first of the wounded on their way to the hospital.

The gunfire resumed later in the morning. Sixty Pinkertons attempted to land, and, in being driven off, sustained their heaviest losses. Captain Hinde, the Agency officer in command, was twice wounded, as was one of his lieutenants. During the lull in the firing, the men on one of the barges had prepared loopholes to shoot through; while the attackers, now

¹ *Congressional Record.*

In the pilot house, while bullets whined and spattered above him, the pilot lay down and steered by dead — or at least dazed — reckoning, until the towboat had drifted past Homestead and went on to Pittsburgh. At about this time some malevolent genius on shore had thought of pouring oil upon the water — and setting it on fire to surround and consume the barges. Barrel after barrel was emptied into the river; but a stiff breeze blowing upstream interfered with the horror intended; and only a tank car loaded with oil on a siding near the river's edge came within reach of the flames and was destroyed. Another group of desperate, willing workers tried laying a natural gas pipe toward the nearer barge, hoping to envelop it in a cloud of gas and ignite that with a torpedo. The Pinkertons made a second attempt to land, but were again repulsed. The *Little Bill* gallantly reappeared and drew a terrific fire. One cannon shot sheared off the head of a striker in its path, and rifles thereafter were chiefly relied upon. Despairing of his prospects or frenzied by the pain of a wound, a Pinkerton recruit jumped overboard and was drowned.

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They were permitted to take away with them personal belongings, but rifles, revolvers and all else on board the barges were seized by the mob, who then applied the torch to both vessels. They were destroyed; and the fire spread to the Carnegie pumphouse, which also went up in flames. O'Donnell had promised to protect the surrendering force of two hundred and thirty-four Pinkertons, but this he found himself unable to accomplish. The disarmed men, in the hands of the mob, now chiefly composed of infuriated women and boys, were treated with shocking brutality as they filed through the town toward temporary refuge and imprisonment in a skating rink. One woman used her umbrella to punch out a prisoner's eye; sand was thrown to blind others already hurt and unable to protect their faces. Merciless indignities were suffered by the disillusionized "detectives" all along the line of march.

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HOMESTEAD

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Because of the hostility of the throng that gathered about the rink, it was impossible for some time to bring in medical assistance and attend the injured, who numbered one hundred and forty-five, twenty-one having been hit by bullets during the engagement, and the remainder seriously hurt on the way to the impromptu jail. In number of killed the victors counted eleven — one of whom had perished in front of the cannon — and the defeated, nine. The workmen had eighteen more or less severely wounded by rifle fire.

After an appeal to the better element of the men on strike it was made possible at midnight on the seventh to remove all the Pinkertons to Pittsburgh, twenty-five being received at the West Penn Hospital. And with the perverse enthusiasm of crowds, when the five-car train of the Pittsburgh, Virginia & Charleston Railroad pulled out of Homestead station, its battered passengers were given three cheers.

Captain Hinde in hospital said he had picked up two hundred men in Chicago and New York, that he merely obeyed orders without knowing the nature of the enterprise. As few as twenty-five Pinkertons of regular Agency employment were estimated to have been included in the contingent of green recruits. Subsequently O'Donnell and thirty-two other residents of the mill town were jailed on a charge of treason, something unheard-of, even in the dark chapters of Pennsylvania's contests between employers and the employed. As no Federal officer, military or civil, had come upon the scene, it must have been a strictly localized or company treason. And nothing proportionate to the enormity of the accusation seems ever to have happened to the accused.

Both William and Robert Pinkerton appeared at the ensuing Congressional inquiry, on July 23d, testifying that there had been three hundred and ten men on the barges, and two thirds of that number regular Pinkertons. They admitted the rifles and revolvers, but denied the metal sheathing on the interior

The elder Pinkerton, again sustained by his brother, very bluntly refused to expose either to Republican or Democratic eyes the Agency's contract with the Carnegie Company. Though not so formidably individual a witness as the great Cecil Rhodes, pausing to eat a sandwich and quaff a glass of beer while his Parliamentary inquisitors stood hungrily by, Big Bill was pretty stern with the Congress, and by his answers gives the impression of an exceedingly independent young man.

XXII: ARCH-FIEND OF THE CENTURY

H. H. Holmes and His Habit of Killing People

THE insatiably wicked Herman W. Mudgett, *alias* H. H. Holmes, of "Holmes' Castle", was one more murderer who wished there had never been any Pinkertons. Many of his worst crimes were committed within a short distance of the Agency's Chicago headquarters, while evidence against him was gathered in Detroit, Toronto and Burlington, Vermont; and when finally exposed through the adroit perseverance of one Pinkerton operative, he was hanged in Philadelphia.

Holmes — for the name Mudgett had little meaning for him after his early youth — was an educated man. He had studied at the University of Vermont, and had secured a medical degree in Michigan. He possessed a persuasive manner, and an alert mind that seems to have warped itself in keeping on track of its own few inhibitions. There was nothing too frightful, too lawless, too peculiar for H. H. Holmes to undertake. And once he had started, no matter to what lengths it led him, he endeavored to carry out his purpose with the zeal of a master artisan who cannot do less than his best. He was the most complex and imaginative liar a Pinkerton operative ever questioned.

But before his fourth-dimensional villainies were brought to the Agency's notice, he had pretty well carved out a career for himself in fraud, theft, and bigamy. He had been accused of horse-stealing in Texas, but had escaped with his life. A land-swindling transaction in Missouri had lodged him for a time in a St. Louis jail. But he had manipulated, without detection, a series of other frauds; and having not yet nearly ex-

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hausted his capacity for deceit, he had married three women, and managed to live with them — and even travel about the country with them — in punctiliously methodical rotation.

While detained in St. Louis he had met a notorious train robber, Marion Hedgspeth. Holmes soon expected to be released on bail and forfeit it, whereas Hedgspeth was awaiting sentence for banditry that would keep him confined fifteen or twenty years — it turned out to be twenty — yet the versatile swindler and husband found the robber a man much to his liking. If Hedgspeth had stood any chance of emerging from prison before Holmes lost the dynamic deceptiveness of his youth, a significant partnership might have resulted. Even without such prospect, it was a time-killing pleasure to confide in Hedgspeth, and see the poor fellow's eyes light up with fancied participation in a crooked new scheme, which would be devoid of novelty long years before he finished paying off his debt to Missouri law. Holmes told the robber about a project he had in mind for defrauding insurance companies. All that he needed was a legal accomplice who might add of his own accord a few details of sharp practice. And when Hedgspeth declared he knew the very attorney to be trusted in such affairs, Holmes promised to give him five hundred dollars as a reward for the contact, should it have any profitable outcome.

In due course Holmes had jumped bail, met Hedgspeth's lawyer, Jephtha D. Howe, and proceeded to compound his plot. Later the train robber, who had never seen a penny of the five hundred, learned through Howe that Holmes with his connivance had fraudulently obtained ten thousand dollars from the well-known Fidelity Mutual Life Association. Whereupon Hedgspeth, choosing the oblique vengeance of a man who will not be doing much himself for twenty years, voluntarily "confessed" to the warden of the prison, who notified an inspector employed by the insurance company. A little further investi-

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gation satisfied the company that Holmes and Howe, who were neither of them available at former addresses, had perpetrated an obvious fraud; and in order to trace the miscreants, the Pinkerton Agency was called upon to coöperate with the company's own investigators.

The ironic truth in this part of the Holmes case was that no fraud had really been committed, though Hedgspeth — hence, the insurance people — and even the crafty Howe, believed in their guilty knowledge. Holmes' crime was not in pretending an accomplice had died and collecting his insurance; it was killing a no longer valued accomplice — and collecting the insurance with the aid of Howe and the widow of the deceased, who both had faith in their share of the swindle.

Detective Geyer of the Pinkertons' Philadelphia office was the man who eventually brought H. H. Holmes to trial and condemnation, working with that undespairing tactical thoroughness which has ever characterized the exploits of the greatest of investigators, a Canler, Froest, or Macé. The man who had died so carefully insured was Ben Pitezel, a willing assistant in several of Holmes' previous swindling operations. He left a wife and five children, Mrs. Pitezel, of course, supposing he was not dead but only in temporary hiding. Of the ten thousand insurance paid her, Howe first took twenty-five hundred dollars — to Holmes' unequivocated disgust — and when that alarming rascal finished his own collecting from her on account of "Ben's debts", she had exactly five hundred dollars remaining for her worry and reluctance in crime.

Pitezel as B. F. Perry, alleged patent attorney, had briefly occupied an office in Callowhill Street, Philadelphia; and there one Tuesday in August of 1894 his body had been found in a back room, exposed to the glare of the summer sun, and all but unrecognizable. Mrs. Pitezel, who was even more a dupe of Holmes than ever her husband had been, was not allowed

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Howe believed the body was that of an unknown person who had died a normal death, that Holmes had bought and brought over from New York. This also Mrs. Pitezel believed. As representative of the immediate family — for the widow was declared to be prostrated — Pitezel's fourteen-year old daughter, Alice, came forward innocently and said, yes, it must be her father. Doubtless the child thought she recognized him. Holmes had elected to have Pitezel die as the result of a private accident, a benzine explosion, and, after killing him with chloroform, had unmercifully charred and distorted his face.

For some time the various insurance inspectors and private

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detectives seeking Holmes gained no clues as to his whereabouts; but then a man answering his description, and using the name Howell, was reported in Canada. Geyer took up the trail and had soon ascertained that the tourist registering himself as Howell, Cook, Hayes, Canning and a dozen other names was his suspect, H. H. Holmes. Keenly observant and nimble-witted, Holmes appeared soon to apprehend that he was under surveillance, for he began a fantastic series of sudden stops, turns, and detours, finally doubling back into the United States, where at length, in Boston, it was decided to take him into custody.

The Pinkerton Agency, still superior to any police department of America in handling a case of this kind, had looked up Holmes' record in many States. The horse-stealing charge long existent in Texas appeared the most useful peg to start hanging him upon; and, after a telegram from the Agency had invited the Texans to dust off their ancient warrant, it was used to effect his arrest. Now Holmes, like most deadly killers, was not a particularly brave man — though his bravado in prison and courtroom was to fascinate psychiatrists for many a day. He wanted above all to avoid being returned to Texas as a horse thief, and promptly bargained with Geyer to submit to indictment for the insurance fraud.

Removed to Philadelphia when he waived extradition, the swindler and bigamist made light of his part of the "Perry" or Pitezel job. Holmes' lies were always of the towering, skyscraper variety, and for one in a Pinkerton trap he was altogether too diffuse about "Perry." The purchased body, said he, had been brought over from New York in a trunk. One of his examiners remembered how straight and rigid the supposed patent attorney had been when found at the Callowhill Street address, and asked Holmes by what miracle he had stiffened the body again after *rigor mortis* had been broken to permit packing for shipment.

THE PINKERTONS

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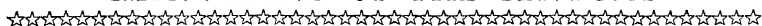
Holmes blandly reconsidered his account. He had been wrong to deceive them, he might as well own up — the body of "Perry" really had been Pitezel's. His partner in the swindling scheme had, obstinately enough, committed suicide. And Holmes, finding him dead at the office, had decided he might as well use Pitezel himself to collect upon — without divulging the circumstances to his other accomplices — and thus avoid the considerable expense and trouble of having to shop around for a cadaver.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Pitezel had been traced to a house Holmes finally had rented for her in Burlington, Vermont. Her presence in Boston was demanded upon some excuse or other, and there she, too, was arrested. The woman was terribly overwrought, and made but a few feeble attempts to deny her connection with the fraud. She was not at all a criminal type; she had been the tool of a weak, dishonest man, and then of Holmes, her husband's far more cunning and forceful confederate. And now she was found to be in doubt, not only of the fate of Pitezel, but of the present whereabouts of three of her children. Dessie, her oldest, and the baby had been left with her, but Holmes had taken Alice, who had appeared to identify the body in Philadelphia, a boy, Howard, and a still younger daughter, Nellie, to stay with "a widow, in Kentucky" where they would be wholesomely cared for until the entire family could be reunited.

"It is suspected, Holmes," said District Attorney Graham of Philadelphia, "that you not only are the murderer of Ben Pitezel — but also of his three children."

"Why should I kill innocent children?" Holmes plaintively rebuked him. It was true that only Ben Pitezel had carried insurance; yet Holmes had undoubtedly set out to destroy a whole family who might one day be gathered in court to bear witness against him.

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"The best way to remove this suspicion is to produce the children at once," said Graham.

Holmes could not produce even one Pitezel child, but he had ready a whole generation of glib excuses. The children were no longer in America, but had gone to England with a Miss Williams, formerly employed as his secretary in Chicago. This girl, by the way, like many another woman, had become infatuated with Holmes and had been tricked out of a small property which she had inherited. But the bigamist's narrative omitted that — explaining how he had planned to marry Minnie Williams, and she had invited her sister to attend their wedding, and then, shortly after Nannie Williams arrived, she and his betrothed had indulged in a violent quarrel, and, alas, poor Minnie had been unlucky enough to strike Nannie dead. All of which not only postponed the wedding — his fourth — but made Minnie eager to leave the country and take the Pitezel children with her. Holmes, dutiful both as impending bridegroom and brother-in-law, had expedited Minnie Williams' departure, and ceremoniously dropped Nannie into a receptive lake.

Geyer and the others heard him tell this story with the utmost gusto and candor. But without even bothering to cable the English authorities, the Pinkerton Agency sent Geyer out to find the trio of smaller Pitezels — or whatever remained of them.

That Holmes was no ordinary destroyer of life had been clearly established by a search made at "Holmes' Castle" in Chicago, an uncommonly altered four-story structure with a drugstore occupying the ground floor. Above the store was his more mysterious domain, which included a sound-proof chamber that would have permitted of almost any type of crime. Even troubling to lift up the linoleum in the bathroom, the detective had thus uncovered a trapdoor admitting to a hidden staircase that led down to the cellar. From the labora-

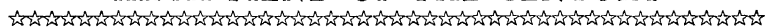
THE PINKERTONS

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tory on the third floor another secret stairway descended in the same sinister fashion. There was both a furnace and a huge tank of acid down cellar, in either of which a human body might have been consumed. The laboratory stocked many lethal gases, powders and fluids. There was an apparatus for manufacturing poison gas; there were a surgeon's dissecting table and the necessary implements for anatomical exploration. But not a trace did the investigators find of any one of the attractive young women who, as typists, chemist's assistants, or "housekeepers", had gone to the Castle in answer to Holmes' alluring advertisements, and, after an interval, inexplicably vanished from Chicago.

That Geyer succeeded in tracing every move Holmes made after his alleged setting out for Kentucky with the children is one of the greatest accomplishments of the Agency conducted by Allan Pinkerton's successors. Holmes had too much on his conscience — and what conscience he had must have been reinforced concrete, to sustain such a weight — ever to be direct in his movements, or careless in revealing his identity. Sometimes he stopped at three different hotels in one city, using a different name at each. Geyer ferreted it all out, and learned that, besides traveling with one of his wives, Holmes had triplicated his tour by carrying along two other groups — Mrs. Pitezel, her baby, Wharton, and Dessie for one; and separately from them, the wondering, homesick Alice, Howard, and Nellie. The distracted mother had repeatedly been lodged within three or four blocks of the missing children. In Toronto she nearly had encountered them on the street; but by tragic luck Holmes met her first. Alice had taken her brother and sister for a walk in the neighborhood; and so he quickly discovered a reason for hurrying Mrs. Pitezel, whom he required to use the name Adams, to another quarter of the city.

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All this while Ben Pitezel was still expected by members of his family to be only a little way on ahead, furtively evading the law. The children wrote constantly to their mother and worried because she did not reply. Holmes, of course, absorbed all communications, but delivered messages of his own composing to the wife from Ben, to the children from their mother, to her from each of them. When Geyer had followed the tortuous trail to Indianapolis, he seemed to face defeat; but then he learned there was an hotel in town, the Circle House, which lately had been closed. Inquiries produced the information that three children had stayed there ten unhappy days, and that a Mr. Canning, the man who had taken them away, answered the description of Holmes.

In Detroit the manager of so many destinies had rented a house. At the rear of the cellar he had dug a hole — but apparently to no purpose, as nothing gruesome proved to have been hidden in it. In Toronto he rented another house. When Geyer began to seek it, there was the whole Canadian city to cover. But in eight days' time he had found a dwelling at Number 16 St. Vincent Street into which Holmes had moved only a bed and mattress. From an elderly Scots neighbor he had borrowed a spade, to dig a hole for storing potatoes — a convenience requested by his "widowed sister", for whom he had taken the house. Geyer borrowed that same spade, and dug where Holmes had dug. He first found some pathetic, broken toys of the younger Pitezels, and then the bodies of Alice and Nellie. In Cincinnati, Holmes, as A. C. Hayes, had rented still another house at Number 305 Poplar Street and, in company with a boy, delivered to it but one article, a large stove. Next morning, however, this strange tenant said he was not going to occupy the house and courteously presented the stove to a startled neighbor. Geyer found nothing at that point; he went on again to Indianapolis, determined to complete his case by establishing the fate of the boy, Howard.

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Geyer grew discouraged; but there were yet a few remote suburban dwellings to be seen. And so in Irvington he found the last house Holmes had rented for homicidal purposes. A stove had been moved in here also. Burnt human remains were discovered and medical men examined them and described a boy who could not be other than Howard Pitezel. Geyer also had unearthed from under the piazza a trunk which the three children shared on their travels, and, his long search ended, returned to Philadelphia to deliver a monster to the hangman.

Holmes decided that a mythical Edgar Hatch who was to have aided the regretful murderess, Minnie Williams, in taking the three young Pitezels abroad, had instead done them foully to death. Minnie "in a hellish wish" for revenge — on account of her deferred bigamous nuptials, presumably — had told Hatch to do this, knowing how certainly Holmes himself would be suspected. Little Howard's remains, when located in Indiana, required still yet another flight of his prodigious fancy.

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and sentenced to death. Whereupon one of the discarded lawyers to whom he turned in his last extremity, appealed for a re-trial, chiefly on the ground that new evidence had been brought to light. This was sheer invention — and Geyer of the Pinkerton force was still on duty. The lawyer cast about him for somebody he could hire to swear falsely. Geyer provided a police matron, who accepted a retainer of twenty dollars and a short statement she must memorize immediately. A little later the unwise counsel was under indictment for subornation of perjury.

Holmes' trial occurred in the fall of '95, greatly obliging the lately christened "yellow press" of America, which had begun to grow out of pink infancy and arrive at a distinctive saffron. Installed in a "condemned" cell at Philadelphia, the killer really let himself go, selling for publication — at the modest price of seventy-five hundred dollars — memoirs which retailed the destruction of twenty-seven men, women and children. Having specialized in murder and matrimony, he had excelled at the former pursuit by a ratio of nine to one. He was, moreover, extraordinarily proud of even his smallest delinquencies. For years he had used Chicago city water free of charge by making pretense of having drilled an artesian well. City gas, he boasted, had cost him nothing, since he brought it through a tank of water in which there was a chemical that colored the flame and so deceived the inspectors.

Women and girls who had remained with him a while, but ended on his dissecting table, had not after that been lightly tossed aside. Emily Cigrand, Mrs. Connor and the rest — he had paid an expert to mount their skeletons! Yet self-made men are too often the victims of their own proficiency; and the more Holmes confessed, the more elements of doubt intruded at this or that point of the florid recital. Possibly he had annihilated all these twenty-seven, but there was much to show some dozen or more of them never had been alive.

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And later, when almost at the foot of the scaffold, he paused to brag of having cheated the newspapers with a narrative of massacre, that was his last cute fraud.

Holmes, nevertheless, has not many recorded rivals for the title "Arch-Fiend of the Century" which was conferred upon him, together with the fee for his literary product. He pre-meditated murder with the smiling ease and confidence of a millionaire negotiating the purchase of two-cent postage stamps. And it was never doubted by Geyer or others who dealt with the arch-criminal that he had slain at least ten people.

Nine days before his thirty-sixth birthday, at Moyamensing Prison, May 7, 1896, Holmes or Mudgett was executed.

XXIII: THE "EYE" STILL WAKEFUL

DURING the fifty years of the Pinkerton Agency's development and expansion the municipal police departments of America were developing and improving also, and at a more rapid pace, which was fortunate as they all had much farther to go. Allan Pinkerton had become famous almost overnight as a Chicago city detective, because he never gave up trying to capture any one he went after, was hard to deceive and absolutely impossible to bribe. By 1895 there were hundreds doing police duty who could have answered that basic description; within a few years more there were thousands—though with plenty of room for likely recruits. Whereupon many people who remembered Allan's flood of books, and the days when none but a Pinkerton was worth counting upon if detective work happened to be necessary, began to suggest that "the Pinkertons" had slipped back, were "no longer what they used to be."

A careful search has not discovered any stirring evidence of such deterioration, unless we take the instance of Big Bill's pet terrier, which, being lost in the summer of 1904, with all the resources of the Chicago office put to work upon the case, managed to stay lost ever after with that special gift some animals have for ridiculing the infallibility of man. But surely contributing to the impression of diminished favor and effectiveness—which any underworld character would treat with probably profane derision—was the instinctive reserve of Robert and William A. Pinkerton, who had not their father's fondness for print and skill in obtaining the right tone of publicity, and were neither of them conscious of requiring it. They were wealthy men themselves, and all their principal clients

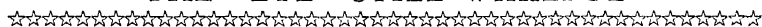
THE PINKERTONS

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were rich and reticent corporations or individuals; and they lived in an age — 1880 to 1907 — when riches in America, however still envied, were peculiarly subject to suspicion and attack. Theodore Roosevelt, wishing to consult leading New York bankers upon an important question of government finance, had to bring them down to Washington and sneak them into the White House at night — all concerned preferring to avoid the loud cries of alarm such a consultation would then have occasioned. The brothers Pinkerton, who were now running the kind of Agency they wished to run, had other shrewd and distinguished models to follow in the conduct of their confidential business.

The detective organization had, of course, attained to such eminence it could be exposed in several ringing volumes. A man named Siringo — “the cowboy detective” — wrote two of these books,¹ and apologized for his delay by saying: “A word from William A. Pinkerton or one of his officers would send any ‘scrub’ citizen to the scrap heap or even to the penitentiary. A man without wealth and influence trying to expose the dastardly work of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency would be like a two-year-old boy blowing his breath against a cyclone to stop its force.” Stranger things have happened in the midst of a cyclone. And the vitiating part of Siringo’s exposé seems to be that he was himself a Pinkerton operative for twenty or twenty-two years — he claims both — and only near the end of his employment discovered the work he had been doing all that while was something deserving his contempt.

¹ “A Cowboy Detective ” (1912) and “Two Evilisms” (1914). The first of these books was restrained from publication for two years by the Pinkertons, who obtained a succession of judicial orders compelling the author to disguise names of clients and operatives — very superficially — and delete certain passages alleged to have been libellous.

THE "EYE" STILL WAKEFUL



Siringo was for a time the personal bodyguard of our friend, James McParland, become a mature assistant general superintendent in the West. Sent to Denver to regain his health after the overthrow of the Molly Maguires, the redoubtable "Mc-Kenna" had presently run into an antagonist which, in his opinion, made "the terrible Mollies look like children" — the inner circle of the Western Federation of Miners. The McParland-Pinkerton war with the Federation was a rough affair, and a book might be filled with it and hardly get past the earliest rounds of vituperation. Later on the fighting turned into a series of ambushes. On a June day in 1904 fourteen miners were killed by an explosion of dynamite, and the possibility of this grim event having been accidental could be probed no deeper than the fact that all fourteen were non-union men.

On December 30, 1905, a former governor of Idaho, Frank Steunenberg, was mowed down in front of his own home by a bomb attached to the gate. Wherewith McParland and his operatives, encouraged by the governors of Idaho and Colorado, started to hit out in all directions. Doubtless, as the radicals complained, there were innocent bystanders hurt by mistake — as they nearly always are, too, when a bomb goes off. But Charles H. Moyer, William D. Haywood — the Big Bill of the "Wobblies" when the I. W. W. came of age — and George A. Pettibone, recognized leaders in the Miners' Federation, went to prison — together with more than a dozen of their alleged lieutenants. While Crane, Conibear and other Pinkerton operatives were revealed as well-established members of the union.

Long before the identifying innovations of Alphonse Bertillon and other European specialists had recommended a quiet sanity to the files of the average American police department, the Pinkerton office in Chicago had a "rogues' gallery" of its

[illegible]

For some years the western divisions of the Agency had been up in arms against Harvey Logan, a desperado who was a kind of Reno brothers congealed into one very wild young man. Logan, besides his inability to see a railroad line without wanting to hold up a train, is remembered as the first — and perhaps last — criminal in America ever to escape from prison on horseback. It was the warden's horse, and Logan spurred it so amazingly he cut straight across the outraged State of Tennessee, while newspapers issued extra editions hourly, giving the latest details of his continued disappearance. Finally, on June 7, 1904, three bandits held up a Denver and Rio Grande train and attacked the safe in the express car with nitroglycerine. But armed passengers took heart and drove them off; the safe remained intact; and a posse, hastily gathered, followed after the three so hotly they got within shooting distance on the second day of the chase. One of the trio was wounded. He was seen to compel his comrades to ride on. As his captors circled around him, suspecting some trick, he raised up a little, put the muzzle of a heavy Colt against his temple and blew off the top of his head.

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Such an identification, which would be a commonplace to-day in the case of any man who had spent a day in prison, was deemed remarkable in the West at that time. And even in the East, where European detective "fads" made more rapid conversions, the Pinkertons' general knowledge of the underworld and its denizens, past or present, often had important consequences. A brewery in a large eastern city was robbed and the watchman slain. Local detectives convinced themselves that the night engineer at the brewery was implicated in the crime. He appeared a steady, law-abiding sort of man; yet he had been traced within ten minutes of the time of the killing to the scene of the homicide. Fortunately for the accused, officers of the brewing company found themselves dissatisfied with so simple a solution of the case, and called upon the Pinkerton Agency to investigate.

The Pinkerton superintendent went and talked to the suspected man. He at once identified him as a formerly notorious thug, who had served five years in prison on a conviction of felonious assault. The subsequent action of the average police investigator would not be difficult to decide in such circumstances. But the Pinkerton noticed this also: when the brewery had been robbed, its safe had been blown open. The work of yeggmen! Of course, a convict meets all too many other convicts — but that night the superintendent stopped by for another quiet chat with the engineer. Fifteen minutes of candid discussion convinced him he was getting at the truth; the man had come out of prison and sincerely reformed; he was not breaking any laws, or frequenting unsavory dives; and he was entirely innocent of the crime at the brewery. He was not arrested.

Two months later Pinkerton operatives rounded up a quartette of yeggmen, who were charged with the brewery job and all convicted. Detectives are not supposed to be consoling, tender-hearted, or full of loving kindness. Yet there was gen-

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uine rejoicing at the Agency that the right men had been caught and the wrong man left to continue his straightforward course. William A. Pinkerton, whatever were his difficulties in labor disorders, was modestly benevolent, and repeatedly helped criminals or their needy dependents. He believed the worst character might be reformed if handled just right, and was a sincere advocate of the parole system and of greater leniency to men who, imprisoned, have been able to demonstrate a resolve to learn and stick to an honest trade and lead decent, useful lives. Yet to suggest that he ever grew sentimental over crooks draws some very sour smiles to-day from venerable old rascals who recall having tried to betray him.

While possibly never so popular as his father, or even his younger brother, Big Bill was the most complete detective of the three. He had begun younger than Allan's hard lot permitted him to do — he outlived Robert by sixteen years — he was, actually, a Pinkerton operative for more than fifty years, thereby exceeding the original Pinkerton's record by half a generation. All his life he avoided personal exploitation, and melodramatic narratives of crime either bored or annoyed him. He said — "I have always been opposed to crime reminiscences, and the reminiscences of the Pinkerton Agency will never be written. My father wrote some books in his day, but I believe the stories of famous crimes should not be published." He never retracted, refusing many publishing offers for his autobiography, and went to his grave like a gold mine defying its prospectors.

Yet no matter how strongly he felt about suppressing details of criminal hits or misses, he suppressed nothing when acknowledging the successful careers of others. Of Frank Froest, that excellent man, William Pinkerton observed, in 1912, on the occasion of Froest's receiving the well-deserved award of the Distinguished Service Order:

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"I have known every superintendent of the criminal investigation department of Scotland Yard in recent years, and there has been no one to approach him in ability. He is as game a man and as clever a one as I ever have known in the detective business."

Besides lending powerful support to the campaign which resulted in the international extradition treaties to which the United States subscribed, and in better facilities of extradition between the States — besides setting a valuable example of coördination in police work, and of the benefits to be derived from properly maintained crime records, statistics and systematic identifications of criminals, the Pinkertons did good pioneer work in battling with a new class of robber whose science was wholly unknown to the founder's earlier days. Some one connected with the Agency called them "yeggmen" and the name stuck, being often condensed to yegg and very loosely applied. When a Pinkerton operative reported the work of yeggmen, he meant only a criminal undertaking by men whose practice it was to open any particularly difficult safe with explosives. Small iron receptacles handed down from father to son still defied safe-blowers by being too easily opened. Newer models would have defied even a Shinburn; but they fell apart very feebly when jarred with nitroglycerine.

In a series of bulletins relating to the yeggman's technique and preferences, which the Agency sponsored, it was pointed out by William A. Pinkerton that the steadily increasing amount of engineering work going forward in America was giving practice in the handling of high explosives to great numbers of men, some of whom were bound to be irresponsible and reckless, and often lacking in funds. Bank clients and others known to keep large sums of money at the plant or office were bombarded with warnings, which were the chief

Illustrative of the carelessness or inexperience of most people where safe-blowing explosives were concerned, the Agency archives produced an anecdote of a criminal recently apprehended by its operatives. In his pocket when he was searched, following his arrest, there had been found a bottle containing a fluid which, he explained, was eyewash. Arraigned before a magistrate, the suspect had to secure a young lawyer on rather short notice; and presently his attorney began an eloquent plea for his discharge, pointing out that the Pinkertons' suspiciousness was not the law. There was absolutely no proof on which to hold him!

The management of the Agency was kept in able hands; no matter how rapid the expansion, there always seemed enough good men to go round. Nor did many individual operatives

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— considering the growth of the organization — reflect discredit on the Pinkerton name. Rival detective bureaus sprang up all over the country, of course, and not a few of them were shady as an Antarctic summer, fattening upon divorce cases, sublimated blackmail, the suspiciousness of elderly men with younger wives, or young mistresses. The Pinkertons did not resent the strongest rivalry, and could endure their innumerable imitators; but once the Agency's reputation seemed secure a swarm of crooks took advantage of it, and from many points complaints began pouring in of misrepresentations and crimes perpetrated by elastic gentlemen hurrying by and claiming to be "Pinkerton Detective Number One" — or, if more modest, Two.

A more amusing instance of this kind of masquerade occurred in the city of New York, where rival bands of bank robbers had hit upon the same new scheme of tunneling into the building holding the vault which was their ultimate objective. Band A. feared that Band B. would operate it first; and that the resulting publicity would spoil their own chances. Band A. learned what particular bank the other band was proposing to rob and sent two accomplices who would be unknown to the B. men to pose outside that institution as Pinkerton agents. The ruse effected the desired retarding of the B. raid; but, of course, it was too clever to keep still about, and, when the frustrated group heard how they had been outwitted, they retaliated by sending the other crowd's plans through to genuine Pinkertons. As a happy result, neither bank was in any way disturbed.

It was in New York also that a Pinkerton detective quite inadvertently eliminated from gangdom one of its most notorious czars. Monk Eastman was so widely respected a gangster that when his following chose a name they were proud to avoid the fancy, whimsical or threatening, and simply be "Eastmans." And because of his very substantial connections

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Another and later police event in New York which reflected credit upon the Agency was the appointment under Police Commissioner McKay of George S. Dougherty, for years a noted operative and executive officer of the Pinkerton organization, as Deputy Commissioner of Police in charge of detectives.

After Robert Pinkerton's death in 1907, William A. Pinkerton remained as active head of the whole detective force, with his nephew, another Allan Pinkerton, associated as his partner. But William was living in virtual retirement in California when he died, December 11, 1923, in his seventy-seventh year.

The Agency was then continued as an incorporated company, with Robert's son Allan becoming its president. The policy of the sons of the founder thus was maintained in another generation, with few spectacular cases and a very definite avoidance of anything savoring of the sensational. For years Pinkerton operatives had carefully guarded the better class of race tracks in America, noticing thieves and all sorts of undesirables drawn to the turf, and warning them after one visit to betake themselves and their bad reputations to some spot invisible to "The Eye." It was at the request of stewards of the Jockey Club that Allan Pinkerton investigated the shady operations of the notorious Arnold Rothstein, with the result that a far more formidable underworld ornament than Monk Eastman could ever be felt the impact of Pinkerton vision and found himself ruled off the New York tracks. Allan Pinkerton, himself devoted to sport, was likewise invited by the president of the American League, Mr. B. B. Johnson, to investigate the so-called "Black Sox" baseball scandal after the World's Series of 1919. It did not take the special Agency operatives who were set to work long to uproot evidence of treachery and bribery in that unpalatable affair; and in due

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course the crooked players of the Chicago American League Club were exiled from what is so aptly entitled "organized baseball."

Allan Pinkerton, grandson of the Agency's original Allan, had emulated that zealous military agent during the months of American participation in the World War, serving for a time on the staff of the commander in chief at Chaumont and as a major of the Intelligence at Tours and Bordeaux. During his period of service in France he was exposed to poison gas, and never wholly recovered from the effects of severe gas wounds, dying in the city of New York on October 7, 1930, from causes directly attributable to them.

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